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NME

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

Not only for the birds

TWILIGHT OF THE IDOLS

WHY ROCK STARS MUST DIE

BY BARNEY HOSKYNS

WORKING OUT WITH VIV ALBERTINE

BE-BOP BABBLERS

HAIRCUT 100

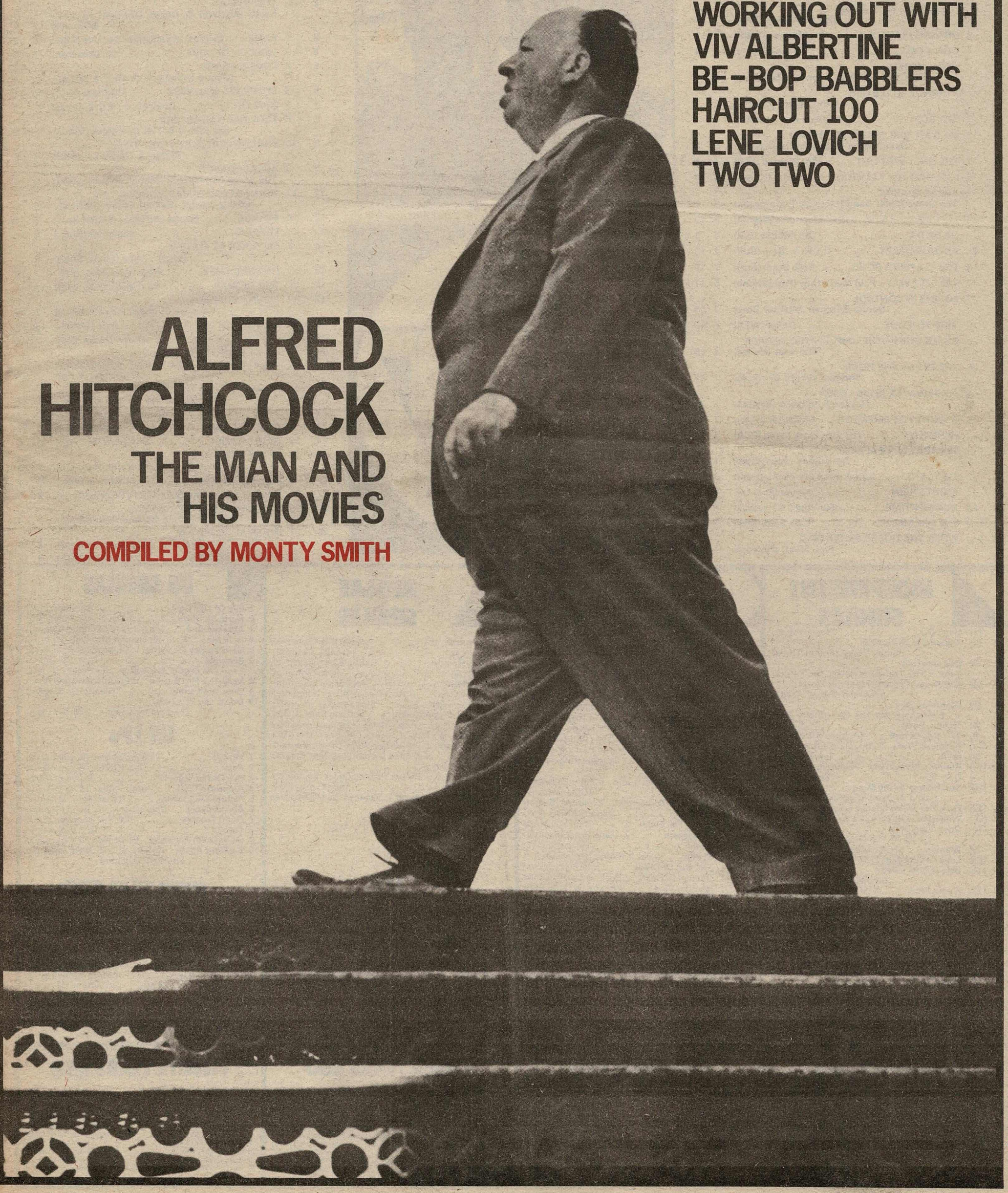
LENE LOVICH

TWO TWO

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

THE MAN AND HIS MOVIES

COMPILED BY MONTY SMITH



Hitchcock: imperious to behold, impervious to criticism. Pic courtesy of British Film Institute.

COLEMAN

UK SINGLES

ONE	Last Week			Weeks in	Highest
	1	**COME ON EILEEN**	**Dexys Midnight Runners (Mercury/Phonogram)**	4	1
2	2	FAME	Irene Cara (RSO)	6	1
3	5	IT STARTED WITH A KISS	Hot Chocolate (RAK)	5	3
4	3	DRIVING IN MY CAR	Madness (Stiff)	4	2
5	4	DON'T GO	Yazoo (Mute)	4	4
6	6	STOOL PIGEON	Kid Creole & The Coconuts (Ze/Island)	3	6
7	14	STRANGE LITTLE GIRL	The Stranglers (Liberty)	3	7
8	7	SHY BOY	Bananarama (London)	6	4
9	13	ME & MY GIRL (NIGHT CLUBBING)	David Essex (Mercury/Phonogram)	5	9
10	11	THE ONLY WAY OUT	Cliff Richard (EMI)	4	9
11	10	I SECOND THAT EMOTION	Japan (Hansa)	4	10
12	9	ABRACADABRA	The Steve Miller Band (Mercury/Phonogram)	8	1
13	20	MY GIRL LOLLIPOP	Bad Manners (Magnet)	3	13
14	8	DA DA DA	Trio (Mobile Suit)	5	2
15	26	ARTHUR DALEY	The Firm (Bark/Stiff)	2	15
16	18	THE CLAPPING SONG	Belle Stars (Stiff)	2	16
17	17	TAKE IT AWAY	Paul McCartney (Parlophone)	5	17
18	27	LOVE IS IN CONTROL	Donna Summer (Warner Bros)	2	18
19	19	VIDEOTHEQUE	Dollar (WEA)	6	19
20	25	CHALK DUST—THE UMPIRE STRIKES BACK	The Brat (Hansa)	2	20
21	28	THE EYE OF THE TIGER	Survivor (Scotti Brothers)	2	21
22	(—)	JOHN WAYNE IS BIG LEGGY	Hayzee Fantayzee (Regard)	1	22
23	15	A NIGHT TO REMEMBER	Shalamar (Solar)	7	5
24	(—)	HI FIDELITY	The Kids From Fame (RCA)	1	24
25	(—)	18 CARAT LOVE AFFAIR	Associates (Associates)	1	25
26	22	TOO LATE	Junior (Mercury/Phonogram)	3	22
27	12	NIGHT TRAIN	Visage (Polydor)	5	10
28	23	SUMMERTIME	Fun Boy 3 (Chrysalis)	2	23
29	(—)	THE DREAMING	Kate Bush (EMI)	1	29
30	(—)	WHEN THE TIGERS BROKE FREE	Pink Floyd (Harvest)	1	30

Gold Und Liebe . . . *The Associates in at No. 25*

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS HOT PARADE

UK LONG PLAYERS

ONE	Last Week			Weeks in	Highest
1	1	**THE KIDS FROM FAME**	**Various (BBC)**	3	1
2	(24)	TOO-RYE-AY	Kevin Rowland & Dexys Midnight Runners (Mercury)	2	2
3	2	FAME	Original Soundtrack/Various (RSO)	5	2
4	3	LEXICON OF LOVE	ABC (Neutron)	7	1
5	8	LOVE & DANCE	League Unlimited Orchestra (Virgin)	5	3
6	4	COMPLETE MADNESS	Madness (Stiff)	16	1
7	5	AVALON	Roxy Music (EG/Polydor)	11	1
8	6	TROPICAL GANGSTERS	Kid Creole & The Coconuts (Island)	11	5
9	10	THE CONCERT IN CENTRAL PARK	Simon & Garfunkel (CBS)	8	8
10	9	ABRACADABRA	The Steve Miller Band (Mercury/Phonogram)	8	4
11	13	STILL LIFE (AMERICAN CONCERT '81)	Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones Records)	10	2
12	16	MIRAGE	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	5	11
13	11	FRIENDS	Shalamar (Solar)	5	11
14	7	PICTURES AT ELEVEN	Robert Plant (Swan Song)	5	5
15	(29)	I WANT CANDY	Bow Wow Wow (EMI)	2	15
16	12	TUG OF WAR	Paul McCartney (EMI)	15	1
17	(15)	DONNA SUMMER	Donna Summer (Warner Bros)	2	15
18	17	ASIA	Asia (Geffen)	13	12
19	22	RIO	Duran Duran (EMI)	12	2
20	18	CAN'T STOP THE CLASSICS	Louis Clark & The Royal Philharmonic Orchestra (K-Tel)	2	18
21	(—)	A CONCERT FOR THE PEOPLE	Barclay James Harvest (Polydor)	2	27
22	(—)	DARE	Human League (Virgin)	30	1
23	(—)	ASSEMBLAGE	Japan (Hansa)	1	23
24	26	NIGHT BIRDS	Shakatak (Polydor)	13	6
25	30	THREE SIDES LIVE	Genesis (Charisma/Phonogram)	9	3
26	(—)	BAT OUT OF HELL	Meat Loaf (Epic)	36	9
27	23	WINDSONG	Randy Crawford (Warner Bros)	7	9
28	25	NON-STOP EROTIC CABARET	Soft Cell (Some Bizzare/Phonogram)	7	4
29	21	IMPERIAL BEDROOM	Elvis Costello & The Attractions (F-Beat)	5	10
30	20	HAPPY TOGETHER	Odyssey (RCA)	4	16

INDEPENDENT SINGLES

1	(1)	**Don't Go**	Yazoo (Mute)
2	(2)	**Asylums In Jerusalem**	Scritti Politti (Rough Trade)
3	(3)	**Run Like Hell**	Peter & The Test Tube Babies (No Future)
4	(4)	**Past Meets Present/Midnight Slows**	Weekend (Rough Trade)
5	(7)	**Night And Day**	Everything But The Girl (Cherry Red)
6	(5)	**The Big Bean**	Pigbag (Y)
7	(6)	**17 Years Of Hell**	Partizans (No Future)
8	(—)	**Religious Wars**	Subhumans (Spider Leg)
9	(8)	**IEYA**	Toyah (Safari)
10	(14)	**Running Away/Time**	Paul Haig (Twilight)
11	(—)	**Only You**	Yazoo (Mute)
12	(29)	**Something On My Mind**	Pale Fountains (Operation Twilight)
13	(22)	**Fuck The World**	Chaotic Discord (Riot City)
14	(20)	**Whatever Is He Like**	Farmers Boys (Back)
15	(10)	**Open Your Eyes**	Lords Of The New Church (Illegal)
16	(9)	**Woman**	Anti Nowhere League (WXYZ)
17	(25)	**Love At First Sight**	The Gist (Rough Trade)
18	(11)	**Bela Lugosi's Dead**	Bauhaus (Small Wonder)
19	(12)	**Guess Who**	A Certain Ratio (Factory)
20	(17)	**Xo Yo**	Passage (Cherry Red)
21	(13)	**House That Jack Built**	Conflict (Cream)
22	(16)	**Rub Me Out**	Cravats (Crass)
23	(—)	**Who's Gonna Win The War**	Hawklords (Flicknife)
24	(19)	**Temptation**	New Order (Factory)
25	(—)	**Fuck The Tories**	Riot Squad (Rondolet)
26	(—)	**Dead Hero**	The Samples (No Future)
27	(—)	**Religious As Hell**	March Violets (Red Rhino)
28	(—)	**Some Velvet Morning**	Lydia Lunch & Rowland S. Howard (4AD)
29	(27)	**No One's Little Girl**	Raincoats (R Trade)
30	(—)	**Who's The Enemy**	Amoebics (Spiderleg)

INDEPENDENT LONG PLAYERS

1	(1)	**Junkyard**	Birthday Party (4AD)
2	(8)	**Garlands**	The Cocteau Twins (4AD)
3	(2)	**2 × 45**	Cabaret Voltaire (Rough Trade)
4	(4)	**Thermo Nuclear Sweat**	Defunkt (Hannibal)
5	(5)	**Lords Of The New Church**	Lords Of The New Church (Illegal)
6	(—)	**The Changeling**	Toyah (Safari)
7	(3)	**We Are The League**	A N League (WXYZ)
8	(12)	**Greatest Hits**	Blue Orchids (Rough Trade)
9	(10)	**Caution In The Wind**	Anti Pasti (Rondelet)
10	(6)	**Degenerates**	Passage (Cherry Red)
11	(22)	**Two Bad DJ**	General Saint and Clint Eastwood (Greensleeves)
12	(9)	**Troops Of Tomorrow**	Exploited (Secret)
13	(14)	**Wargasm**	Various Artists (Pax)
14	(11)	**In The Flat Field**	Bauhaus (4AD)
15	(19)	**Movement**	New Order (Factory)
16	(13)	**Tench**	Shriekback (Y)
17	(18)	**Skidip**	Eek A Mouse (Greensleeves)
18	(—)	**Still Out Of Order**	Infa-Riot (Secret)
19	(—)	**Change Of Heart**	Positive Noise (Statik)
20	(7)	**He Who Dares**	Theatre Of Hate (SSS)
21	(—)	**City Baby Attacked By Rats**	GBH (Secret)
22	(28)	**Seven Songs**	23 Skidoo (Fetish)
23	(15)	**4th Drawer Down**	Associates (Situation 2)
24	(20)	**Punk'n'Disorderly**	Various (Abstract)
25	(16)	**Riotous Assembly**	Various (Riot City)
26	(30)	**Speak And Spell**	Depeche Mode (Mute)
27	(24)	**Dr Heckle And Mr Jive**	Pigbag (Y)
28	(26)	**African Queen**	Allez Allez (Kamera)
29	(21)	**Scientist Wins The World Cup**	Scientist (Greensleeves)
30	(17)	**13.13**	Lydia Lunch (Situation 2)

Compiled by NME from a nationwide survey of independent record shops.

REGGAE SINGLES

1	**Winsome**	Alton Ellis (Volcano)
2	**Jealousy**	Lui Lepki (Gorgon)
3	**Black Romeo**	Delton Screechy (Al Jr)
4	**Modling**	Buru (Volcano)
5	**Bam Bam**	Yellowman (Gorgon)
6	**Mr Babylon**	Robert French (Black Solidarity)
7	**Poliomyelitis**	Squiddle Ranking (GG)
8	**Meat man connection**	John Steel (GOG)
9	**In The Army**	Peter Metro & Zu Zu (Dynamite)
10	**Wondering**	Ronny Davis (GG)
11	**Population**	Sister Verna (Photographer)
12	**Ram Jam**	Mighty Diamonds (Kings Crown)
13	**Natural Lady**	Sammy Dread & Tristan Palmer (Black Solidarity)
14	**Pick A Boo**	Derek Lara (Taxi)
15	**Creation Judgement**	Sister Chinna (Steppers)

LPs

1	**Operation Eradication 10"**	Yellowman (Pama)
2	**Not Satisfied**	Aswad (CBS)
3	**Skidip**	Eek A Mouse (Greensleeves)
4	**King At Controls**	King Tubby (TADS)
5	**SWALK**	Mickey Dread (DATC)

Daddy Kool, 94 Dean Street, London W1

US SINGLES

1	**Eye Of The Tiger**	Survivor (Epic)
2	**Hurts So Good**	John Cougar (Polygram)
3	**Abracadabra**	The Steve Miller Band (Capitol)
4	**Hold Me**	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)
5	**Hard To Say I'm Sorry**	Chicago (Warner Bros)
6	**Rosanna**	Toto (Columbia)
7	**Even The Nights Are Better**	Air Supply (Arista)
8	**Keep The Fire Burnin'**	REO Speedwagon (Epic)
9	**Only The Lonely**	The Motels (Capitol)
10	**Don't You Want Me**	The Human League (A & M/Virgin)

US LPs

1	**Mirage**	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)
2	**Asia**	Asia (Geffen/Warner Bros)
3	**Eye Of The Tiger**	Survivor (Epic)
4	**American Fool**	John Cougar (Riva/Merciry)
5	**Pictures At Eleven**	Robert Plant (Atlantic)
6	**Abracadabra**	The Steve Miller Band (Capitol)
7	**Good Trouble**	REO Speedwagon (Epic)
8	**Toto IV**	Toto (Columbia)
9	**Always On My Mind**	Willie Nelson (Columbia)
10	**Daylight Again**	Crosby, Stills & Nash (Atlantic)

Courtesy Billboard

NEW ZEALAND

1	**E-lpo**	Prince Tul Teka (RCA)
2	**Beautiful Woman**	Toots & The Maytals (Festival)
3	**Forever Now**	Cold Chisel (WEA)
4	**I Love Rock & Roll**	Joan Jett & The Blackhearts (Boardwalk)
5	**The Other Woman**	Ray Parker Jr. (Arista)
6	**I Could Be Happy**	Altered Images (CBS)
7	**I've Never Been To Me**	Charlene (Motown)
8	**Poison Arrow**	ABC (Polygram)
9	**Key Largo**	Bertie Higgins (Epic)
10	**Six Months In A Leaky Boat**	Split Enz (Polygam)

Courtesy Record Publications/Billboard

FIVE YEARS AGO

1	**I Feel Love**	Donna Summer (HTO)
2	**Angelo**	Brotherhood Of Man (Pye)
3	**Float On**	The Floaters (ABC)
4	**You Got What It Takes**	Showaddywaddy (Arista)
5	**The Crunch**	Rah Band (Good Earth)
6	**Ma Baker**	Boney M (Atlantic)
7	**Something Better Change**	The Stranglers (United Artists)
8	**Nobody Does It Better**	Carly Simon (Elektra)
9	**Roadrunner**	Jonathan Richman (Beserkley)
10	**We're All Alone**	Rita Coolidge (A&M)

TEN YEARS AGO

1	**School's Out**	Alice Cooper (Warner Brothers)
2	**Seaside Shuffle**	Terry Dactyl & The Dinosaurs (UK)
3	**Pop Corn**	Hot Butter (Pye)
4	**Silver Machine**	Hawkwind (United Artists)
5	**Puppy Love**	Donny Osmond (MGM)
6	**Breaking Up Is Hard To Do**	Partridge Family (Bell)
7	**Sylvia's Mother**	Dr. Hook & The Medicine Show (CBS)
8	**Rock And Roll Parts 1 & 2**	Gary Glitter (Bell)
9	**10538 Overture**	Electric Light Orchestra (Harvest)
10	**It's Four In The Morning**	Faron Young (Mercury)

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

1	**San Francisco**	Scott McKenzie (CBS)
2	**I'll Never Fall In Love Again**	Tom Jones (Decca)
3	**All You Need Is Love**	Beatles (Parlophone)
4	**Death Of A Clown**	Ray Davies (Pye)
5	**Up Up And Away**	Johnny Mann Singers (Liberty)
6	**I Was Made To Love Her**	Stevie Wonder (Tamla Motown)
7	**Just Loving You**	Anita Harris (CBS)
8	**It Must Be Him**	Vicky Carr (Liberty)
9	**Even The Bad Times Are Good**	Tremeloes (CBS)
10	**Pleasant Valley Sunday**	Monkees (RCA)

TWENTY YEARS AGO

1	**I Remember You**	Frank Ifield (Columbia)
2	**Speedy Gonzales**	Pat Boone (London)
3	**Things**	Bobby Darin (London)
4	**Guitar Tango**	Shadows (Columbia)
5	**I Can't Stop Loving You**	Ray Charles (HMV)
6	**Roses Are Red**	Ronnie Carroll (PHillips)
7	**Don't Ever Change**	Crickets (Liberty)
8	**Little Miss Lonely**	Helen Shapiro (Columbia)
9	**Once Upon A Dream**	Billy Fury (Decca)
10	**Let There Be Love**	Nat King Cole/George Shearing (Capitol)

NME NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

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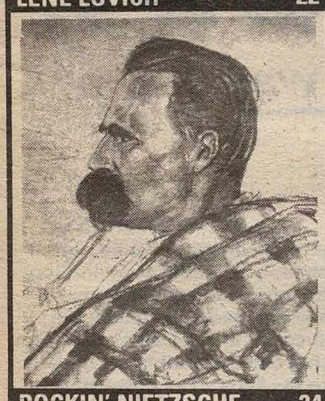

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SILLY SEASON SPECIAL AS CRAZED LEFTY POET ROCKS CULTURE FEST

SWELLS LEAVES 'EM SEETHING!

REPORT BY X MOORE

A PERFORMANCE by skinhead poet Seething Wells at the Harrogate Festival last week has caused an uproar among local councillors and dignitaries following allegations that his act was "revolting and disgusting".

The row followed a reading given by SWells at Harrogate West Yorkshire Club as part of a Rant Against Relics show for the Fringe Festival. A front page story in the local *Harrogate Advertiser*— modestly headlined "Festival Storm Over Fringe Poet's Sex Act" — reported that the poet simulated masturbation onstage and quotes an anonymous "21 year old secretary" who said she found the reading "revolting and disgusting".

The *Advertiser* also quotes Councillor Janet Binns who found the incident "unpleasant and distasteful. . .there is nothing artistic or cultural about this sort of thing." Also concerned by the antics of the young poet were councillor Brenda Towler and the Reverend Don Tordoff, who said he believed "a warning" should have been given about the show. (The Reverend Tordoff, it's worth noting, once claimed that Harrogate was "the sin city of the north").

"I am bitter and angry," Seething told *NME* after seeing the *Advertiser's* story and reports in other northern papers. "Seriously, it's ridiculous — out of five people quoted only one actually saw the gig."

The *Advertiser's* shock horror story has since been picked up by the *Evening Post*, the *Northern Echo*,, the *Bradford Star*, and Pennine Radio.

Little Brother, another member of the Bradford Poets Collective who played that night, said: "There were some neatly dressed people who left early during SWells' set but I don't think they were even listening to the words. During 'Har Har Har' (one of SWells' poems) they saw his hand down his trousers. That's all.

"I am just upset that they didn't get upset about my poem 'Phallic Bars'. . ."

What seems likely is that, as suggested by both Little Brother and SWells, it was the *politics* of the poets that angered the dignitaries of Harrogate and the 'obscenity' charge was just an excuse with which to attack them.

One result of the hysteria is

■ *Continues over*

Seething Wells: "I'm a sexual poet." *Pic: David Corio*

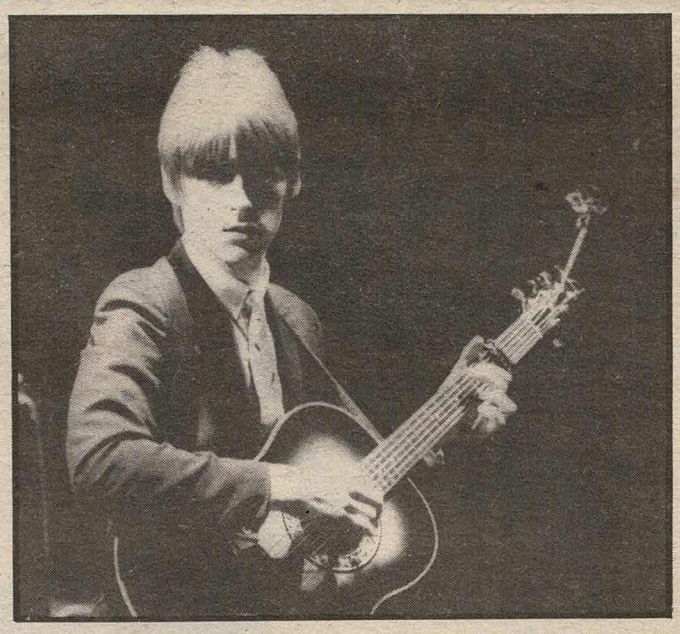
Jam, Who & Genesis dates —Echo drop out

THE JAM this week released details of a seven-venue mini-tour which commences at Shepton Mallet's Showering Pavilion on Tuesday, September 21. Next day (22) they move on to play the Brighton Centre, after which come gigs at Leicester Granby Hall (23), Liverpool Royal Court Theatre (24 and 25), Edinburgh Ingliston Royal Highland Exhibition Centre (27), Whitley Bay Ice Rink (28 and 29) and Stafford Bingley Hall Showground (October 1).

Tickets for all gigs are set at £5.00. Those for the Shepton Mallet show are available from Virgin Records, Bristol; Spillers, Cardiff; Derricks, Swansea; Music Market, Bath; Records Unlimited, Midsummer Norton; La Monde Travel, Wells; Acan Records, Yeovil; Pathway Records, Shepton and Bath.

Those for Edinburgh are obtainable from Edinburgh Playhouse; Liston Records and Apollo Theatre, Glasgow; Rockpile Records, Dundee; Other Records, Aberdeen; Pink Panther, Carlisle; and Other Records, Stirling.

Whitley Bay tickets are available from Queens Hall Box Office and Virgin Records, Leeds; Sound Effects, York; Virgin, Sheffield; Cavendish Travel, Sheffield and Middlesbrough and Gough and Davy, Hull.



Brighton tickets can be purchased from the Box Office and all usual agents, and those for Stafford can be bought from Bingley Hall Box Office; Cyclops, Birmingham; Goulds, Wolverhampton; Lotis Records, Stafford; Mike Lloyd Music, Hanley and Tunstall, Piccadilly Records, Manchester; R E Cords, Derby; and Selectadisc, Nottingham.

Tickets for Leicester and Liverpool are available only from the respective box offices. All tickets go on sale on August 14.

No London dates have yet been announced and it's unlikely that Weller and Co will be playing any gigs in the capital prior to December. Meanwhile, the band are said to be cooking up a minor surprise for their next single, a ballad featuring Weller vocalising in a string setting.

THE WHO play their only British dates this year when they appear at Birmingham's International Arena, National Exhibition Centre, on Thursday, September 9 and Friday, September 10.

Tickets are priced £8.00 and £7.50 inclusive of booking fee and will be available from this Friday at the following outlets: Manchester Piccadilly Records (061-236 2555), Birmingham Cyclops Sound (021-643 2196), Newcastle-Under-Lyme, Mike Lloyd Music Shop (0782 610940), Hanley, Stoke-on-Trent, Mike Lloyd Music Shop (0782 24641) and Stafford Lotis Records (0785 43910).

For postal bookings, write to S&G Promotions, PO Box 4SG, London W1A 4NZ. These tickets are priced £7.80 and £7.30 inclusive of booking fee and punters are advised to enclose an SAE and to make cheques payable to Harvey Goldsmith Entertainments Ltd. Two weeks should be allowed for delivery.

The Who recently completed work on a new album and though no details are yet to hand, it is believed that it will be released around the time of the concerts, which precede the band's major US tour which starts in late September and runs through until Christmas.

MORE TOUR NEWS PAGES 4 & 31

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SWELLS SHOCKER

From previous page

that Nick Inman, the Fringe Festival director has suffered considerably. He has already lost bookings, and his grant aid for next year's Fring Fest has been threatened.

The *Evening Post* on Saturday quoted Nick Inman defending SWells' performance and dismissing exaggerated descriptions of the 'simulated masturbation' — "I cannot even remember the incident, it was so insignificant."

"I thought Seething Wells was very good. He looked like an aggressive skinhead but, in fact, he was a gentle, sensitive human being."

SWells told *NME* "One of the bits in the Cambridge Footlights act, also on the Fringe, had "fucks" and "shits" in it and I know of no complaint about that.

"When the journalist from the *Advertiser* first rang I asked if they were that desperate to find something to write about. It's pathetic. There was a headline on the same page as the Editorial about me; 'More Young People Join Queue For Jobs' — surely that's more worthy of an editorial than someone scratching their balls."

Other papars were more prepared to let SWells explain, though doing little to deflate the hysteria. *The Northern Echo* (Headline: 'Write-Off! Sex Poet Puts Town In Blue Fit') did at least ring SWells first to check if the story was true.

It now appears, in fact, that the sinister mysterious "Secretary" who sparked the storm was none other than a friend of the journalist who wrote the *Advertiser's* story and, indeed, had got into the gig with a press card.

I tried to contact the journalist concerned at the *Advertiser's* offices. I was told that the journalist was not available and "on holiday".

The News Editor refused to comment on the harm the report has caused Nick Inman and other acts due to play the Fringe and when asked for some justification for the paper's attitude said: "I don't have to justify it."

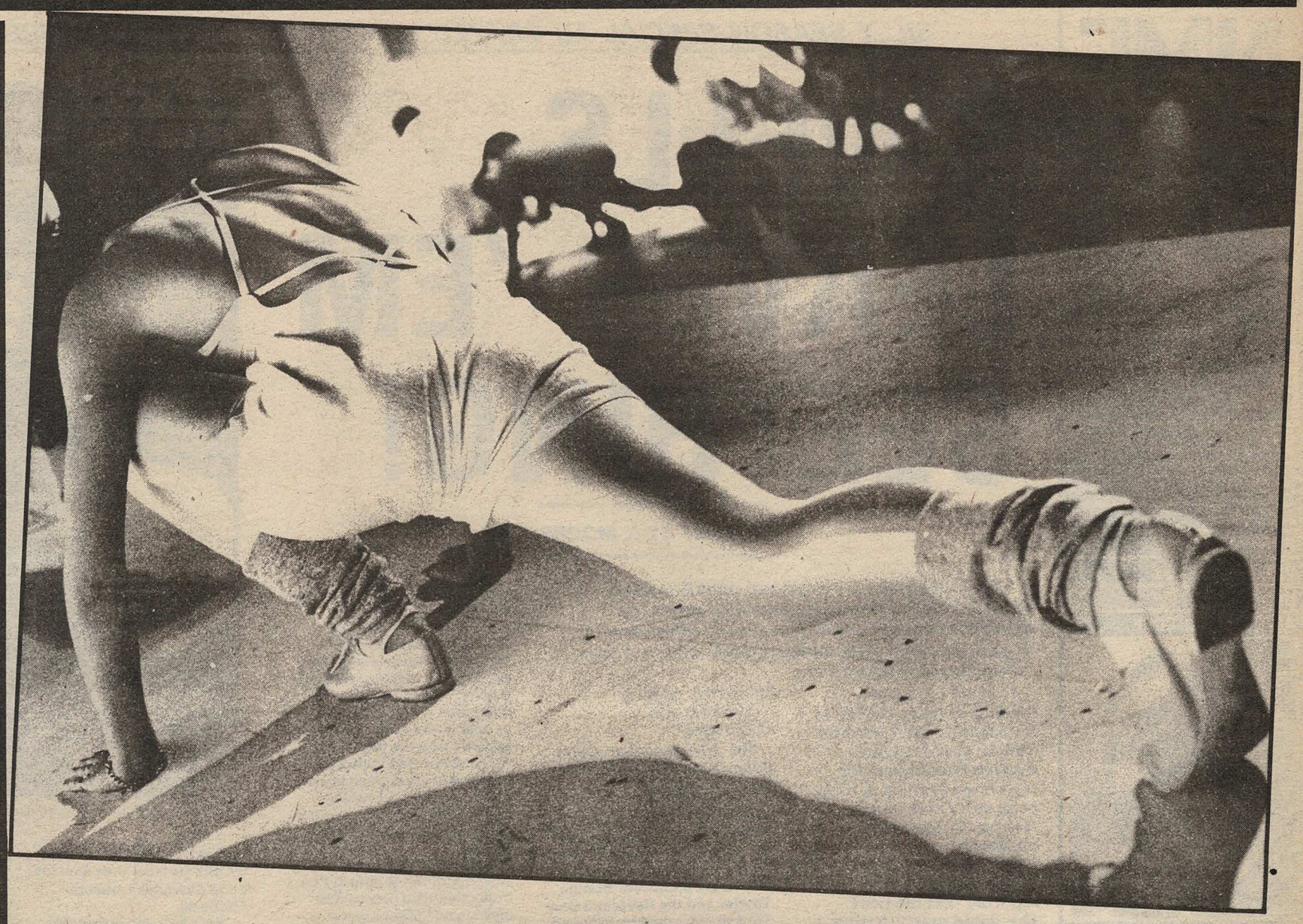
Genesis dates

GENESIS have, at long last, announced their London dates and are now booked to appear at the Hammersmith Odeon on September 28, 29 and 30. In addition, the band will also be playing a gig at Leeds Queen's Hall on Thursday, September 23. All shows commence at 8.00 pm and tickets are one price only — £7.50.

Some tickets for the Leeds concert will be available to personal callers at the venue box-office this Saturday (14), the rest will be obtainable by postal application only. Tickets for the Hammersmith shows will only be obtainable by post and are restricted to two tickets per applicant. When applying by post, state your first and second choice of concert with dates and make all cheques payable to Gentour. These should be sent to Gentour, PO Box 4YA, London W1A 4YA, together with an SAE. Allow 28 days for delivery.

Echo tour off

ECHO AND THE BUNNYMEN have pulled out of their forthcoming UK tour which was scheduled to kick off at Hanley's Victoria Hall on September 9. Though no official statement has been issued to explain the pull-out, it is believed that the latent *lapins* have fallen behind on their album recording schedule and are reluctant to move out on the motorways until their record chores are completed.



SWEAT

DESTRETCH MODE

Lynn Hanna tones up the Viv Albertine way

Pix: Peter Anderson

IT'S A SWELTERING SUNDAY afternoon in Brixton and The Fridge's icy decor is a welcome refuge from the weather.

But inside the cool nightclub the dance floor is full of contorted forms, bent double and beginning to shine with sweat. From the stage, a familiar figure is encouraging the exertions to the accompaniment of a sinuous reggae soundtrack.

It's been a long way from the split up of The Slits to the current craze for aerobics, but if Viv Albertine's any advertisement for a new way to put a spring in your step, the results are undeniably impressive.

Aerobics works by increasing oxygen in the blood and pushing out the poisons. You get the same effect from any violent exercise like swimming, running or cycling, of course.

But it's the exercises popularised by the still radical-and-radiant actress Jane Fonda that have really caught the imagination of health fanatics, portly souls anxious to shed the excess pounds and those with a more moderate interest in their muscular condition.

And whether it's taken as merely another manifestation of the "me" society or a serious method to tone up systems slackened by inertia, there's no doubt that its appeal has spread all the way from California to Croydon.

"I started to do classes just to give me a break from everything else," Viv explains.

"I found it a really good tonic. When The Slits split up, I didn't go *plonk* and land on my feet straightaway, I worked on the reception at Pineapple (the dance studios in Covent Garden) for a couple of months.

"The rest of The Slits felt like they had to go away, I felt like I had to stay and work through the feeling of depression, the feeling that your whole life had turned upside down and you'd split up with five husbands or

Legs out

something. A whole family, a whole network, just gone.

"I threw myself into working just to get my life together, I hadn't got any money to live on. Suddenly reality went *vrroomph* in my face — the first time for five years, and before that I was at college.

"I think it hits a lot of people around 25. You suddenly realise that you can't go coasting along forever, and it's a shock. Those hippy ethics; 'O man, I don't need money.' It comes to you sooner or later that you do," she laughs.

Viv progressed from practising as a pupil to assistant to Bridget Woods, another woman with a dual career as both designer of the Strawberry Studio clothes and a teacher of aerobics at London's Dance Centre. Clear-skinner, bright-eyed, and exuding an unmistakeably positive spirit, Viv's now taking classes of over 50 at The Fridge, where the venue's burly owner Andrew Czezowski can be seen puffing dutifully through the routines at the back of the class.

She also teaches 'California Stretch' so that the sinews gradually become more flexibile at the same time as the heart and lungs are pushed along the path to efficient operation.

Knees up

Perhaps it's not so surprising that Viv should now be more directly involved with the mysteries of the organism, since The Slits were always rooted in physical concerns that bordered on tribal ethics.

"A lot of musicians and artists feel that body awareness and art go hand-in-hand," she continues.

"Music is a complete and total way of life. It's an expression of you, and if you're a bit untogether then it's not so complete. I've heard that if you go to Dollar Brand's school in Africa, you have to take a certain sort of martial arts as well as study music."

As she points out, the fact that the exercises are done to music makes the thought of an hour and a half of exercising effort seem considerably more attractive.

"The music is what introduces a lot of young people to it. It's got a beat, I think that's the whole difference. I hated sports at school, that's the other thing I cannot believe. I hated it. I could run quite well but I'd only grudgingly run a relay race or something. I could kick myself now."

The fact that its beneficial effects can be obtained quite cheaply in a time of dwindling finances and increasing leisure she also sees as a factor in its success, and it's an explanation that could certainly be applied to the Brixton exercise classes.

"And it's becoming so widespread that there's got to be a reason," says Viv. "I think a lot of it's unemployment. You've got to do something with your time, so you turn to your body. I know loads of people who've been going to classes for years, women of all ages and men. They've all stopped taking pills; sleeping pills, speed. It gives you tons more energy. You eat less, you don't get so depressed.

"Everyone's their own shape and size, and so long as you're fit, you'll look great."

Danceatarium at The Fridge, 390 Brixton Rd, London SW9, has classes on Sundays, Thursdays and Wednesdays. They include American Disco, Jazz, Tap, Percussive Jazz Rock and African dancing, as well as Viv's work-out classes. It costs £1.50 for 1½ hours.

Ra, ra, ra!

Viv Albertine: from Slit to fit

portrait of the artist as a CONSUMER

CAPTAIN SENSIBLE

pic: Peter Anderson.

HOBBIES
Cricket
Real Ale
Vox Continentals
Music

SINGERS
Animal (The League)
Chris Farlowe
Dave Vanian
Robert Wyatt
Dolly Mixture
Robyn Hitchcock
Sinatra

RECORDS
Syd Barrett
Early Soft Machine/Floyd
Electric Prunes
Depeche Mode
'Befour' (Brian Auger)
'Machine Gun Etiquette' (Damned)

FOOD
Pies
Curry
German sausages
Any old rubbish

BOOKS
Wisden Cricket Yearbook
Bunty
Ordnance Survey Maps

BUILDINGS
Clapham Junction Station
Railway Tunnel at Riddlesdown (in Surrey)
Rockfield Studio
The Lion Inn (Pawsons Road, Croydon)
All Camra pubs

RESTAURANTS
Bestway delicatessen near Earls Court tube. Best veg curry take-away in Universe.

FILMS
Hate films except Carry On and Norman Wisdom

ACTORS
Hate actors especially Reagan (especially his new role)

ACTRESSES
Hate actresses but met Hazel O'Connor once and she was nice

TV SHOWS
The Sacking Of The Monarchy (documentary yet to be filmed. It's Up To You, Kids!)

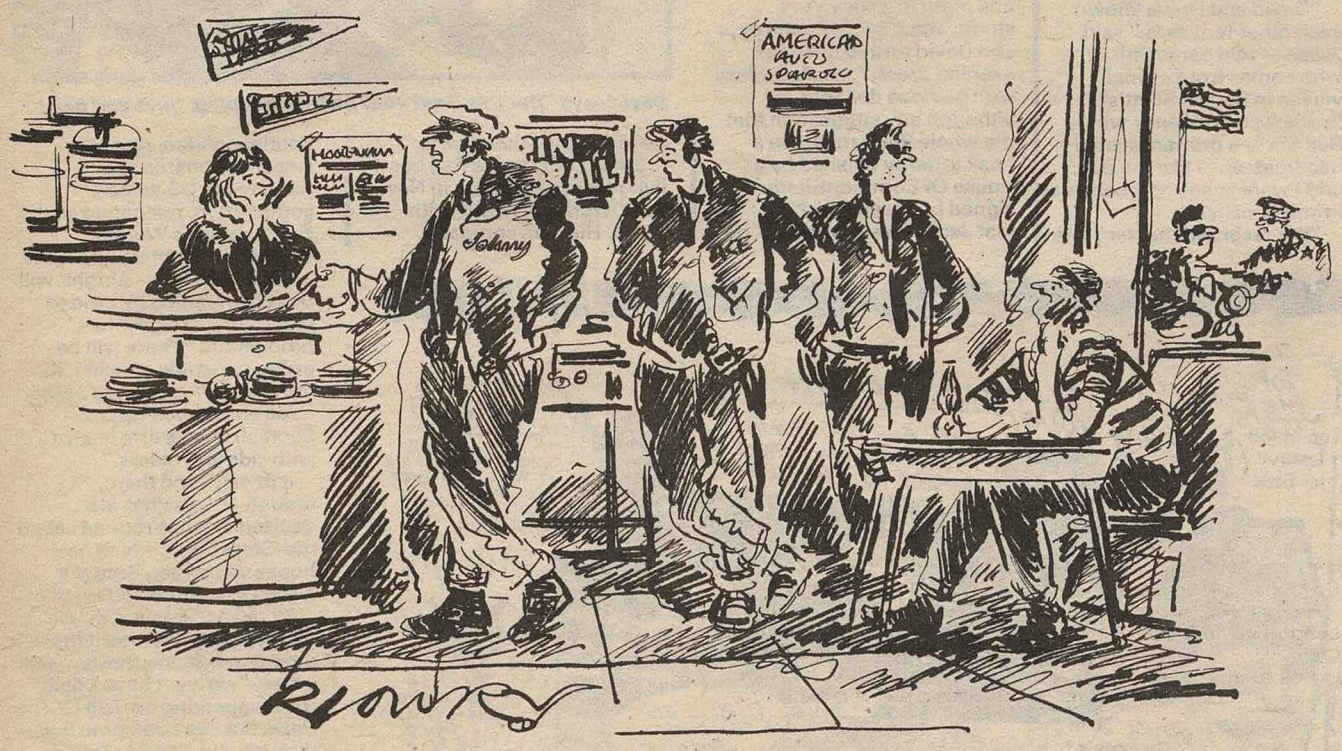
DISLIKES
Warmongering idiots like Thatcher, Hitler, Reagan, Ghengis Khan, Churchill, etc.
Vicars
Cruise missiles

LIKES
Living
CND

PEOPLE
People can do what they bloody want to as long as they leave me alone.

AMBITION
For people to say: "He was a reasonable geezer with no airs and graces who done his best."

lowry



"Sure we get a lot of aggro from the cops as we ride from town to town terrorising law-abiding citizens. But Norman Tebbit should have thought about that when he told us to get on our bikes and look for work."

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LIVE IN HAMBURG, W. GERMANY
10th September, 1982. Hamburg Football Stadium
£65 Depart midnight 8th Sept, return morning 11th Sept. Box 1.

GENESIS
BELGIUM 16th SEPTEMBER
£60 Depart morning 15th Sept, return 17th Sept. Box 2.

GENESIS
BELGIUM SKIPPER, Depart midnight 15th, return morning 17th. Price **£44** Box 3.

ROXY MUSIC
LIVE IN EUROPE
BRUSSELS 10th September, 1982
£60 Depart morning 9th Sept, return morning 11th Sept. Box 4
£44 Skipper trip price. Depart midnight 9th Sept, return 11th Sept. Box 5

RITCHIE BLACKMORE'S RAINBOW
IN BRUSSELS
27th November, 1982
£56 Depart morning 26th Nov, return morning 28th Nov. Box 6.

RITCHIE BLACKMORE'S RAINBOW
IN BRUSSELS
27th November, 1982
£42 Skipper Trip. Depart midnight 26th Box 7.

JAPAN
BRUSSELS 8th OCTOBER
£56 Depart morning 7th, return morning 9th. Box 8.

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FRANKFURT 4th SEPTEMBER
Depart midnight 2nd Sept, return morning 5th Sept. Box 9.

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PLUTONIUM BLONDES

NO TANKS FOR THE MEMORIES: HIROSHIMA WEEK '82

● The 37th anniversary of the atomic bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki were commemorated last weekend by peace groups throughout the world — with concerts, meetings, festivals, prayers, and peace memorials. In London, 70 local doctors even donated the week's pay to the North London Medical Campaign Against the Bomb.

● Yet a nuclear weapons test took place in Nevada on the anniversary eve of the devastation of Hiroshima. On behalf of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, General Secretary Bruce Kent sent a letter to the American ambassador at the US Embassy, expressing "disgust and dismay" at both the action and its timing. The letter (which cited as well the "sad fact" that the British government has also tested — as recently as 1981) urged the ambassador to consider both a nuclear freeze and a comprehensive test ban treaty "immediate priorities".

● At one North London memorial meeting during Hiroshima week, a CND speaker who organised the first Aldermaston march in 1958 cited the growing number of peace camps as "a great step forward" and stressed the need for more direct actions. As if in answer, a new peace camp sprung up at Faslane, the Polaris submarine base in Scotland. Its founders (who include the Parents for Survival organisation) have even applied to Dumbarton district council for planning permission.

● And last Sunday, the Families Against the Bomb peace camp at Lakenheath, Suffolk, announced that it was moving to a new site: *just* outside the US air force base at Lakenheath. They announced their move in a pamphlet which pointed out that last year — during which 18 million children had starved — the UK spent £11,200 million on armaments.

● A peace camp has also been established at Waterlooville, Hampshire — by a "cross section of mostly young people from the Labour party, CND, Ecology Party, etc". They write that the protest came about when they learned of the plans GEC-Marconi (the electronics and defence giant) had for the "fifteen acres of very beautiful local grazing land" which go by the name of Brambles Farm: to make it the site of a heavyweight torpedo plant. Havant Borough Council, say protestors, have avoided any consultation with the people of the Waterlooville area; no public meetings have been called, and no questionnaires distributed.

The Brambles Farm Action Committee would appreciate any support and can be reached via Alan Rundle at 100 Cherrytree Ave, Cowplain, Hants. 'Peaceful protests' are held at Brambles Farm Peace Camp every Saturday from 11 am until 1 pm; their contact numbers are Waterlooville 58960 and 66355.

● Cruise, SS, Pershing, Trident, PWR, AGR — these are the codes of nukespeak a peace campaigner has to muster. Now, according to NATO spokespeople, there's a new and even more sinister-sounding one: W82.

Congressional sources in Washington, DC, have verified to Reuters that American government scientists *are* working on W82: which is "the development of a 'small nuclear artillery shell which could let off up to six times as much lethal radiation as standard nuclear weapons'." They say it is intended for use against Soviet tanks.

But, as one NATO commentator protested, the North Atlantic allies have "taken no policy decision" on the development of such neutron weapons.

The important thing for peace workers to remember is that there would have to be consultation with European governments before any decision to deploy these weapons in Europe can be taken.

CYNTHIA ROSE

Swahili spoken here: Two Two, Bill Glancy and Gus Campbell

ONE PLUS ONE = TWO TWO

CATCH TWO TWO. Well, catch their second single 'Kwagayo', anyhow.

The duo themselves aren't playing live dates just yet, but I hope they will soon-ish. The record's great: fashionably African but also enormously upful and infectious. Play it before you go out in the morning and it sets you up for the day.

And Two Two? Here's who's who . . .

Drummer Bill Glancy met guitarist Gus Campbell when each was six months old and growing up in Kenya, both of ex-pat Anglo families. According to their press biog, they formed their first group, Ga-Ga, there and then. Prodigies!

"Actually, that's rubbish," confesses Bill. "We just made that bit up. It seemed quite funny at the time, but when Peter Powell played our first single ('Insufficient Data') he read it all out and it sounded . . . *(noise of deflating balloon)*"

They moved to England some years ago and started up as Two Two a year or two ago: much demo'ing ensued, after which they were picked up by Chiswick Records. Now they're in the studios with Clash/Mikey Dread engineer Jeremy Green, and a debut LP is promised later this year. The Kenyan rhythms and sounds they spent their childhoods being steeped in are much in evidence, filtered through modern recording technique and white pop sensibility, and from what I've heard the results are liable to delight.

They're neither snobs nor purists about ethnic music, and make no claims for their own "authenticity", only for their open-minded enthusiasm.

"We'd hate to be considered experts on the subject, because we certainly aren't. We're just learning like anyone else."

Both, however, do speak Swahili, and the current 45 was originally written in that very language.

"The lyrics were quite a good laugh, if you spoke Swahili. But we thought that might limit the audience slightly."

Quite. So what does 'Kwagayo' mean?

"Nothing. It's just a word we made up, but it's got that African fluidity that we're after. It just means 'bullshit' really, if you listen to the rest of the words. We *were* slightly under the influence of alcohol at the time."

PAUL DU NOYER

LIB POP PACT

THE LIBERAL LEADER — David Steel — has turned politics into pop with a song called 'I Feel Liberal — Alright'.

Over a funky rhythm, he can be heard rapping slogans like *"You can help me change the face of British politics,"* while the backing vocals urge listeners to vote for the dapper Scot.

The record was written by a young singer-songwriter, Jesse Rae, who is also responsible for the Odyssey hit 'Inside Out.' The Liberal song is just as catchy, with backing musicians drawn from groups like Parliament, Funkadelic, and The Blues Brothers Band.

"David and I have known each other for years," said Jesse — real name Phil — who comes from a small village in Steel's Scottish Borders constituency where Rae Snr is a primary school headmaster. "I like the guy, and I want to see him become Prime Minister."

"We recorded the track late one night in a New York studio about two months ago, and David turned up in full evening dress," recalled Jesse with obvious delight, although any suggestion that the whole thing might be a hoax is deftly crushed by a House Of Commons letter, signed by Steel, which affirms that Jesse Rae is working "on behalf of the Liberal party".

Since 1976, Jesse Rae has lived most of the year in New York, working mainly with video. His own company, Scotland Video, recently swept the boards at a nationwide US video competition, relegating such mammoths as Warner Brothers to runners up places.

'I Feel Liberal — Alright' will be accompanied by a video that is about to go into production. "There will be ordinary people dancing in the streets," explained Jesse. "You know, wee square Scottish wifeys arm in arm with kids and blacks."

It doesn't end there, though— Jesse has also devised a dance routine called the 'Steel Step', which he hopes will sweep Britain's discos a la Bump and Hustle.

"It did occur to me that it might pose problems if the record makes the charts," said Jesse, "we can't have David Steel appearing on *Top Of The Pops*, but I've overcome that through the video as David will be represented by stills of him and his family. It won't shake his credibility at all."

Mr Rae now has the task of finding a record company to

David says "Bet this'll get your pistons popping, guys and gals!"

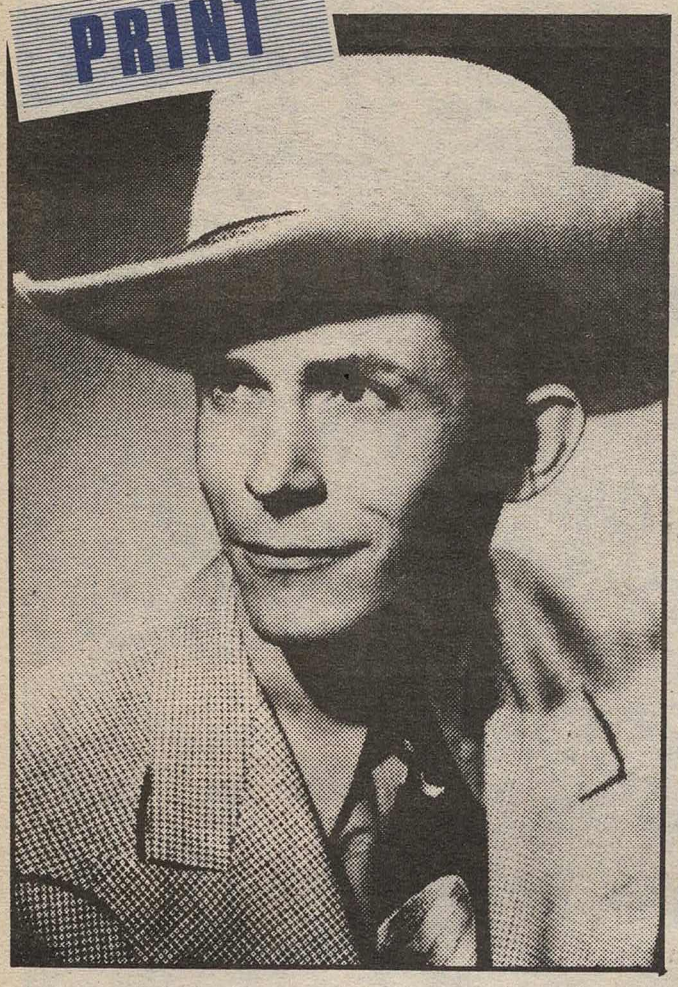
not only rock and roll — lowry

LONG TERM ECONOMIC FOR--CASTS..
HEY WHADDAYA CALL THAT STUFF THE KIDS ARE PLAYING!!??
TOP OF THE POPS!!
Top of the League for Style
Jimmy Hill
KOSSAK
29/6
IT IS MONTY'S FINEST HOUR!
ONE FOR THE MONEY!. TWO FOR THE SHOW!. THREE TO GET READY!..
THEN...
CHRISTIANITY WILL GO. IT WILL VANISH AND SHRINK... WE'RE MORE POPULAR THAN JESUS CHRIST RIGHT NOW...
IT'S MORE SERIOUS THAN WE THOUGHT..
BUT
I'LL TEACH YOU TO PLAY THE PIANO theWorzel WAY!!
red flag
PLAY THE PIANO the wonder M A G WAY!!
IT'S DISCO ECONOMICS!!!
MARX'S 'GENESIS OF CAPITAL' THAT'S MY 'FAVE'!
THAT'S AN ECONOMIC POLICY!!

He performs a bump 'n' grind and makes defiant gestures. Nevertheless, he will soon be a tamed man. It is 1958.

NEXT Facing the Music Disco-News, Disco-Politics, Disco-War! PLUS: CHARLES ALWAYS SEEMS ALRIGHT TO GAV

PRINT



HONKY TONK BLUES

YOUR CHEATIN' HEART — A BIOGRAPHY OF HANK WILLIAMS
By Chet Flippo *(Eel Pie, £4.99)*

WHATEVER SQUALOR surrounds it, an artist's early death will nearly always magick-up some posthumous glamour, and cast a romantic mystique across the brief life it concluded.

When Hank Williams died, on New Year's Day of 1953, he was just 29. While he lived he amassed a catalogue of recordings which mark him out as maybe the greatest country singer of them all. In dying, he fostered that self-destructive myth — live fast, snuff it young — which was to sustain rock'n'roll imaginations for generations to come.

This is a new biography of Williams, by American rock writer Chet Flippo; it tells an essentially depressing story without sparing any sordid detail, yet it preserves a sense of admiration for the singer's genuine achievements, shining through what could easily have been just another lurid account of a seedy legend.

The reservation I have about *Your Cheatin' Heart* lies in Flippo's chosen approach, which has been to fictionalise the story. While his research is evidently thorough, he offers Williams' life in the style of a novel, inventing dialogue and characters' inner thoughts where there are gaps in the factual record.

The result is often too like the script of a bio-pic (a dodgy medium at the best of times), especially when recounting the early days. Obviously, later into Williams' career Flippo finds firmer biographical ground to stand on, and the book improves accordingly.

The Hank Williams that emerges from the tale is a gifted writer, with a classic bluesman's genius for twisting sorrow into something infinitely communicable. But it was as if the emotional power he poured into his music only left his own personality drained.

In private life, he was a weak man, almost crushed by an ambitious mother and a demanding wife, fatally drawn to booze and to drugs (a dependency that was partially due to a chronic physical pain which dogged him incessantly, from his impoverished birth in the deep South, through his increasingly-debauched life as a musician on the road).

He found success in his own lifetime, effectively lifting country music out of its rural South minority appeal and introducing it to an international audience. In many ways the life he led was a role-model for the rock culture that followed him, and his gritty melancholy was always leagues away from the saccharine sentimentality of much country music, whose establishment resisted him until his massive folk-popularity forced his acceptance. But he never found happiness.

In outline, the Hank Williams story assumes an aspect of well-worn cliche. But the music he made is easily available, and that's not so easily shrugged off. It's in those records, of course, that the real story lies — but as an introduction, *Your Cheatin' Heart* serves well enough.

— PAUL DU NOYER

press and distribute 'Alright' — he and David Steel have already invested nearly £3000 in the song, and it is stressed that any revenue from the records will go straight into Liberal coffers.

Jesse Rae is fiercely patriotic, and it would thrill him to see a Scot usurp Maggy Thatcher as PM — he holds no brief for the SDP, however, and although the Alliance is mentioned, the compulsive message is totally Steel.

The budding impressario, Rae, who wears his kilt through the streets of the Big Apple, has also written a song for another Scottish 'hero', Andy Stewart.

"A great lad, Andy," said Jesse. "He needed a wee pick-me-up, so I wrote him a disco version of 'Donald Where's You're Trousers', and he is using it!"

How the floating voter reacts to the Liberal leader strutting his stuff on *Top Of The Pops* has yet to be established, but Jesse Rae is sure that his musical talents can influence the way of the next election. "Nothing like this has been done before," he said, "and David Steel is the only one who can do it."

Perhaps Jesse Rae is right there — consider the alternatives . . .

— PENNIE TAYLOR

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SHORT SHARP SHOTS

BBC Rock Week

☐ A documentary on Jimi Hendrix, containing interviews with Pete Townshend, Mick Jagger and Eric Clapton sparks off BBC-TV's Rock Week on Saturday, August 28. Though full programme details are still to be completed, the Beeb's Michael Appleton revealed to *NME* that the Sunday (29) programme would include screenings of a Maze concert shot in New Orleans plus *Tommy,* The Who movie featuring Elton John, Tina Turner, Eric Clapton and others. This will be a stereo sound transmission with one channel of the film's soundtrack going out on Radio One.

Monday (30) sees screenings of Elvis Presley's *GI Blues* and Mick Fleetwood's *The Visitor,* along with a live concert featuring Squeeze and a filmed concert starring Joan Armatrading, made during a Boston gig. Other possible offerings during Rock Week include The Doors documentary *No One Here Gets Out Alive,* The Band's *Last Waltz, Celebration At Big Sur* (with Joni Mitchell, Joan Baez, Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young etc), the 1957 *Rock, Rock, Rock* (Alan Freed, Chuck Berry, The Moonglows) and other items on The Jam and The Police.

Bizarre TV

Throbbing Gristle offshoot Psychik TV have signed to Stevo's Some Bizzare label, and Stevo is currently trying to place their debut LP with a major. The task shouldn't prove too difficult because the record is outstanding, according to those who have come within earshot of it. Soft Cell's Marc Almond has contributed vocals to two tracks.

Paper Vinyl

☐ MATERIAL, Flet, Philip Glass and The Passage are some of the acts featured in *Vinyl,* the Amsterdam based magazine, which is now available here through Virgin and other record shops. The magazine, which contains a flexi-disc by Gang of Four and 5 Or 6, is written in both Dutch and English. Further info can be obtained by sending an SAE to Vinyl, Suite One, 75 Brixton Hill, London SW2.

Higsons' name change

☐ **Higgledy whaaaaa? department: Noted pop group The Higsons, after hours of Coppola-like deliberation and the solicitations by the Norwich branch of ACAS, have changed their moniker to The Higson *Building*. The notoriously indecisive stars went by a succession of titles before fame struck. These included The Higson Brothers (they aren't), The Higson Five (too many er — other associations), The Mighty Higson Sound (didn't quite live up to, etc), The Higson Experience (now, who was it . . .), and The Higson Sensation (more like it!). However, they now feel "it is so embarassing telling people you are in a band called The Higsons that we have now come up with The Higson Building". Why not, we ask, Higson 100?**

Burdon movie

☐ Eric Burdon stars in a film titled *Comeback,* which will be heading your way either in late summer or early autumn. The movie, directed by Christel Buschmann and touted as "the powerful true story of a top musician who turned his back on fame", contains music by Burdon likely to materialise as a soundtrack album.

"Is it a bird, is it a plane, is it a Rough Trade royalty cheque?" Anna, Gina & Vicky wonder if it's their kind of climate. *Pic: Peter Anderson*

RAINCOATS OFF THE PEG

IF ORDER is considered the new subversion, then what becomes of the untidy old subversives? They're redefined as anachronisms, treated affectionately as museum pieces or shoved out in the cold to die.

Cruel world pop, isn't it?

1982 and it seems nobody wears Raincoats any more, definitely the most unfashionable items in the rack. Where once their gypsy raggedness signified an exciting non-conformity, it's since come to stand for dowdiness. Their strict adherence to an independent line has them marked down as poopers at the one long party pop has become. Their presence is an embarrassment, an unwelcome reminder of former ideals.

It's not a position they relish, or indeed one they deserve, but they haven't really helped themselves out of it. Neither have they — nor Rough Trade, the label they've been inextricably entwined with since their formation in '77 — showed themselves capable of tackling fast changing moods.

The marketing of their most recent single 'Running Away / No One's Little Girl' seems sadly typical of Rough Trade's inability to compete in the real world, where speed is the essence. A respectable cover of a classic Sly Stone song, and one they've included in their set for a long time, The Raincoats finally get round to recording it, only to release it into a market saturated with covers and at least two other versions of the same song!

The Raincoats should've been first this time.

"We started recording it in January, had it finished in February," recalls Vicky Aspinall ruefully. "We could have had it out in March . . ."

Vicky, violinist and guitarist, is remembering lost chances with the three other Raincoats — bassist / guitarist Gina Birch, vocalist Ana Da Silva and co-ordinator Shirley O'Loughlin — during a brief meeting in Brixton.

Painfully aware that the cushion of guaranteed sales most established independent outfits used to enjoy has been abruptly pulled away, The Raincoats have come down to earth with a bump and are now trying to convince themselves — and me — of their new resolve.

"The independent market has diminished," goes Shirley's analysis of their current viability. "At the moment records can sell up to 5,000 and then there's a huge gap before the next level where people sell 50,000 plus. Now you have to get in the charts to reach it, where before you could sell 20,000 through the independent system alone. That's changing and Rough Trade are having to adopt a different attitude, like taking bands on for a longer time."

THE REALISATION came two years ago when the label took the unprecedented step of investing larger amounts of money in the recording of The Raincoats' second LP 'Odyshape', and indulged Scritti Politti's immaculate but costly singles constructions.

On an artistic level the extra pennies spent on 'Odyshape' paid off by buying the listener's time with the record's improved sound quality. As arresting as the shapes The Raincoats wrest from shambles of rhythm and odd time signatures are, their difficult nature means they still need all the help they can get.

Removing the barriers erected by poor recording is a good start. After that it's just a matter of selling it.

Both themselves and Rough Trade blew it, as Gina readily admits.

"Our relationship was disastrous around 'Odyshape'," she says. "They might complain about us because when we finished the LP we didn't actually play any concerts for a long time, we didn't go out and promote it, but we counter that by saying they didn't put any work into letting anyone know about the LP."

Despite the delay the new single 'Running Away' goes towards remedying the slackness of both parties. It has won them a session on Dave 'Kid' Jensen's Radio One show, which is as close as The Raincoats have ever got to the mainstream.

Just how they'd cope if they waded in more deeply is open to question. The Raincoats have come to embody everything the current chart sensibility — perfect sound, perfect look — is not.

"In a way it's a new orthodoxy," poses Vicky, "another position that has to be followed, which is pretty repressive. Especially for women. There are an awful lot of women just decorating groups again — Bananarama with Funboy Three, The Human League's girls just providing decorative backdrops — which is a little disappointing. It's a reversion to how it was."

"It seems that everyone is dressing up and compromising to what they think they have to do. I think it's gone very stale," continues Ana. "All the things that happened with punk, really fresh challenging things, they're no longer accepted if they're not smart. Yeah, you can do the music you want, you can do anything you like, but it seems that at the moment there's not much acceptance of things of quality and imagination. It's more important that it sounds tight."

THE CURRENT pursuit of perfection is partly a reaction to the conservatism of the independents, who by releasing anything and everything regardless of quality, naturally exhausted the consumer's patience.

Shouldn't a group such as The Raincoats, who in the past have benefited more than others from being allowed to grow up in public, greet the new demands as a challenge?

"From my point of view what's happening does put a certain amount of pressure on us," Gina gamely admits. "It's still food for thought, which doesn't necessarily mean we'll make a different music. Maybe we'll make something less quirky, more tight and rooted somehow. Musically I think we've danced around ideas and sometimes we don't get right to the core of them. Most people start with various simple things and add quirkiness later. We always came from it the other way round."

"The crux of our next phase," concludes Vicky, "is that we really do want people to hear what we're doing. We always have, but it's become more imperative now, because the safe audience is no longer there. Neither is it particularly desirable or interesting. It's just a question of how to do it while retaining your integrity as much as possible."

Good old Raincoats or see through plastic macs? The choice is yours.

— **CHRIS BOHN**

ARCHIVE FUN

***"ALL GOD'S children got the clap"* posits a Richard Neville requiem for the hippies in one of the later issues of *Oz,* and it would certainly seem that what goes around comes around as the stiff Belle Stars rendition of 'The Clapping Song' climbs steadily up the charts and presents 'ARCHIVE FUN' with a further great opportunity for publishing a photograph of one of its favourite '60s pin ups, Shirley Ellis.**

With her husband Lincoln Chase composing the songs, 22 year old Ellis catchphrased several nursery philosophies of some popularity, notably 'The Nitty Gritty', 'The Name Game' and 'The Clapping Song' of course some two decades ago. Present whereabouts not known.

— **JIM DANDY**

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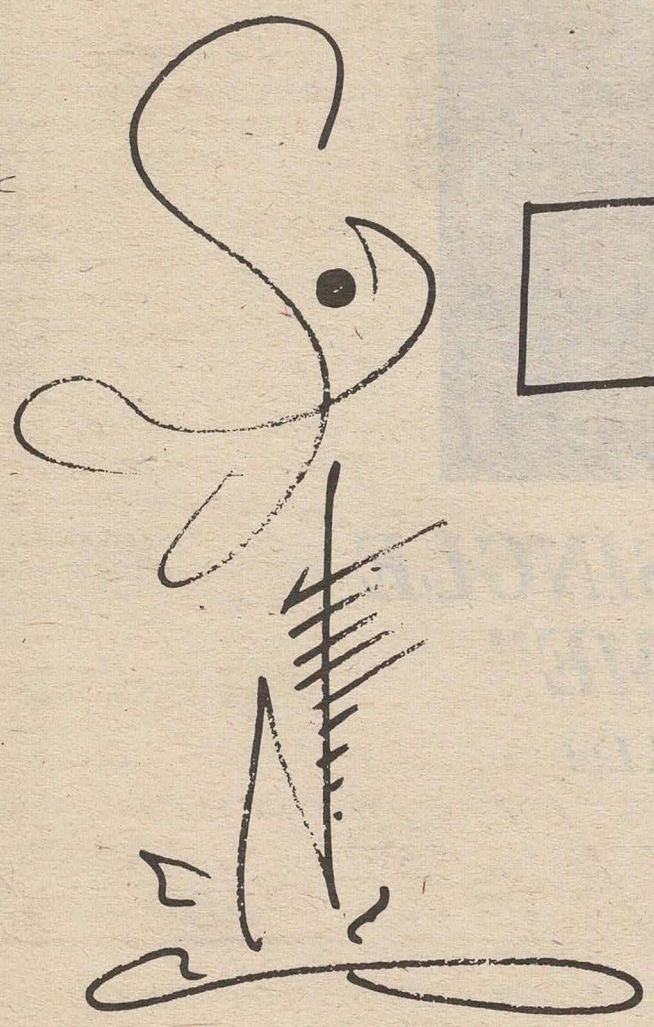

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VIDEO SYNCRASY

● CABARET VOLTAIRE

● FASSBINDER

THE CHEAP video visionaries are rallying together to challenge the prevailing money-is-no-object promo-video hierarchy. With the likes of Factory and Some Bizzare taking up the gauntlet, we're going to see some real competition. Like *Doublevision Presents Cabaret Voltaire.*

By using the facilities of their own Western Works studio in Sheffield and working with St John Walker, a video whizz kid from the local art college, Cabaret Voltaire are able to present *Doublevision* as 1½ hours of at-home, in-colour entertainment for just £15.

The video itself covers the Cabaret Voltaire career so far: from the earlier exercises in discipline and hard work ('Eddie's Out' and 'Nag Nag Nag') through extracts from several albums ('Voice Of America', 'Mix-Up', 'Red Mecca') to a glimpse of their more creative future ('Diskono' and 'Badge Of Evil').

Doublevision was filmed using, for the most part, professionally acceptable (pneumatic) equipment and techniques. Beyond that, any formal evaluation of the technical kind is rendered redundant simply because you neither expect nor want Cabaret Voltaire to produce a video boasting the clear cut frills of ABC or Dollar's twee tassles. Instead CV rely on a disparity and ambiguity of imagery to purposefully instil in *Doublevision* a sense of tackiness and sleaziness normally apparent in only the cheapest and best of B-movies.

After watching the video only once I'd learnt more about Cabaret Voltaire than I would have listening to their whole back catalogue of records (God forbid!).

Humour is a term rarely used in connection with Cabaret Voltaire, but hopefully *Doublevision* should change all that with its moments of self-deprecatory lightheartedness.

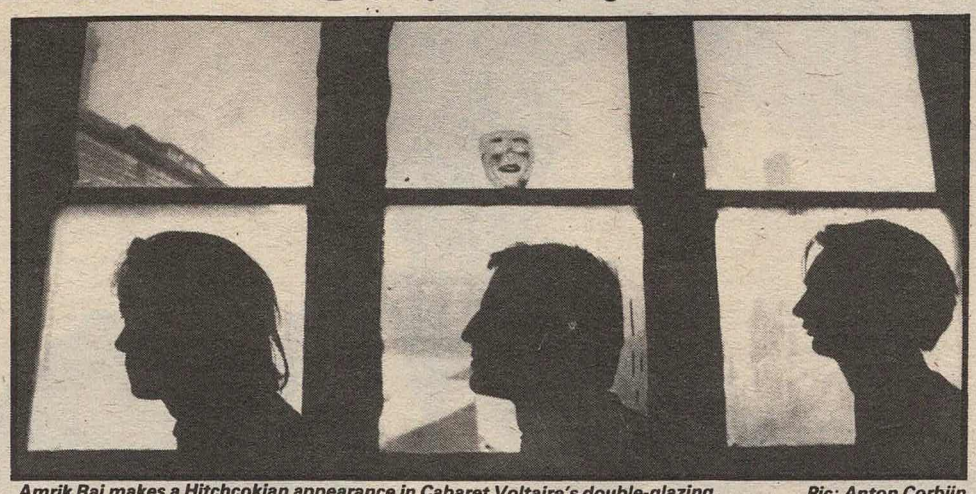
'Photophobia' starts with the question "What will happen when the Empire State Building falls in love with the next block?" and was written by a mad professor who the Cabs plied with drink to record the end-product. *(Sounds hilarious — Ed.)*

Alright. If it's as remarkable an adventure as I say it is, then why is it so cheap?

Doublevision is inexpensive purely because Cabaret Voltaire have spent the last nine months compiling it without wasting a penny and using every possible circumstance: 'Trash No.1' was filmed partly from a high speed train from Tokyo to Osaka on the Cabs' recent visit to Japan. As Mal concludes, "We're not afraid to turn our holiday snaps into art."

● Doublevision Presents Cabaret Voltaire will initially only be available on mail order from: Doublevision, 30 Chatsworth Avenue, New Basford, Nottingham, NG7 7EU. Price: £15.00 plus £2.00 p&p UK, £3.00 p&p elsewhere.

— AMRIK RAI



Amrik Rai makes a Hitchcokian appearance in Cabaret Voltaire's double-glazing. *Pic: Anton Corbijn.*

☐ UNDER THE extraordinarily convoluted and offensive headline PALACE VIDEO REBUTS VIDEO EXPLOITATION CHARGE AS FASSBINDER GETS HIS a well-known London PR firm have issued the following press release: " 'Sheer coincidence'. That's what they're saying at Palace Video as bespectacled and angry Stoke Newington film buffs cry for blood. Their reason? A whole clutch of new Fassbinder releases — available on video for the first time in England — of (sic) this most prolific of German film director's work (double sic.) At the time of the celebrated director's death Palace Video had already acquired the properties they are now making available on video.

'Fassbinder's death was a tragic loss to the fillm industry,' said joint MD Steve Woolley, 'but it has not altered or influenced our release dates'. Rainer Werner Fassbinder made an extraordinary number of films in his directing career. All bore his unmistakeable hallmarks: an anxious eagerness faithfully to depict the misery of the human condition and an often cunningly concealed obsession with tame parakeets named Stanislaus. But it was his film *The Marriage Of Maria Braun* which first established his reputation." The waffle ends there. What a hilarious world we live in! Rock and roll phew!!!

— THE VIDIOT

the lone groover benyon

I SEE ROTTEN'S BACK IN TOWN...
GREAT!!! — HE'LL PUT US ALL STRAIGHT.....
ARGH!!! — HIS WHOLE STANCE IS FOR DUDES TO DO THEIR OWN THING — AS I ONCE SAID IN A SONG "DON'T FOLLOW LEADERS.....
I KNOW, I KNOW, IT'S TH' TRUE SPIRIT OF PUNK.....
ANYWAY — ALL TH'OL' WIMP HAS BEEN DOIN' IS SITTIN' IN NEW YORK WATCHIN' T.V. AN' GETTIN' FAT!!!
GOOD GRIEF!!!!!! WHAT A WASTE —
OUTLOOK WORK? BOY AGOD AT KI SYSTEM!!!!
THINKS.... WHAT A CONCEPTUALIST!!!
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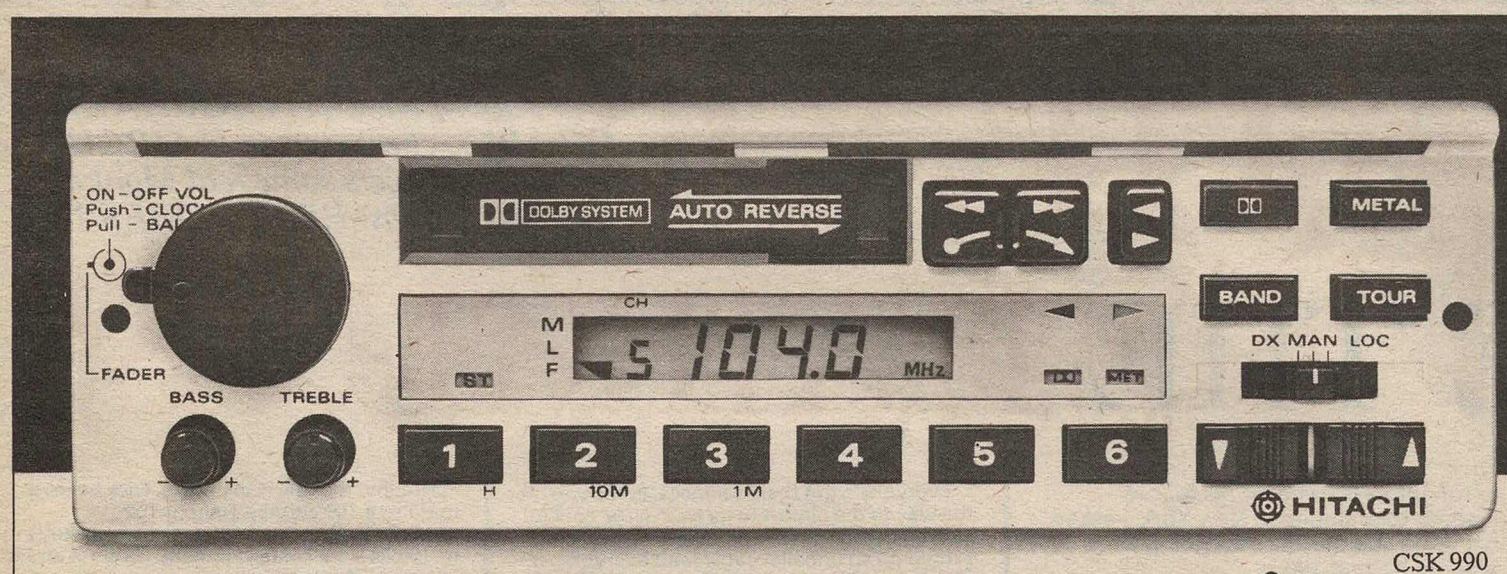
I'M FAT I'M HIP!
WAY OUT



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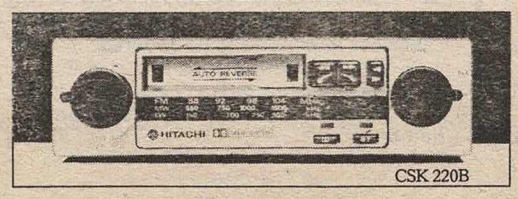
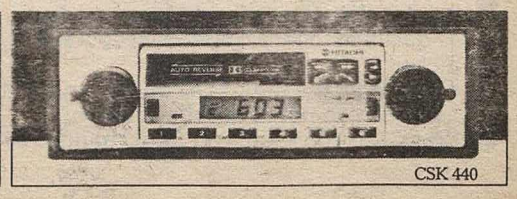

CSK 220B


CSK 440

HEY! HEY! WE'RE THE HAIRCUTS!

Our man in New York, RICHARD GRABEL checks up on HAIRCUT 100 and uncovers some real Monkee business. Snaps: EBET ROBERTS

IT'S SIMPLE: nature abhors a vacuum. And the vacuum — the laboured nothingness of the Asia/Toto/Journey kind of glop that has long dominated the American charts — was decidedly unnatural.

Something had to move, some trap door in the upper reaches of the radio programming hierarchy had to open, some fresh air had to be allowed to rush in.

And it did — when 'Don't You Want Me' broke through, suddenly The Human League are top of the charts, with Soft Cell following close behind with 'Tainted Love'. They're a couple of good songs to listen to in the wasteland of Album Orientated Rock radio.

And look! Here comes a whole pack of new English pop making inroads into the American consciousness: The Thompson Twins, Yazoo, Haircut 100.

It's simple: but it was never really a foregone conclusion. It almost didn't happen because Epic — the American label with first option on Virgin product — declined to take 'Dare'; luckily A&M picked it up.

Not even the radio is as open-minded as it first seemed. Just after 'Pelican West' was released over here I happened to run into a DJ who works for the leading rock station in New York. I asked her if the station was now going to be playing Haircut 100.

"We weren't going to," she sighed. "The Music Director thought they sounded too black. But now we've decided we will."

Too *black!?* Haircut 100? Well, this is what we're up against.

But they played it, and it's happening. 'Love Plus One' — you can hear kids walking down the street humming it. 'Fantastic Day' — they know the words. Believe me, it makes this New World a little bit of a brighter place.

Although I do have reservations about the Haircuts. They're not the very best thing current pop has to offer. The uncanny awareness and almost religious celebration of New Order moves me much more deeply; the epic emotion of ABC leaves me more impressed. But Haircut 100 have a bright, honest spirit, without pretence — what you see is what you get. Nick Heyward has a way with songs, knows how to sink a hook; his great ones are really memorable and even his lesser ones have something refreshing about them.

Haircut are fun, and we need that.

FOR THE musicians, taking the fun to America sometimes isn't that much fun. There is an endless string of nights with little sleep, days spent travelling, bad food and ceaseless interviews to be endured.

"So you're coming along?" one of the Haircuts greets me when I meet them. "Well, welcome to another day of airplanes and hamburgers."

Everyone's got their defences. In the van on the way to the airport to fly from New York to Boston bassist Les finds refuge in a Walkman turned up so unbelieveably loud everyone in the van can hear his Larry Graham tape.

"He's completely in a world of his own," percussionist Mark says, pointing at the oblivious Les.

"Good thing he's a bass player," adds saxophonist Phil. "Those are the only frequencies he's got left."

Mark is the class joker, and he can be really funny. Standing on the sidewalk in front of the Boston hotel, he harrangues passers-by. "Help exploited musicians. Exploited by our road manager. Used and abandoned."

Crowded into a cab with four in a back seat that barely holds three, he quips, "Don't worry. This is as close as we come to street credibility."

His imitations of American radio DJs doing station identifications — *"This is WZZZ, where rock really sucks!"* are spot on.

And Nick Heyward, that fairhaired boy, has his own quirks; like having developed a strong phobia about flying. So much so that the prospect of the very short flight to Boston has him twitching nervously.

"I just know it's so stupid to fly. I was never bothered 'til about halfway through this tour. Then all of a sudden . . . mind you we were taking off in lightning."

But when he's not nervous, Nick is friendly and natural.

Bowie is one of his main musical heroes, but his prime entertainer's role model seems to be The Monkees. He loves to turn on his own cheeky smile and bubbly personality for the camera, but he's smart enough to leave the role behind him when the cameras are switched off.

Not that the role is insincere. Nick believes in Haircut 100 clothes, Haircut 100 merchandise, Haircut 100 looks and attitude — he thinks it's all entertainment. He's not afraid of being called superficial.

"People go on about the pop form, the art form of pop and everything. Really, if they strip it all down, what they're actually looking for is a pop band. We're not trying to push it, we just fell into it, fell on top of it. It's not like we thought, right, what we need is a pop band that dresses like a pop band. When we came along it was a time when bands called themselves things like China Syndrome, and played depressing songs.

"We sat down — I remember this; it was a really autumn sort of afternoon, and we'd just been at Mum's. So we sat down and we were thinking up names, and there were names like Blatant Beavers. Like the advertising business, you can give any name to a product. Haircut 100 was just a name like that. We never thought, we're a band that's going to be big, let's choose a name. It was just something so stupid. We thought if we ever did get on we'd change it."

People sometimes take the name as proof of your being superficial.

"It doesn't mean anything. What does having a big pretentious name mean? That rock's-moved-into-more-frontiers attitude. Thinking we've come on since the puny days when pop records used to be classic!"

When The Monkees could be accepted for their great tunes.

"That's it. They weren't even a band. It was totally thought out and planned. When I was a kid I watched the TV series. I didn't care who wrote the songs. It was supposed to appeal to me, and it did. I grew up thinking the band was four members who stick together, muck

around, and have the same haircut, the same clothes. Then when I got to be about 16 or so it wasn't on to listen to anything like that."

An attitude that persists. At the New Music Seminar last week, a lot of people kept dragging the name Haircut 100 out as an example of something they thought was bland and homogenised, something they thought someone was trying to sell to them as being 'new wave'.

"Well, if they think we're bland then I'm not really bothered. If you call going on and dressing like a rock star, totally out of touch with everything . . . I can't see where they get bland from us. We get really embarrassed about going onstage."

APPEARING IN America doesn't get the same response as in England, but there are signs of Haircut mania building here. Nick is stopped everywhere for autographs. In Boston, there are six girls, about 12 or 13 years old, waiting outside the club at soundcheck. They are too young to get into the show, but they hold flowers for the band and albums to be signed. And at an outdoor show in New York where all ages are admitted, they got the full treatment.

"It was brilliant, because afterwards at the fence around back there were masses of screaming girls going, *Ooooo!* And the police holding them off. We went round to sign autographs through the fence and the police were going (imitates New York cop voice), Hey, buddy you better clear off or they're going to break this fence down. It was great! Haircut mania! And then later you play the Ritz and it's the usual older club crowd.

"When we did our last British tour, we didn't do it because we had a single out, we just did it because of the demand from the last tour. Places like Liverpool were mad — the Square had to be closed off, girls were breaking their arms nearly. There were 200 girls outside the hotel, shouting and screaming and singing the songs."

How do you feel when you see that?

"We laugh. We laugh, but we also take each other into the room and say, OK, but tomorrow we can go back to London and get on the tube and nobody will know. I don't know, the quicker we got on the more we stayed down to earth. I think a band that slogs around for five years before getting on, they feel they've paid their dues and this is what's owed to them. With us it's more sort of embarrassing.

"I can imagine that '60s sort of stardom, where you never had any breathing space, really doing you in. Like, I can imagine John Lennon being really affected by it, and never getting out of it 'til he got out, that time when he just left it all. I find myself not picking up my guitar now. I just sit down and write menus instead of songs."

To Nick's way of thinking, any fingers pointing at Haircut accusing them of being calculated, because of their upbeat breezy music or their scrubbed English cricket-boy looks, are fingers pointed in the wrong direction.

"Just getting along in a pop way, the way we have, I'd rather do that than come along in an arty-farty way, trying to make it that way and then thinking, Oh, we've got to go commercial. We've come along really commercial, sort of like a ready-made pop band, but accidentally. We can't help it, it just comes out. We're not going to worry we're losing the older fans, because just look at all the best bands, they appealed to young people at the beginning.

"The next album's going to be more of a blue sort of side of life. A lot of people think the first album's sort of happy go lucky. Maybe the music is, but lyrically some of it is quite sad."

What about merchandising? Innocently I ask Nick if he would want to see Haircut 100 sweaters on sale, not realising they already are.

"The thing about most of the merchandising is that it's based on original ideas I had. Like the single sleeve had Haircut 100 written in that script, which is Balmoral script, and the sweaters have the same thing on them."

You mean you've already got the sweaters?

"Yeah. Sweaters, T-shirts, combs. You can get your Haircut 100 comb. Mini-badges. It kills me."

You think it's OK?

"Oh yeah. It's really good. I used to love . . . remember Beatles guitars with the four faces of the Beatles on them? We're just getting away from that tour jacket scene. There's no Haircut 100 tour jackets."

What about America? Is it important to you to make it here?

"No, not really. We never came here with the idea of saying, We're going to be the next Beatles or anything. The reason they happened was the feeling. There were loads of bands out there, and it doesn't happen just on a musical level. You compare the new Elvis Costello album (which isn't a hit) with the Paul McCartney album (which is) and there's no comparison."

You like playing here?

"Yeah, we're better when we're more hungry. When you come to America and you've got to play and knock the audience out and it's a small place."

And you're not coming on with two singles in the top ten.

"That's it. And the audience are all over 21s and they won't accept just anything. Where in Britain sometimes it's a big venue and all you've got to do is go out there and play, it sort of takes the hunger out of it."

AIRPORT. TAXI to the hotel. Interviews all day — most of the band barely have time to put down their bags.

Soundcheck. Girls waiting with flowers. Greeted by the news that one of the daily papers back home has reported a rumour that Haircut have split up. A vicious way to sell more papers, I suggest, but Nick is delighted. "We'll sell more albums."

Taxi to the hotel. More interviews. Taxi to the gig.

The gig is at the Metro, Boston's biggest club. It's sold out. And it's great.

Onstage, Haircut 100 live up to the adjectives typically attached to them. They are fresh, winning, buoyant. They take their songs and play them with pleasure.

Their act is lightweight, and there's plenty to pick apart if that's the mood you're in. But if you're willing to be persuaded they are a very good time. Pleasure lights their faces and sparks their playing, and pleasure sprays out all over the audience, who go completely over the top. No one seems to mind when they repeat 'Love Plus One' and 'Favourite Shirts' in the encores. In fact they seem to scream even harder.

Before the show, Nick plays me a tape of the next Haircut single. I don't care for the B-side, a dragging stab at cocktail jazz. But the A-side, 'Nobody's Fool', is fast and lively and as catchy as you hope for in a Haircut single. Another hit.

I ask Nick if he worries about drying up.

"No. 'Cause they're really simple songs. What I worry about is, we've got so many songs for the next album, we can't do them all and I worry about wasting some.

"And I worry about repeating myself. You can't do another 'Favourite Shirts', and if we do another fast song with a brass riff that's getting sort of close. But I don't think we'll fall into that trap."

AFTER THE gig there's the usual assortment of local press and radio people and liggers plus an unusual assortment of stunning young ladies in the dressing room looking to corner the cute little Haircuts.

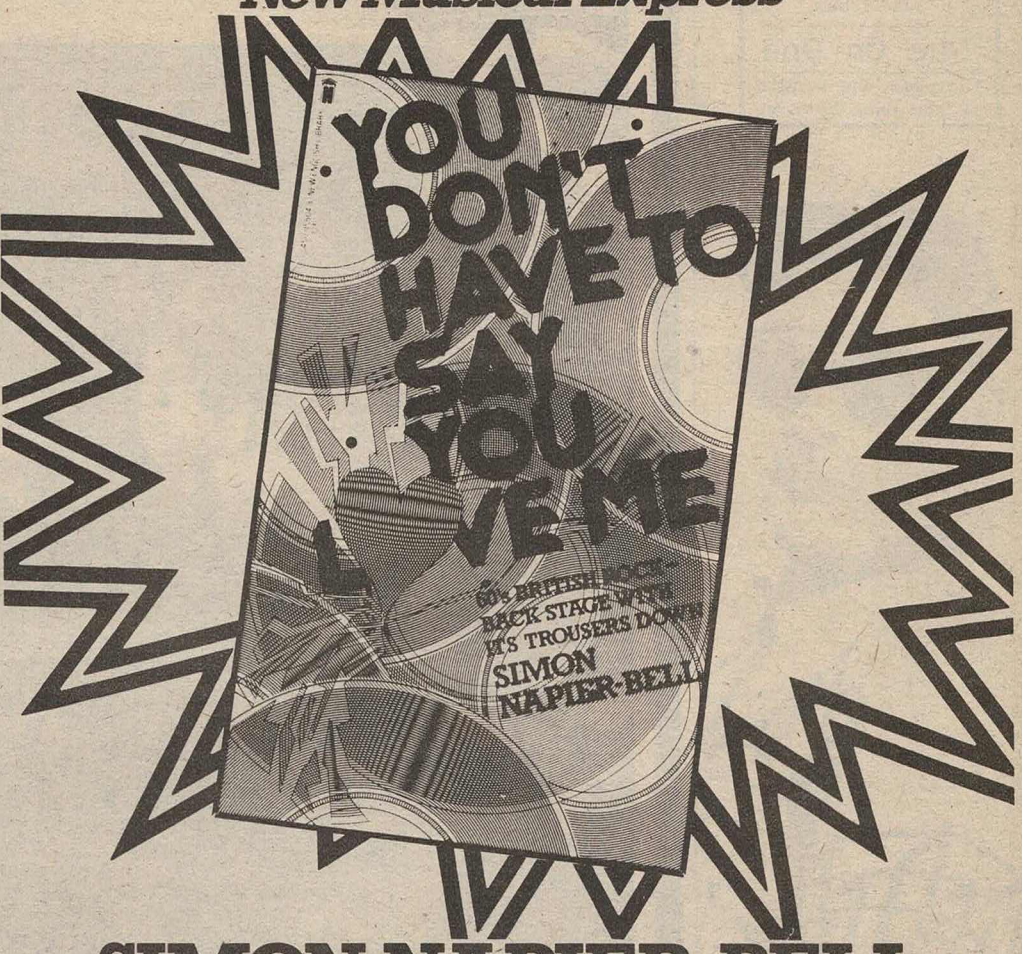
The Haircuts all bob and weave and smile and duck out, alone. Tomorrow's an early day. At 9am the Haircuts are stacking their bags in the hotel lobby. Nick, Graham and Les are wearing the same cricket boy clothes they are famous for.

As I said, what you see is what you get.

THE HUNKEES: (L-R) GRAHAM JONES, LES NEMES, NICK HEYWARD, PHIL SMITH, BLAIR CUNNINGHAM, MARK FOX.

'A scurrilous, amusing memoir of the sixties music business... any aspiring star should read it.' – *Daily Mirror*

'A vile item of innuendo and invective.' – *New Musical Express*



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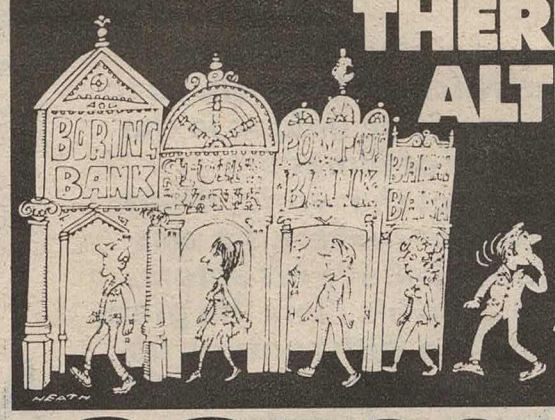

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SILVER SCREEN

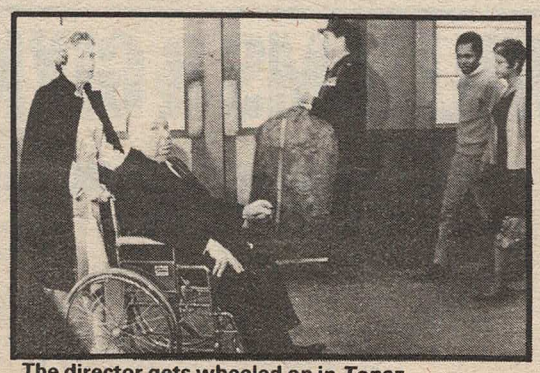
ALFRED

Hitchcock, second from left, as an extra in his first talkie, *Blackmail*. Pic courtesy of the BFI.

A Documentary by Monty Smith

Two years after his death, Alfred Hitchcock continues to hold a position unique in the affections of filmgoers throughout the world. Alone among film-makers, he was celebrated above his actors, above even his films. He grew up with the 20th century, he grew up with the movies. In the hearts and minds of many, Alfred Hitchcock is the movies.

To coincide with BBC2's mammoth Hitchcock retrospective — which, at 22 films is still some way short of even half his total output of 53 features — Silver Screen presents an impressionistic survey of the man and his movies, in his own words, in the words of those who knew him, and in the words of those who sat in judgement on his work.



The director gets wheeled on in *Topaz*

Q: What is the deepest logic of your films?
A: "To put the audience through it."

"Hitchcock's reputation has suffered from the fact that he has given audiences more pleasure than is permissible for serious cinema." — **Andrew Sarris, critic.**

1. The Early Years

ALFRED JOSEPH Hitchcock was born in London on August 13, 1899, the youngest son of a Leytonstone greengrocer. His father was a Catholic and raised him strictly. At the age of five he was sent to the local police station with a note from his father to a friend, the station sergeant, who promptly locked him up in a cell for a few minutes and said: "That's what we do with naughty little boys."

Hitchcock's fear and distrust of the machinery of authority is usually attributed to this traumatic incident. His schooldays were spent at St Ignatius' College, a Jesuit boarding school in London. There he was instilled with a sense of religious fear and the power of physical punishment. The Jesuits, he claimed, taught him discipline and self-control, and gave him the ability to organise methodically.

He entered the film industry in 1920, after studying to be an electrical engineer. At the Famous Players-Lasky (later Paramount) studio in Islington he designed the backgrounds for silent film titles. When Michael Balcon took over the studio in 1922, Hitchcock worked there as assistant director, art director, and scriptwriter.

"The man who excels at filming fear is himself a very fearful person, and I suspect that this trait of his personality has a direct bearing on his success. Throughout his entire career he has felt the need to protect himself from the actors, producers and technicians who, insofar as their slightest lapse or whim may jeopardise the integrity of his work, all represent as many hazards to a director. How better to defend oneself than to become the director no actor will question, to become one's own producer, and to know more about technique than the technicians?" — **Francois Truffaut, film-maker.**

Hitchcock's early experience included work at the UFA studios in Germany, and the style of his early films reflected this contact with expressionism, as well as a natural Anglo-American influence.

"Without Fritz Lang, Alfred Hitchcock would not have existed." — **Claude Chabrol, film-maker.**

IN THE SAME year that he married Alma Reville (who throughout his career continued to provide continuity for his scripts and frequently wrote screenplays), Hitchcock directed his first thriller, *The Lodger*. It also, in 1926, marked the first appearance of Hitchcock in his own films (because of a temporary shortage of extras); subsequently a glimpse of his familiar rotund form became an obligatory gag, occurring in almost all his films.

In 1929 he made *Blackmail*, the first British film with synchronous sound; even then, his style is bold and innovative.

"Like Bunuel, Hitchcock achieves his style by an inpsired absence of style; of him perhaps more unarguably than of anyone else in the cinema can it be said quite simply *'le style, c'est l'homme'*." — **John Russell Taylor, critic**

In retrospect, it is clear that Hitchcock's career falls

On the set of *Notorious* with Ingrid Bergman.

HITCHCOCK

neatly into four phases: the silent period (nine films); the 1930s in Britain (14 films); the 1940s in America and Britain (13 films and two shorts); and the period since then, beginning with *Strangers On A Train* in 1951 (17 films). Hitchcock's biographer, John Russell Taylor, broke down the phases thus: apprenticeship; the perfection of a style; appreciation of the limitations of that style and an erratic quest for a new style; and final maturity.

"Hitchcock became a way of defining cinema, a man exclusively intent on the moving image and the compulsive emotions of the spectator. But his own personality is withdrawn, cold, insecure and uncharitable. The method, despite its brilliance, is equally private and restrictive. In the last resort, his realised blueprints seem to prove cinema's bias towards doubt and unresolved meanings." — **David Thomson, critic.**

"Under the invariably self-possessed and often cynical surface is a deeply vulnerable, sensitive, and emotional man who feels with particular intensity the sensations he communicates to his audience." — **Francois Truffaut, film-maker.**

"Hitchcock's repeated invasions of everyday life with the most outrageous melodramatic devices have shaken the foundations of the facile humanism that insists that people are good and only systems evil, as if the system themselves were not functions of human experience. He insists, almost intolerantly, upon a moral reckoning for his characters and for his audience. We can violate the Commandments at our own psychic peril, but we must pay the price in guilt at the end. Hitchcock can be devious, but he is never dishonest." — **Andrew Sarris, critic**

"Hitchcock has never been a 'serious' director. His films are interesting neither for their ideas nor for their characters. None of the early melodramas can be said to carry any sort of a 'message'; when ones does appear, as in *Foreign Correspondent* and *Lifeboat*, it is banal in the extreme. In the same way, Hitchcock's characterisation has never achieved — or aimed at — anything more than a surface verisimilutude; which, in a film where incident and narrative are what matters, is perfectly proper." — **Lindsay Anderson, film-maker.**

"I am interested less in stories than in the manner of telling them." — **Alfred Hitchcock**

"The thing that amuses me about Hitchcock is the way he directs a film in his head before he knows what the story is. Every time you get set he jabs you off balance by wanting to do a love scene on top of the Jefferson Memorial or something like that. I guess that's why some of his pictures lose their grip on logic and turn into wild chases. Well, it's not the worst way to make a picture." — **Raymond Chandler, writer**

"Why should we take Hitchcock seriously? It is a pity the question has to be raised; if the cinema were truly regarded as an autonomous art, not as a mere adjunct of the novel or the drama — if we were able yet to *see* films instead of mentally reducing them to literature — it would be unnecessary." — **Robin Wood, critic**

"Hitchcock never looks at his films again. He runs them for people but he always leaves the room. When it says 'The End' he comes back with a cigar. He says, 'Why do I want to see it? I see all the things that are wrong with it. There's nothing I can do now'." — **Bernard Herrmann, composer.**

"Hitchcock knows more about making films than the rest of us put together." — **Sir Carol Reed, film-maker**

2. The Films

Q: Mr Hitchcock, how have you been able to resist, over 50 years of direction, the temptation to look through the camera?
A: "I don't look through the camera. Looking through the camera has nothing to do with it. The ultimate end of what you're doing is on a rectangular screen of varying proportions. What are you doing? You're using the rectangle, like a painter, but the whole art of the motion picture is a succession of composed images, rapidly going through a machine, creating ideas. So looking through a camera has nothing to do with it at all."

THESE ARE the films that make up BBC2's excellent and extensive Hitchcock retrospective. All of the quotes are Hitchcock's own, taken from his exhaustive conversations with the French film-maker and critic, Francois Truffaut.

Blackmail (1929)
"It was rather a simple story, but I never did it the way I really wanted to. What happened was that after a good deal of hesitation the producers decided it would be silent except for the last reel. In those days they would advertise these as 'part-sound pictures'. But since I suspected the producers might change their minds and eventually want an all-sound picture, I worked it out that way. We utilised the techniques of talkies, but without sound. Then when the picture was completed I raised objections to the part-sound version, and they gave me *carte blanche* to shoot some scenes over. The star was Anny Ondra, the German actress who, naturally, hardly spoke any English. We couldn't dub in the voices then as we do today. So I got around the difficulty by calling on an English actress, Joan Barry, who did the dialogue standing outside the frame, with her own microphone, while Miss Ondra pantomimed the words."

Murder (1930)
"That was an interesting picture, one of the rare whodunnits I made. I generally avoid this genre because as a rule all of the interest is concentrated in the ending. I don't really approve of whodunnits because they're rather like a jigsaw or a crossword puzzle. No emotion. You simply wait to find out who committed the murder. We did many things that had not been done before. It was Herbert Marshall's first talking part and the role was perfect for him; he turned out to be excellent in the sound medium. Anyway, we had to reveal his inner thoughts, and since I hate to introduce a useless character in a story I used a stream - of - consciousness monologue. At the time this was regarded as an extraordinary novelty, although it had been done for ages in the theatre, beginning with Shakespeare. But here we adapted the idea to the techniques of sound."

The Skin Game (1931)
"It was taken from the play by John Galsworthy. I didn't make it by choice, and there isn't much to be said about it."

Rich And Strange (1932)
"It had lots of ideas. There was a scene in which the young man is swimming with a girl and she stands with her legs astride, saying to him, 'I bet you can't swim between my legs'. I shot it in a tank. The boy dives and when he's about to pass between her legs she suddenly locks his head between her legs and you see the bubbles rising from his mouth. Finally she released him and, as he comes up gasping for air, he sputters, 'You almost killed me that time'. And she answers, 'Wouldn't that have been a beautiful death?' I don't think we could show that today because of censorship. I liked the picture; it should have been more successful."

Number 17 (1932)
"A disaster! The story was bought by the studio and they assigned me to the picture."

The 39 Steps (1935)
"John Buchan was a strong influence a long time before I undertook *The 39 Steps*. What I find appealing in Buchan's work is his understatement of highly dramatic ideas. Understatement is important to me. What I like in *The 39 Steps* are the swift transitions. The rapidity of those transitions heightens the excitement. It takes a lot of work to get that kind of effect, but it's well worth the effort. You use one idea after another and eliminiate anything that interferes with the swift pace. I'm not concerned with plausibility; that's the easiest part of it, so why bother? Let's be logical, if you're going to analyse everything in terms of plausibility or credibility, then no fiction script can stand up to that approach, and you wind up doing a documentary. We should have total freedom to do as we like, just so long as it's not dull."

Jamaica Inn (1939)
"*Jamaica Inn* was an absurd thing to undertake. Realising how incongruous it was, I was truly discouraged, but the contract had been signed. Finally, I made the picture and, although it became a box-office hit, I'm still unhappy over it. As for Charles Laughton — well! When we started the picture, he asked me to show him only in close shots because he hadn't yet figured out the manner of his walk. Ten days later he came in and said, 'I've found it'. It turned out that his step had been inspired by the beat of a little German waltz, and he whistled it for us as he waddled about the room. He wasn't really a professional film man."

Rebecca (1940)
"It's not a Hitchcock picture; it's a novelette, really. The story is old-fashioned; there was a whole school of feminine literature at the period and, though I'm not against it, the fact is that the story is lacking in humour. It has stood up quite well over the years. I don't know why. It's almost a period piece."

Mr and Mrs Smith (1941)
"That picture was done as a friendly gesture to Carole Lombard. At the time she was married to Clark Gable, and she asked me whether I'd do a picture with her. In a weak moment I accepted, and I more or less followed Norman Krasna's screenplay. Since I didn't really understand the type of people who were portrayed in the film all I did was to photograph the scenes as written."

Suspicion (1942)
"I ran into lots of difficulties on that picture. When it was finished I spent two weeks in New York and I had quite a shock when I came back. One of RKO's producers had screened the picture, and he found that many of the scenes gave the impression that Cary Grant was a killer. So he simply went ahead and ordered that all of these indications be deleted; the cut version ran only 55 minutes. Fortunately, the head of RKO realised that the result was ludicrous and they allowed me to put the whole thing back together again."

Wife Alma with a bust of the Master that was originally intended for use in *Frenzy*.

CONTINUES OVER

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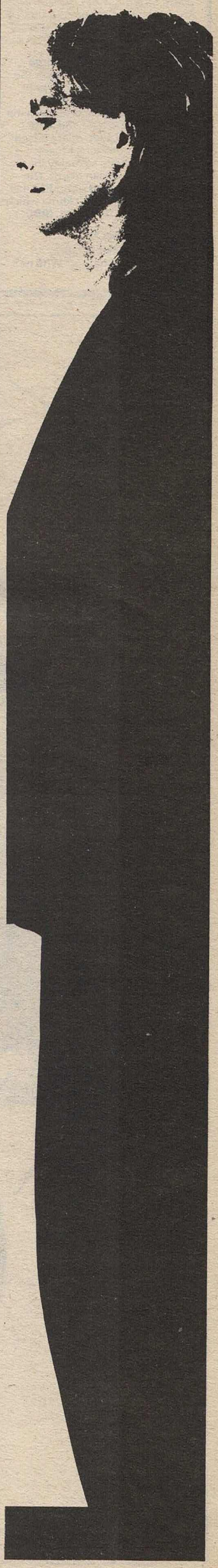

ON THE BOX

Thursday August 12
The Duellists (Ridley Scott 1977). Starry, ill-assorted cast — Keith Carradine, Harvey Keitel, Albert Finney, Edward Fox, Robert Stephens — in a sumptious adaptation of Joseph Conrad's *Duel*, set in the Napoleonic wars. As carefully crafted (and calculated) as a Hovis ad; not surprising, really, since Ridley did them as well. **(ITV network)**

Strange Bedfellows (Melvin Frank 1965). Strange? Rock Hudson and Arthur Haynes? Bloody peculiar, if you ask Gina Lollobrigida. **(BBC2)**

Friday August 13
The Chapman Report (George Cukor 1962). 'Mr' Cukor, ever the ladies man, fills the screen with them; literally in the case of Shelley Winters, decorously in the case of Claire Bloom and Jane Fonda. A tepid soap opera based on the then notorious Kinsey Report on female sexuality in suburban American towns. Our own little hotbed of unbridled lust (ie Ian Penman) won't know which way to turn (ie ITV or off). **(BBC1)**

Saturday August 14
La Femme Infidele (Claude Chabrol 1964). Chabrol? Who he? **(BBC2)**

Keith Carradine making the early morning bread delivery in The Duellists.

I Confess (Alfred Hitchcock 1953). Francois Truffaut, who not only makes better films than Claude Chabrol and Eric Rohmer but also pays proper homage to the Master with every living breath *(Steady on. — Ed.)* . . . sorry, but that Chabrol so-called 'season' has really got my goat ('specially when the *Observer* tells you that Chabrol taught Hitchcock a thing or two about subtlety) and furthermore *(Cut the obsessive crap and get to the point. — Ed.)* OK. The point is this: Listen to Truffaut. "The most appealing aspect of the sequence with the plane," says M. Truffaut of *North By Northwest*, "is that it's totally gratuitous, drained of all plausibility or even significance. Cinema, approached in this way, becomes a truly abstract art, like music." Now, I realise that's got nothing to do with *I Confess* but it's a lovely quote, isn't it? I just couldn't fit it in the Hitchcock piece, so there it is. *I Confess?* I sort of agree with Mr Hitchcock. **(BBC2)**

Sunday August 15
Bombay Talkie (James Ivory 1893). Not a misprint, that's what it bloody looks like — horrible. But just to set the record straight: James Ivory makes terribly civilised, ever so proper little films, carefully designed to appeal to people who don't like movies. **(BBC2)**

Monday August 16
Charley Varrick (Don Siegel 1973). Hard, superbly paced — you know, man, like a *movie* movie — thriller with Walter Matthau in fine fettle as the devious bankrobber. Siegel's not touched this impressive form since. **(ITV London)**

Tuesday August 17
Cheyenne Autumn (John Ford 1964). Hauntingly apologetic epic Western from Mr Ford. Personally, I prefer Mr Hitchcock. Did I ever tell you that I think Alfred Hitchcock is the greatest film-maker who ever *(Oh piss off. — Ed.)*

Monty Smith

IN THE CAN

Guest Reviewer: Sylvia Skillet (City Limits)

Death Venice (Louie Turd). The latest Corman acolyte is a bee in a bonnet, a Guy Maupassant on a *bon mot* bon-fire, someone who can twist inexorably (even, invisibly) the most blatant exploitative use of sadistic voyeuristic gore into a work of satiric resplendence. In any other director's hands, *Death Venice* would look like a racist, bloodthirsty, multi-million-dollar corporate bid for stupid, empty-headed summer audiences. But Turd subverts this grid, and delivers a subtly symbolic re-rendering of the 'vigilante' pic. Turd's vigilante is as much gooned on as gooning: a Hollywood duplex? I particularly liked the scene where the Puerto Rican grandmother is roasted over a spit to the accompaniment of some telling opera music, the thugs throwing sink drainage equipment at her blistering ankles. This shows us how to condense our feelings into a, um, closing paragraph of, er, suitably closing, um, effect. **(COC)**

'Normal' service will be resumed next week . . .

HITCHCOCK

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

Shadow Of A Doubt (1943)
"I wouldn't say that *Shadow Of A Doubt* is my favourite picture; if I've given that impression it's probably because I feel that here is something that our friends, the plausibles and logicians, cannot complain about. In a sense, it reveals a weakness. On the one hand I claim to dismiss the plausibles, and on the other I'm worried about them. After all, I'm only human! But that impression is also due to my very pleasant memories of working on it with Thornton Wilder. In England I'd always had the collaboration of top stars and the finest writers, but in America things were quite different. I was turned down by many stars and by writers who looked down their noses at the genre I work in. That's why it was so gratifying for me to find out that one of America's most eminent playwrights was willing to work with me and, indeed, that he took the whole thing quite seriously."

Spellbound (1945)
"The original novel, *The House Of Dr Edwardes*, was about a madman taking over an insane asylum. It was melodramatic and quite weird. But I wanted to do something more sensible, to turn out the first picture on psychoanalysis. I was determined to break with the traditional way of handling dream sequences through a blurred and hazy screen. I asked (David O.) Selznick if he could get Dali to work with us and he agreed, though I think he didn't really understand my reasons for wanting Dali. He probably thought I wanted his collaboration for publicity purposes. The real reason was that I wanted to convey the dreams with great visual clarity, sharper than the film itself."

Notorious (1946)
"The story of *Notorious* is the old conflict between love and duty. Cary Grant's job — and it's a rather ironic situation — is to push Ingrid Bergman into Claude Rains' bed. One can hardly blame him for seeming bitter throughout the story, whereas Claude Rains is a rather appealing figure, both because his confidence is being betrayed and because his love for Ingrid Bergman is probably deeper than Cary Grant's. Claude Rains and Ingrid Bergman made a nice couple, but in the close shots the difference between them was so marked that if I wanted to show them both in a frame I had to stand Claude Rains on a box."

Under Capricorn (1949)
"I had no special admiration for the novel, and I don't think I would have made the picture if it hadn't been for Ingrid Bergman. But if I'd been thinking clearly I'd never have tackled a costume picture. You'll notice I've never done any since. Besides, there wasn't enough humour in the film."

Stage Fright (1950)
"The aspect that intrigued me is that it was a story about the theatre. You wonder why I chose that particular story? Well, the book had just come out and several of the reviewers had mentioned that it might make a good Hitchcock picture. And I, like an idiot, believed them!"

Strangers On A Train (1951)
"I was quite pleased with the overall form of the film and with the secondary characters. I particularly liked the woman who was murdered; you know, the bitchy wife who worked in a record shop. Bruno's mother was good, too — she was just as crazy as her son."

I Confess (1953)
"It was difficult, and the final result was rather heavy-handed. I found Montgomery Clift, like all Method actors, very difficult. You can't get them to look the way you want when you want to cut. The whole treatment was lacking in humour and subtelty. I don't mean that the film itself should have been humorous, but my own approach should have been more ironic, as in *Psycho* — a serious story told with tongue in cheek."

Dial M For Murder (1954)
"There isn't very much we can say about that one, is there? I just did my job, using cinematic means to narrate a story taken from a stage play. All of the action in *Dial M For Murder* takes place in a living room, but that doesn't matter. I could just have well shot the whole film in a telephone booth."

The Wrong Man (1957)
"It's possible I was too concerned with veracity to take sufficient dramatic license. But I did fancy the opening of the picture because of my own fear of the police. I also liked the part where the real culprit is discovered just as (Henry) Fonda is praying. Yes, I liked that ironic coincidence."

Psycho (1960)
"My main satisfaction is that the film had an effect on the audience, and I consider that very important. I don't care about the subject matter; I don't care about the acting; but I do care about the pieces of film and the photography and the sound track and all of the technical ingredients that made the audience scream. I feel it's tremendously satisfying for us to be able to use the cinematic art to achieve something of mass emotion. And with *Psycho* we most definitely achieved this. It wasn't a message that stirred the audiences, nor was it a great performance or their enjoyment of the novel. They were aroused by pure film."

Marnie (1964)
"The fetish idea. A man wants to go to bed with a thief because she is a thief, just like other men have a yen for a Chinese or a coloured woman. Unfortunately, this concept doesn't come across on the screen. It's not as effective as *Vertigo* where Jimmy Stewart's feeling for Kim Novak was clearly a fetishist love. To put it bluntly, we'd have had to have Sean Connery catching the girl robbing the safe and show that he felt like jumping at her and raping her on the spot."

Torn Curtain (1966)
"I got the idea from the disappearance of the two British diplomats, Burgess and MacLean, who deserted their country

CONTINUES PAGE 45

He used to play for £5 a night. Now he's a Millionaire.

JOOLS HOLLAND

Age six, Jool's uncle taught him boogie-woogie piano. Impressed, his mother sent him to the Blackheath Conservatoire of Music, where they taught him 'The Dance of the Pixies' on two fingers. Unimpressed, he left within the week.

But by fourteen, he'd returned to the piano and was playing his local for a fiver a night.

At fifteen, he formed his first band, Skyco, with a bunch of schoolmates. Later they renamed it Squeeze.

At seventeen, Squeeze signed with their first manager. "That was a bad move," says Jools. Too late, they discovered his favourite band was Paper Lace.

Nineteen saw Jools on tour, crammed in the back of a box Transit between a PA system and the rest of Squeeze. "I think it was Holland," he says. "Didn't see much of it, really." Then their first release failed to make much impression. "Didn't see much of that either," he adds.

But by twenty-two, Squeeze had made four hit singles including 'Cool for Cats' and 'Up the Junction,' and had completed an exhausting series of tours. At that point Jools left. He said he had his own career to follow.

At twenty-three, he did his biggest gig ever in Madison Square Gardens. "It was terrifying. I had this plan to faint and get carried off if the going got too rough." His next gig was billed as 'The World Première of Jools Holland and the Millionaires.' "A slight change of scene, there," he says, "at Huddersfield Poly."

Now at twenty-four, he's written and recorded a début album with the Millionaires, he's been recording with Sting, and he's just back from an American tour.

"It's been a very bumpy ride since leaving school, but in the end it's all been worth it," he says. "And I'm sure we'll go a lot further, me and the Millionaires. But you've really got to work at it, and believe in what you're doing."

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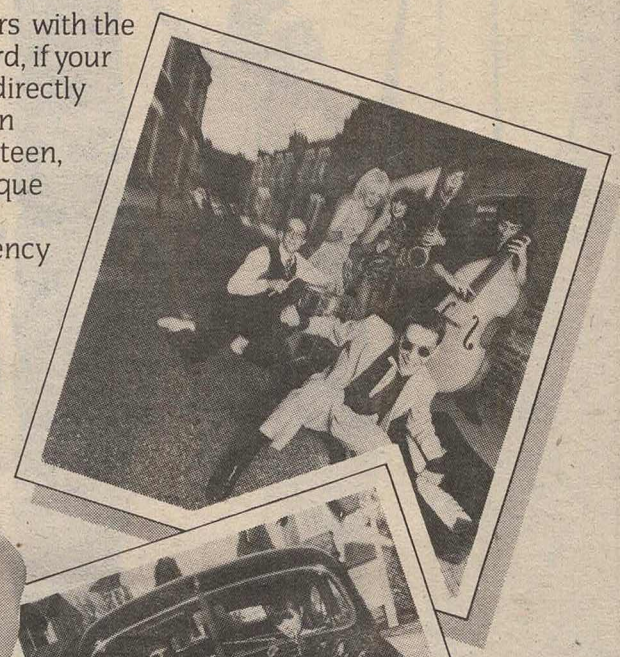

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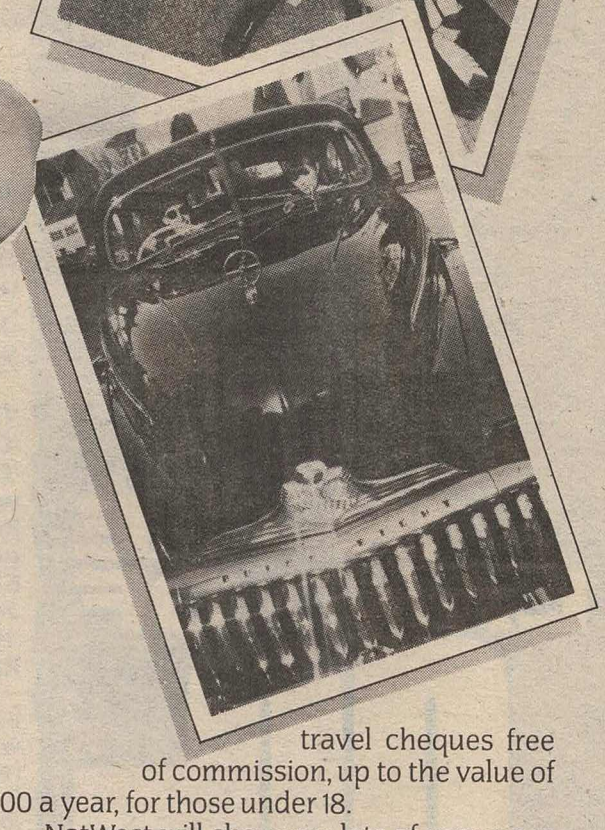

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IN THE LAND OF OO-BLA-DEE

Timeless fables of berets, be-bop and 52nd Street hipsters who dealt in vocalese, vout and vernacular.

Gasseroonie Carr and Flip Dellar

**Be-y'abba-dah-ool-ya,
Be-y'abba-dah-ool-ya-koo,
Be-y'abba-dah-ool-ya,
Be-y'abba-dah-ool-ya-koo.**

THEY SURE AS HELL don't write 'em like that nowadays, but then, when Bop was *the* Big Beat, nobody actually composed such lexicon lickers. They were just spontaneously babbled right there on the spot.

Be-Bop anthems like 'Oo-Bop-She-Bam', 'Oo-Shoo-Be-Doo-Be', 'Oop-Bop-A-Da' and 'Ool-Ya-Koo' were vowel howls that came hot-lipped from New York's goatee-growthed, beret be-decked 52nd Streeters like Babs Gonzales, Joe 'Be-Bop' Carroll and Kenny 'Pancho' Hagood: black and Kerouac-ready.

These drape-shaped vocal gymnasts, over-civilised to the point of decadence, were the precursors of today's ultra-hip rap raconteurs: devising a particular line in hipspeak that immediately distinguished friend from foe, cool from cubic.

In lineage, there's no real difference, thought and thread-wise, between the *expoobidence* of Babs Gonzales and the *hippity-hop* quick mix of Grandmaster Flash. Both deal with street-wise jibberish, self-promotion and cool wailin'.

***Scat,* as it was orginally branded, has mutated through three generations of uptown hipsters into rap. The buzz words may have changed, but it's still the same line of jive.**

Louis Armstrong — who dropped his lyric sheet during the recording of 'Heebie Jeebies' and improvised a wordless vocal — may cop the initial credit but ironically Satchmo was also the first to voice, on record, his disapproval of those Flatten-Fifth Columnists who had transformed his accidentally born jazz child into a loud mouthed, money grabbing bastard.

Whilst Dizzy Gillespie's 1947 RCA waxing of 'Op-Bop-A-Da' was selling 700,000 78s, a sour Satchmo busily re-worked the innocuous glee-club glucose of 'The Whippenpoof Song' into the embarrassing 'The Boppenpoof Song'. It wasn't just the hipsters who failed to dig it. In Britain, far from the main Be-Bop battle line, the disc was withdrawn two days after release.

Though he later became great friends with Gillespie, Satch never got around to recording 'Hello, Dizzy'!

BABS GONZALES — such a snappy dresser that Charlie Parker used to pawn his suits

ANNIE ROSS — 'twisted' bag pipe bopper

SLIM GAILLARD — for Slim the world was just one big orooni

EDDIE JEFFERSON — no airplane, but still he flew

OO-BLA-DEE

I met a beautiful princess,
In the land of OO-BLA-DEE.
She smiled and said "Oo bla dillya",
Meaning you appeal to me.
I said, "Oo blu bla blu bla bun do", with pride,
"Oo blu dillya la bun do", let's take a ride,
In the land of OO-BLA-DEE".

OPERA IN VOUT — currently one of the most in-demand imports around London

JACKIE & ROY — cool co-eds who ran on a 'Bop For The People' ticket

CEMENT MIXER

Ce-ment mixer, put-ti, put-ti,
Ce-ment mixer, put-ti, put-ti,
Ce-ment mixer, put-ti, put-ti,
Ce-ment mixer, put-ti, put-ti, 'ey vout,
Be-nah, Be-nee, Be-noo,
Be-voutie-scootie . . .
ow' chuckie-chuckie avocado seed soup a voutie . . .

OO-SHOO-BE-DOO-BE

Oo-Shoo-Be-Doo-Be, Oo, Oo,
Oo-Shoo-Be-Doo-Be, Oo, Oo,
Oo-Shoo-Be-Doo-Be, Oo, Oo,
Oo-Shoo-Be-Doo-Be,
Oo-Shoo-Be-Doo-Be,
Means, I Love You.

KING PLEASURE — if you were born Clarence Beeks wouldn't you change your name!

BE-BOP WAS THE FIRST post-war music revolution — anar*chic* in a zoot suit with a "be cool" manifesto, it was both an alternative to the stagnating Swing scene and a *Krypton Factor* course that established a new artistically aware elite. You either cut it or cut out!

It was bad timing for vocalists. Previously, in the predominantly white, mythical Kingdom Of Swing, they had ruled, scoring the biggest hits and breaking all box-office records.

History conveniently ignores the point that the majority of hits by the big-time Swing Kings hinged on the vocal refrains provided by Jack Leonard or Frank Sinatra (Tommy Dorsey), Bob Eberle and Helen O'Connell (Jimmy Dorsey) and Ray Eberle and Tex Beneke (Glenn Miller). Black singers were stereotyped. When not de-kinking their coiffure, they either belted the Blues or became supper-club sepia Sinatras.

The difference between say, unctuous '40s black star Pha Terrell and super slicker Babs Gonzales is akin to currently comparing Sammy Davis Jr with Kid Creole.

Suddenly, instrumentalists like Charlie Parker and Gillespie were grabbing both the microphone and the plaudits. In desperation, the new breed of singers grabbed what they could of the action by updating the art of *scat*, utilising their voice as horns with jive-ass hokum as added flavouring.

It didn't stop there. Apart from being heard, each had to re-affirm their role as bandstand mainman.

Court jester was Gonzales, who divided his talents between scribbling his memoirs *(I Paid My Dues — Good Times, No Bread)*, running his own New York niterie 'Babs' Insnae Asylum' and selling his own LPs out of a battered suitcase between chauffering stints for the libidinous Errol Flynn.

Beneath the rakish beret and behind the shades and 'Atomic' bowtie, Gonzales epitomized the high flying, hipster flipster — he *was* Professor Bop, with a doctorate in *scat*ology and pidgin French bopspeak.

He never asked questions, only supplied answers. A complete screwball, Gonzales was not — often there was method behind the madness.

"you rode all night in a dingy bus and the driver announced, 'rest station'/you can't leave your seat, don't think of nuthin' to eat/would you want you some integration".
('Integration')

Maybe the eagle flew on Friday, but for the rest of the week it was still back to Jim Crow. (Gonzales had never heard of the guy!). He cunningly devised a fail-safe method of vaulting the race barrier in 'whites-only' four-star hotels. When not masquerading as a wealthy Cubano (he spoke the lingo), he'd appear, with turban, as Prince of Hyderbad.

The latter ruse, to be truthful, was more a device for acquainting himself with many of Hollywood's loveliest young ladies. His gig with matinee idol Flynn, a drop-off at the studios in the morning and a pick-up at night, afforded Gonzales daytime use of his employer's block-length limo and substantial credit facilities.

Gonzales would cruise Sunset Strip, conveying a selection of white, Chinese and Hawaiian ladies back to Flynn's opulent hotel suite. Later he declared, "The really *weird* ones I used to introduce to Errol." Maybe there was one too many, because Gonzales was suddenly packed off with a pay off when the local vice squad began 'interviewing' Flynn about his less-than-private pleasures.

WHO FIRST BEEPED the bop on wax is open to speculation. White singer, and one-time GI paratrooper Dave Lambert (later to enjoy international acclaim with Lambert-Hendricks-Ross) is reputed (Jan '45) to have cut the initial bop anthem, 'What's This?' with the aid of Buddy Stewart and The Gene Krupa Band. It was second nature for Babs Gonzales to claim his vocal trio The Three Bips And A Bop were there first. But the judges didn't ask for a photo finish.

Though, theoretically, bop singing offered this new wave of vocalists unimagined freedom, it was extremely self-limiting. Events proved that there were but few capable madcap exponents of whom, after Babs, only Gillespie alumni Joe 'Be-Bop' Carroll and Kenny 'Pancho' Hagood are remembered.

Every innovation in black music has suffered dilution in the cause of commercial acceptance. Today, Blondie and Modern Romance enjoy the hits that are rightfully Grandmaster Flash's. Similarly, every time Ella Fitzgerald *"shoo-be-doos"* her way through 'How High The Moon', or one-time *Bop For The People* cool co-eds Jackie & Roy reprise their boperation of the Hammers' horror, 'I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles', they're paying lip service to Gonzales and his gang.

A parallel parlance was also in favour when bop was being beeped. Termed *vocalese*, it demanded even more from the singer than non-syballic nonsense. The tongue twisting, throat drying style demanded customised lyrics grafted on great instrumental jazz solos.

Eddie Jefferson insisted right up until the day he was murdered that he alone innovated this approach with the aid of Charlie Parker.

A former hoofer, Jefferson and his partner (Irv Taylor) would entertain friends and fans in their hotel room by singing along to popular instrumental records spun on a cumbersome portable deck. The song bound for *vocalese* Valhalla proved to be Jefferson's word-packed interpretation of tenorman James Moody's 'I'm In The Mood For Love'. Retitled 'Moody's Mood For Love', it first became a hit for Clarence Beeks who was better known around Harlem's hot spots as King Pleasure. Being among the most frequent of Jefferson's after-hours party goers, Beeks pulled the ultimate rip-off. Having memorised Jefferson's favourite party-piece, he dived into the nearest studio to wax a word-perfect print out.

Though Jefferson was to later chart with further adaptations of James Moody solos he had to share his greatest triumph with Pleasure the plunderer.

Surprisingly, the most memorable *vocalese* single was cut by British-born Annie Ross whose wry psychotic lyrics to Wardell Gray's up-tempo tenor sax solo 'Twisted' has become standard material. In recent years even Joni Mitchell felt compelled to publicate Annie's ode to anxiety . . . and you know two heads are better than one!!!

In 1957, Dave Lambert teamed up with lyricist/singer Jon Hendricks with the aim of taking Jefferson's original idea to its ultimate conclusion. They persuaded Ross to join them in what was initially to be a one-off project, *Sing A Song Of Basie.*

For this, they would lyricise ten of Count Basie's most famous arrangements, multi-dubbing their voices to simulate the exciting sound of 16 cats swingin'. The response was immediate and the team of Lambert, Hendricks and Ross became one of the most feted non-rock vocal attractions of the time, if never quite equalling the sheer vitality of their intended one-shot.

"Now Dean (Moriarty) *approached him, he approached his God: he thought Slim* (Gaillard) *was God: he shuffled and bowed in front of him and asked him to join us. "Right-orooni", says Slim; he'll join anybody but won't guarantee to be there with you in spirit. Dean got a table, bought drinks, and sat stillly in front of Slim. Slim dreamed over his head. Every time Slim said, 'Orooni", Dean said "Yes!". I sat there with these two madmen. Nothing happened. To Slim Gaillard the whole world was just one big orooni."*
(from *On The Road* by Jack Kerouac)

EVEN FOR A SUPPOSED(!) multi-linguist like Bulee 'Slim' Gaillard, any language was too restricting and so he *invented* his very own — "vout-a-roonie": a flambouyant form of back-slang for which (save for tagging an "O'roonie" on the end of everything) there was no prescribed vocabulary. Even imitating clucking chickens was perfectly acceptable!

Though musically of no great importance, it's as one of the truly gifted contemporary musical clowns that this Detroit dementoid's hysterical humour remains timeless and untarnished.

Partnered first by Slam Stewart and later Bam Brown on bass, the infectious charm of Gaillard's hip gobbledegook enabled him to guest weekly on Sinatra's CBS radio series, feature in hit Hollywood musicals *(Hellzapoppin')*, organise Bop beanos at Birdland, smash the singles' charts with the nonsensical 'Flat Foot Floogie' (which joined the 'Stars And Stripes' in a World's Fair time capsule), and persuade a hapless 'Frisco cabbie to ferry him 500 miles to LA on the understanding that the customers at the club where Gaillard was starring would appreciate such a grand and unselfish gesture!

Gaillard, who accompanied himself primarily on guitar and piano was — like legendary seminal *scat*ologist drummer Leo Watson — a crucial linkman: expanding the jump jive on Louis Jordan and the bopology of Babs Gonzales whilst anticipating both Chuck Berry and The Goons. And yet, the final fermentation was always 100 per cent pure Gaillard, with his admitted fondness for the grape responsible for him announcing almost every song as, "the gr-oove juice special". His other prime source of 'artistic' inspiration appears to have been construction machinery ('Cement Mixer'), fast food ('Avocado Seed Soup', 'Potato Chips', 'Matzoh Balls') with 'Yep Roc Heresay' the outcome of setting the menu in an Armenian eaterie to music and the chilli-con-gabble of Spanish-speaking radio stations ('Puerto-Vootie'). In a profession where every new style is seized upon and bled dry, nobody has ever been able to produce either a passable parody of Gaillard or re-adapt his madness for their own gain.

His eventual fall from grace had little to do with changing fashion or effects of his lifestyle but the victimization of first a jazz critic, then the scandal sheets who argued that Gaillard and Harry 'The Hipster' Gibson ('Who Put The Benzedrine In Mrs Murphy's Ovaltine') brought jazz into disrepute because of the overt decadence of their subject matter.

Obviously, these humourless souls knew something about 'Cement Mixer (Putti, Putti)', that the rest of us didn't.

Or did they?

JOE 'BEBOP' CARROLL — a smile . . . a song . . . an Atomic bowtie

SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY/
(* denotes import.)

Joe 'Bebop' Carroll.
'Dizzy Gillespie — The Dee-Gee Days' (Savoy*)

Joe 'Bebop' Carroll, Kenny 'Pancho' Hagood.
'The Greatest Of Dizzy Gillespie' (RCA*)

Slim Gaillard.
'An Opera In Vout' (Verve*)
'McVouty' (Hep)
'Son Of McVouty' (Hep)

Babs Gonzales.
'Live At Small's Paradise' (Chiaroscuro*)

Lambert, Hendricks & Ross.
'Sing A Song Of Basie' (Impulse/Jasmine)

King Pleasure.
'King Pleasure' (Everest*)
'The Source' (Prestige*)

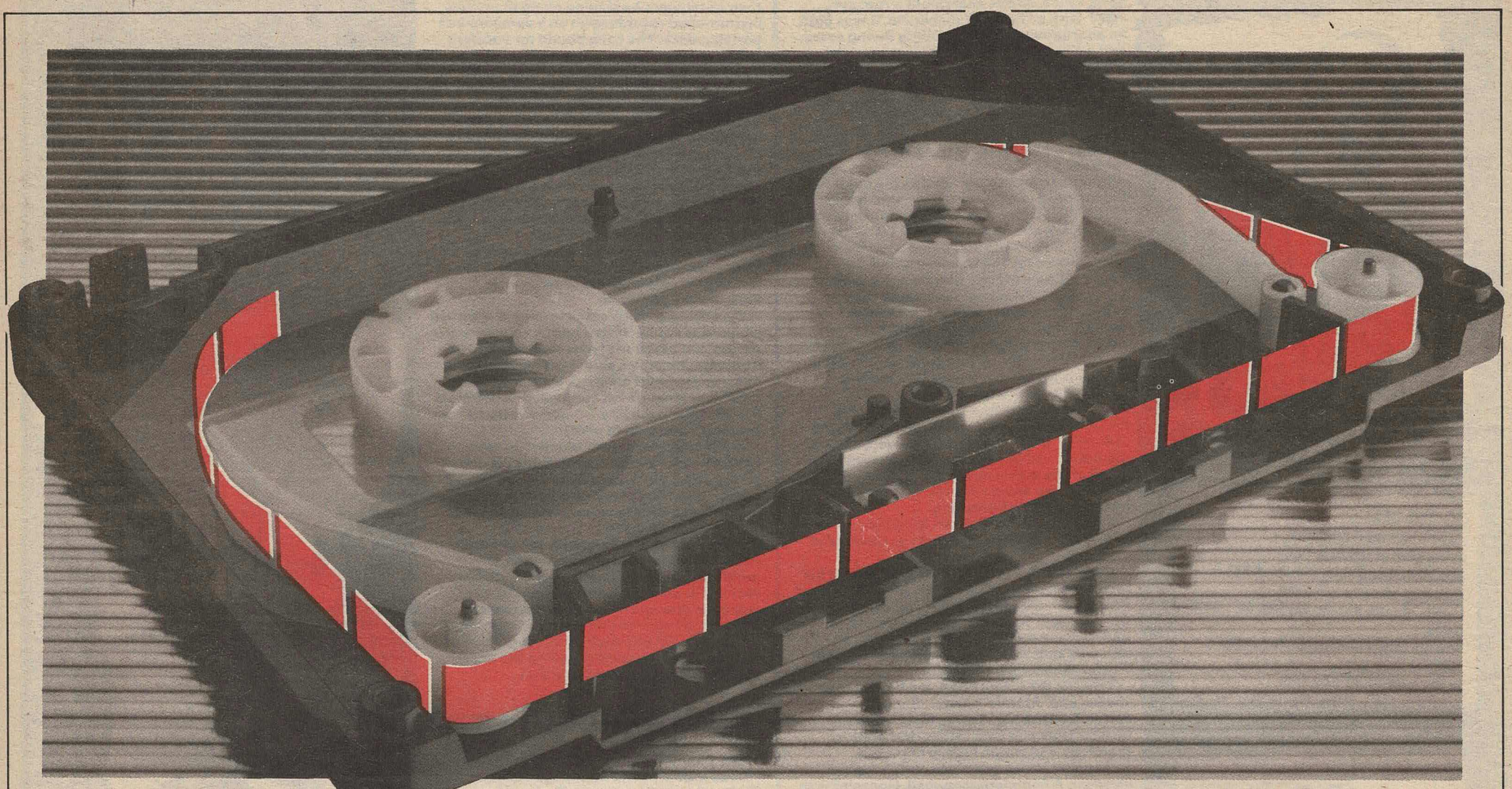
COMPILATIONS:

'The Bebop Boys' (Savoy*)
(Babs Gonzales/Kenny 'Pancho' Hagood/Eddie Jefferson)

'The Bebop Singers' (Prestige*)
(Joe 'Bebop' Carroll/Eddie Jefferson/Annie Ross)

'Strictly Bebop' (Capitol*)
(Joe 'Bebop' Carroll/Tadd Dameron-/Dizzy Gillespie/Babs Gonzales)

'Cool Whalin'' (Spotlite)
(Joe 'Bebop' Carroll/Earl Coleman-/Babs Gonzales/Kenny 'Pancho' Hagood/Eddie Jefferson/Frank Passion)



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SINGLES

REVIEWED BY CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY

ADVENTURES IN SWINGTIME

BILLY FIELD: Bad Habits (CBS)
THE THREE COURGETTES: Subsitute (Island)
TECHNO TWINS: Swing Together (PRT)
ROBYN ARCHER: A Star Is Torn (Cube)

Erle Stanley Gardner must have had a sense of humour and a taste for jazz. Why else would he have a reason to name a character Bertha D. Cool? Could have been just wishful thinking on a hot day: in which case he'd probably have also created — by a sheer effort of will — Billy Field's 'Bad Habits', which takes the biscuit as the the coolest single this side of Gregory's. Field is some sort of American creature — there's no other possible excuse for that *terrible* David Cassidy haircut — peddling a product halfway between Joe Jackson in his 'Jumpin' Jive' period and a scrubbed, sobered-up Tom Waits. The song and the orchestration are immaculately anachronistic: the tune has chord shifts, a melody and neat words *just like a real song* and the arrangement is as relaxed and sparkly as could be desired. A record about going out and having fun that actually makes you *want* to go out and have fun; hasn't anybody told him that the nightclub boom is over?

Also swinging away are everbody's favourite vegetables, The Three Courgettes. I have been privileged to see these three lively, talented young people doing their stuff on an occasion or three, and have never failed to derive much enjoyment from same, but there's something seriously wrong with the way they get sliced up on record. The performance is spirited enough but the voices sound reedy and the backing is atrocious. More care is required to present this dish in a context that does justice to its fresh, tasty appeal.

The Techno Twins are on to a wizard wheeze here: showcasing the Marilyn Monroe trademark 'I Wanna Be Loved By You' in a frame constructed from tunes like 'In The Mood' and 'Moonlight Serenade', blending real brass with vocoders and assorted synth parts. The concept (pronounced KAHN-sept) is wonderful, but the indifferent mix and incongruously lolloping Gary Glitter-type drums let the side down something chronic.

Finally, Robyn Archer brings a few extracts from her raved-over revue *A Star Is Torn* on to a 12", presenting lengthy medleys of tunes associated with Billie Holliday and Dinah Washington, each introduced by *hors-d'oeuvres* in the form of Bessie Smith and Patsy Cline. It ends up as a sort of Chanteuses On 45, but it works: what can a poor listener do but murmur "Immensely stylish" and pray for rain?

THE POP PROCESS (the week's shiniest new toys)

SOFT CELL: What! (Some Bizzare)
HAIRCUT 100: Nobody's Fool (Arista)

Just what is it that makes today's young pop star so different, so appealing? Both Marc Almond and Nicholas Heyward are Boys Next Door, and their essential niceness is what makes them effective in their roles. The weirder Almond attempts to be, the more sordid the contexts he creates, the more fetishistic the outfits in which he drapes his pale runtish form . . . the more utterly, sweetly, safely ordinary he appears to be. 'What!' is a song composed by H B Barnum, who never said anything about there being one born every minute, and in the hands of Almond and his now clean-shaven colleague, it becomes a great swirling icy thing that could almost (with different words) be a Christmas record, which right now is fine by me.

Haircut, on the other hand, look like the younger members of the Royal Family would look like it any of them had any style. They appear on the sleeve as the last word in rural opulence, as if they've just been for a long walk around the estate (*not* as in council estate) and a leisurely bath before changing for dinner. This time, they are being exceptionally careful to be nobody's fool, accompanied by earnestly boyish '60s guitars (there's lot of it about and I say it's Haircut 100's fault) and the usual well-trimmed horns. It all seems pretty lame compared to the dynamic, exciting days of 'Favourite Shirts' and 'Love Plus One'. Now that was really galvanic stuff, Jack, if you can remember that far back . . .

ODE TO BILL'N JOE

BILL NELSON: Flaming Desire (Mercury)
JOE JACKSON: Breaking Us In Two (A&M)

Bill Nelson is an amiable fellow and a more than respectably skilled craftsman, but here he serves merely to illustrate the dilemma of modernism, which is that one wrong turning can leave the Modern Artist sounding seriously old-fashioned. Make no mistake (at least not here), Bill Nelson is indeed a Modern Artist and undoubtedly thinks of himself as such, which means that 'Flaming Desire', with its bashing backbeat and first-Roxy-albumish synth squibbles, ends up coming over quaint rather than quosmic.

Joe Jackson is not an amiable fellow and has — to my knowledge — never attempted to be any such thing. He's always managed to be hip without ever being fashionable: he's always known what's happening without ever being part of the gang; the outsider hanging around on the fringes always telling himself that he's much hipper than the In Crowd. Here we find him dishing up one of those "Let's sit down and have a serious talk about our relationship" songs for which he is so justly famous. Remember 'One To One'? This one is pleasant rather than stirring, a medium-paced toe-tapper (did you like that? I thought it was a particularly good touch myself) with suitably anguished lyrics and some fairly stylish piano playing. I was all set to like it until a little voice inside my head murmured, "Bad Stevie Wonder," and I couldn't think of a snappy retort.

ADVENTURES IN ROCK (Yes! Really!)

JULES BAPTISTE & RED DECADE: Native Dance (Neutral)

SINGLE OF THE WEEK: THE CHOICE VOICE

GREGORY ISAACS: Night Nurse (Island)

Humid? This is beginning to get slightly beyond a joke. The sky is a nasty pale grey flannel shirt-type colour, the temperature has gone where no temperature should go unless the sun is shining and a single trickle of thick, gooey perspiration is beginning to roll down my back. Please remind me to dash off a stiff note to *The Times* about this in the morning . . . but there's absolutely nothing that can be done about all this. I could — if only I had some gin — have a gin and tonic — if only I had some tonic, but then there's always this new Gregory Isaacs single . . .

Now Gregory Isaacs is what we doctors generally refer to as A Great Singer. He's a great singer like Bobby Bland is a great singer, or Curtis Mayfield is a great singer: not necessarily tricky or showy, but his voice just does something to people. His tonality is wonderful, his phrasing impeccable, his feel for a lyric is a small miracle, etc, etc. After moving, almost release by release, around countless labels, none of whom were particularly impressive in the publicity and promotion departments, he's now ended up on Island, backed up by the formidable Roots Radics band under bassist / co-producer Flabba Holt and making his bow with a single that — on a day like this — is almost worth a cool breeze *and* a can of Red Stripe straight from the fridge. Over a cool but authoritative steppers beat and a synth motif that'll follow you around for weeks, Isaac tells a sad tale: *"I don't need no doc / I need my nurse around the clock / Night nurse, only you alone can quench dis ya thirst . . ."*

Most effective in 10" discomix form, this efficacious little remedy should be taken at least seven times a day, or more often if symptoms prevail. Please do not hesitate to exceed the stated dose: in fact, *not* doing so may be dangerous. Me, I only hope that he's not singing about a sticky green liquid designed to help you sleep when you've got a cough, that's all.

THE PIRATES: Peter Gunn (Charly)

Now this record is peculiar; guitarist Baptiste has chosen — for some unearthly reason — to take the instrumental rock tradition of the late '50s and early '60s and use it as the basis for an incredibly lengthy and convoluted modern dance tune. The vocabulary is (almost) entirely composed of standard phrases from old surf tunes, Ventures records and the like, but the sax riffs are definitely foreign and the piece manages to continue for close on nine minutes without significantly repeating itself. The Pirates almost pull off the same trick with a menacing version of 'Peter Gunn' (Henry Mancini! Composer of the week! HENRY MANCINI, ladeez'n gemmun, HENRY MANCINI! I've always been into HENRY MANCINI . . .) but the fact that the other three tracks on this 10" EP are all dreadful suggests that it's more post-mortem than post-modern. Can we have the post-modern revival now, please? I think I've just about got the hang of it now.

PERSONALLY I'VE ALWAYS REALLY BEEN INTO (slight return)

TROPICAL HEATWAVE: Limbo Rock (Bronze)
CLIQUE AFRIQUE: Clique Afrique (PRT)

The woodwork creaks and . . . out come Tropical Heatwave, aiming for the crossover crossbar with big sloppy glitterdrums hammering out a Bo Diddley beat, slap-and-plunk bass and a very large dose of steel pan. Apart from the contributions on the latter instrument, the record is entirely worthless. I would recommend Tropical Heatwave to prepare themselves for an encounter with Johnnie Wilder's lawyers and Clique Afrique to apply a little less gloss to their High Life next time around.

PUNK'S NOT DEAD (below the neck, that is)

RIOT SQUAD: Fuck The Tories (Rondelet)
RIOT SQUAD SA: Total Assault (Final Hour)
GBH: Charged (Clay)

At the moment, several men armed with battered but businesslike pneumatic drills are performing intensive structural analysis on the pavement outside my premises, and the temptation to make facetious comparisons between the aesthetic merits of resulting din and these three records is well-nigh overwhelming. Judging by their title, Riot Squad are lads of extremely sound political judgement, but sadly limited musical skills. Their counterparts from SA can claim no better command of the crafts of playing instruments and composing tunes, but I would say that the amount of personal courage necessary to be a noisily dissident punk rockaaaa in South Africa is quite considerable. Their EP comes packaged with a collage of photos, clippings, general agitprop and a list of British companies currently investing in South Africa. GBH, on the other hand, have virtually nothing to say except 'I'm A Sick Boy', 'Am I Dead Yet?' and 'Slit Your Own Throat.' Next week: *I Was A Teenage Zombie.*

THE POP PROCESS (2)

DURAN DURAN: Save A Prayer (EMI)
FRIDA: I Know There's Something Going On (Epic)

Here's what I'd like you to do. Get yourself into the most soppy, lugubrious mood possible and pretend that you can hear something medium and ploddy with too many acoustic guitars, a tear-jerking synth line and a song equally remarkable for its portentousness, its blandness and its utter vacuity. If you have followed these instructions faithfully, you have just imagined the new Duran Duran single and are therefore in need of a restorative of some sort. Unhappily, Frida — a member of AFBA, I believe — is unable to supply same despite (or perhaps because of) a Phil Collins production replete with big threatening synthesised drums and some dubby little echoes here and there.

KOOL AND THE GANG: Big Fun (De-Lite)
I LEVEL: Give Me (Virgin)
NARADA MICHAEL WALDEN: Summer Lady (Atlantic)
ROY HAMILTON: Take Your Time (Excaliber)
EVELYN KING: Love Come Down (RCA)

Not exactly a scintillating selection, which means that Kool drifts straight to the top of the class with almost indecent ease. 'Big Fun' is casual and chatty, full of laughter and conversational interventions, an instant party and it comes with 6'48" of 'Get Down On It' on the B-side in case you missed it last time around, so that settles *that*. I Level are a good grade of London soul with a confidently understated vocal, lazy but definite beat and a punishingly heavy bass, which means that their chances can't be all that bad, even though I have the curious feeling that any moment now, dancers and listeners all over the world will emit a huge and terrifying scream of rage and pain and thereafter refuse to buy any record with slap bass on it, thereby rendering all of next year's dance records unsellable. Funk bassists are in danger of becoming what rock guitarists have already: the party bore. Where was I? Oh yeah, Narada Michael Walden writes a fairly shameful excuse for a lyric, but his tune bounces a bit, as does Roy Hamilton's, which latter is also assisted by the fact that he sounds very much like Johnny Guitar Watson. Evelyn King — whatever happened to the champagne? — also says, "Today's modern disco artist is highly dependent on backing tracks which BOUNCE with health. Buy Trill for YOUR backing track today!"

SOME SINGING VOICES

FOUR TOPS: Sad Hearts (Casablanca)
B B KING: One Of Those Nights (MCA)

Ah, Yes ... a good bit of singing (I do like a good bit of singing). 'Sad Hearts' isn't exactly the kind of song on which legends are built, but Levi Stubbs' eloquent testifying and that passionate alto sax (played very much in the David Sanborn style by someone who might even be David Sanborn) could melt a sterner heart than mine. B B King gets a few things off his chest as well, utilising a slow, twitchy dance beat, a massive flag-waving finale and a few smears of magical guitar to perform something that isn't an Eagles tune.

STRICTLY DREAD AND DREAD AFFAIR (something like that, anyway)

BLACK UHURU: Mondays (Island)
TONY TUFF: Show On The Road (Grove Muzik)
CREATION REBEL: Love I Can Feel (Cherry Red/On U)
JUNE LODGE AND PRINCE MOHAMMED: Someone Loves You Honey (Arista)

One day that Black Uhuru don't like, it appears, is a Monday. Have they spoken to Bob Geldof about this? My opinion, for what it's worth, is that this statement is in most cases utterly superfluous because no bugger likes Mondays. Do you? Didn't think so. If it wasn't so hot I'd be off getting a Mondays Liberation Front started to redress the balance in favour of this most maligned of days. Look at it this way. On Mondays they start sending bills again, if you've got a job you've got to get up to be there, you're flat broke after the weekend ... see what I mean? Mondays are lovely. Fortunately, so is the discomix version of 'Mondays' and its B-side 'Right Stuff.' Not exceptional as Michael Rose compositions go, but Sly and Robbie on peak, therefore worth checking even if you already have the album. Tony Tuff isn't, sad to say, despite having Aswad to back him up on this, his first UK recording. The song is as weak as a bad sitcom and the production ... don't ask about the production. Ask about Adrian Sherwood's fine, loving presentation of a sweet John Holt tune as performed by Creation Rebel, or ask about the Joe Gibbs produced blend of bad lovers and mediocre toasting on 'Somebody Loves You Baby' if you must, but ...

JUST THE FACS, MA'AM

52 STREET: Look Into My Eyes (Factory)
STOCKHOLM MONSTERS: Happy Ever After (Factory)

Not a lot happening on the Factory floor with these: 52 Street are produced by A Certain Donald Johnson on a workpersonlike but unexceptional bit of soul, while The Stockholm Monsters deliver a portion of rather soggy and curiously dated sounding pop. Personally, I bet that a few people are disappointed that FAC 51 turned out to be a night club because now they can't have a complete set of Facprods in their living rooms.

TALK ABOUT MAKING A GOOD IMPRESSION

DAVID LASLEY: Treat Willie Good (EMI America)

Who is David Lasley? Well, he wishes he was Curtis Mayfield and comes closer than most: 'Treat Willie Good' is an absolutely *perfect* evocation of 'It's All Right'-era Impressions, light swing backbeat, clipped guitar jabs, gospel horns, intoxicating harmonies and all. The lyrics are a touch on the sickly side — my buddy loves you, so please be very nice to him or else let him go blah blah — but the sound is well and truly

CONTINUES PAGE 35

LENE:

"You know who I've been digging a lot lately, not as a performer but as a singer? Lene Lovich. I really dig her music."
Iggy Pop interviewed by *New York Rocker*, January, 1980.

"Her Lene Lovich squeals 'n' squeaks confirm by reports from local rockophiles that the Slavette from Detroit is a big influence here."
'Postmark: Austin, Texas', *NME March 7, 1981.*

"Half an hour or so and a demure kind of Lydia Luncholite wandered onstage to pout alongside Tom in what seemed to be a rather dewy-eyed Loft Mix of Tom Petty's and Stevie Nicks' 'Stop Draggin' My Heart Around'."
Barney Hoskyns reviewing Tom Verlaine at the Venue, *NME* June 19, 1982.

THE SONG Barney couldn't put a name to was 'Postcard from Waterloo' — the single from that Verlaine LP which figured at number 17 in *NME's* first-six months-of-the-year staff chart.

A song which — to quote the *Village Voice* on it in performance — "reaches ambiguity effortlessly and lyrically to become one of its author's finest".

The co-vocalist in question, as anyone on the dance floor could have informed him, was Lene Lovich — who contributed the exact same skills to the vinyl version.

Mariene Premilovich — professionally, Lene Lovich — had been out of the stage limelight for awhile, since the January 1980 release of 'Flex' and subsequent tour of Ireland, America and Europe.

Now, after a year and a half of confusions and re-evaluation, Lene's putting her revitalised energies and hard-won equilibrium to the service of something completely different: a musical about Dutch adventuress Mati Hari (executed in somewhat dubious circumstances as a spy on October 15, 1917).

Scheduled to run at London's Lyric Theatre from October 19 through November 13, Lene is co-authoring her project with longtime partner Les Chappell and old friend Chris Judge Smith (a founder-member of Van Der Graaf Generator) who donated two numbers to 'Flex' and authored a previous musical — 'The Descent of Wilberforce the Third' — about mountain climbing.

I met Lene and Les for lunch before they were due to meet one of several directors interested in their musical. In her usual

FRANK ZAPPA

A SLAV UNTO HERSELF

fashion-bandit couture — four or five skimpy patterned skirts, and a leather jerkin with rolled collar, plus a knit jumper shot through with gold lurex and topped by an embroidered Tyrolean jacket — Lene looked right at home. Les sported a two o'clock shadow on the barnet Gillett once tried to recruit for a razor-blade testimonial.

Both seemed glad to sit down after bouncing from studio to studio (The Kinks' Konk and Visconti's Good Earth) in the effort to finish a third album for autumn release. Lene would like it to be titled 'No Man's Land' ... a not innappropriate title for her state-of-the-heart since the beginning of '81 — all that time during which other musicians have been citing her talents as a major influence.

Beware of their promise — believe what I say
... They paint a pretty picture
And they tell you that they need you;
And they cover you with flowers and they
Always keep you dreaming; they always keep you dreaming,
You won't have a lonely hour ...
If the day could last forever you might like your ivory tower
But the night begins to turn your head around,
And you know you're going to lose more than you found
Bob Gaudio / Al Ruzicha, Jobete Music UK Ltd.)

'The Night', from 'Flex', January, 1980

LENE LOVICH — expatriate native of Detroit and one time sculpture student at London's Central College of Art where she met up with Les Chappell — came to Stiff stardom via DJ Charlie Gillett and his 'Oval Exiles' scheme of 1977. Gillett sponsored her first demo ('I Think We're Alone Now'), then handed it on to Stiff's Dave Robinson.

Formally, Lene is signed to Gillett's Oval label, but licensed to Stiff.

"Oval survived because of the money we made from 'Lucky Number'," says Gillett today. But like other fans of Lene's 1978 'Stateless' LP, Charlie Gillett felt less than convinced about 'Flex'.

"When she first came to us, she was so *up* in every sense. She giggled a lot, and as soon as she started performing, she was electric. If I've had a disappointment in what she's done with her music, it's that she abandoned that effervescent side of herself for something more moody and introspective. To me that seems neither appealing or appropriate to her real self."

Siphoning Perrier through fuschia lips, Lene — whose startling light blue Slavic gaze is as frank as her carefully modulated speech — describes her homecoming from the last tour which marketed her *effervescence.*

"When we came back to England we had a lot of looking at our lives time ... It was the first time we'd stopped throwing ourselves around since signing with Stiff, and it was beginning to be very difficult to see the future.

"You see, it was a bit of a shock to travel around — not staying in *posh* places but, like, having a reasonable roof over your head — then coming back to a rathole in Hackney. I mean (she laughs), I'm no *snob,* but after a while it gets up your nose to see other people making money out of you and find yourself back where you started.

"I got really wound up at the injustice of it and I thought, I'm gonna have to think of some way to see a future because I'm going to *die* just like this — constantly on the same treadmill, just wrecking myself. Because I haven't made any money out of this — not *at all,* and it shocked me that even if I could go on a bit longer, I'd still end up nowhere. It wasn't fun envisaging having to kind of crawl on your hands and knees to get stuff recorded ..."

"Purely by luck," as Lene puts it, some money suddenly materialised from the eight LPs by French disco artist Cerrone for whom she had penned lyrics in '76. Lene and Les used the funds to establish a base in Norfolk, where they have half-completed a 16-track studio of their own.

IT WAS Charlie Gillett who first encouraged Lene to sing, against her original feelings and the advice of those around her. Today, with the extraordinary, extreme and honest female vocalising of Diamanda Galas and Yoko Ono attracting such press, that athleticism of the heart with which Lene sings seems at last a *logical* influence.

"It's hard to know what to say about that," comments Lene herself, "except that it's always been very spiritually uplifting when other people mention me because it makes me feel I do exist in this music business which, as far as I can see, is often totally *anti*-music.

"Girls are still not expected to do anything — except maybe dress up — and they're always suspected of ulterior motives. Plus there is always a tendency to remove the ones who are 'different'. Yet — that's the only way to progress, and it's not an aim on your part to *be* 'different'... you can't do otherwise.

"Really I'm only just discovering my voice. I think the fact that it leaps out at you from time to time, that it's not conventionally smooth is one reason people may not like it.

"But I can't ignore what's really there — that goes beyond any idea of making a living. It's something which has hung over me for most of my life, that I just can't ignore myself."

Lene sees her operastyle Mata Hari musical (in which she will sing, not speak, and will address only the audience rather than the cast) as "a different adventure ... because I'm not really the theatrical person people make me out to be. With what I do musically, it's expressive, but I'm not acting at all and I really don't know if I have any talent for acting as such."

The Gillett-Stiff team, however, say they "always thought of Lene as an actress. We hunted around for any lead we could find for her into TV, movies — anything."

Gillett sent her to see Brian Gibson when his embryonic 'Breaking Glass' scenario still starred a boy; Lene auditioned for the secondary role of the girlfriend. And Gibson was so impressed he re-wrote his entire film to feature a female lead.

"I figured," says Lene slowly, "OK, I could probably do it. But I was just beginning to get involved in music and I thought it would confuse everything. I thought I'd confuse myself. They did try *everything* to get me in that film; they used some really horrible emotional blackmail."

Although she's never seen the finished project, Lene concedes she thought it was 'right' for Hazel O'Connor to do it. "I would have taken the film a whole different way; it wouldn't have worked."

Nevertheless, on her return to the UK she was surprised to find Hazel O'Connor flogging a pathetically bastardised version of her sound with no substance at all.

"Part of the reason she turned down the film," contends Charlie Gillett, "was Dave Robinson wanting her to undertake this mega-tour just at that time; and since she became such a huge influence in America it would hardly be right for me to say she made a wrong decision. But I certainly think it contributed to her confusion to come back and find this person ... cashing in with a cloned-Lene Lovich sound, even to another song called 'Writing on the Wall'.

"I think it froze her totally as far as songwriting."

A major encouragement to Lene, however, was the unexpected working relationship with Tom Verlaine. In New York for a few days while he was giving interviews to support 'Dreamtime', Lene noticed he had mentioned her name. She went to see him at Club Left and they spoke briefly backstage.

"I'd always felt a kind of affinity with him — which is difficult to explain because on the surface we seem to be worlds apart. I had never even seen a picture of him, never heard him live. But when we spoke after the show, something came out, something showed through. It's difficult to pinpoint these things because they're unspoken, you either feel right with someone's work or you don't."

"Anyway, a lot of time went past, but one day he called me from New York; he had an idea I'd like to play some sax on the record he was making ('Words From the Front'). So — I answered the call!" She smiles. "It was kind of like, whatever I am, he's it too. We outsiders have to stick together!"

Lene pauses, her dark conglomeration of lace, black braids, curtain rings and Victorian curling rags bent thoughtfully over her plate.

"There's a great pressure to be processed today, and I don't know quite what to say about it because it goes round and round in my head and affects my life and upsets me. I don't think it *needs* to be like that at all and I'm sure Tom feels the same way — that what you can do *can* be as acceptable as what other people tell you you should do. But often the people you're trying hardest to be honest with are those who have your best interests least at heart."

"People shouldn't have to *want* to suffer. But when you want to do something, you often have to go through such an odd, difficult time you risk changing without even realising it."

AT A TIME when full-blooded female singing about feeling couldn't be more 'in vogue', and the saxophone is inarguably *the* instrument of the day, Ms Premilovich and Mr Chappell seem perfectly able to continue weathering the vicissitudes of fashion — thanks to the fact that their faith is firmly rooted in the inexhaustible potential of the imagination.

Also because — like truly individual artists since time immemorial — they are adamant about going their own way and learning from their own mistakes.

After keeping low for 18 months, LENE LOVICH re-emerges as the star of her own musical about Mata Hari. But does she still have a lucky number?

WORDS: CYNTHIA ROSE

PIX: PETER ANDERSON

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THE (1)

IAN CURTIS BY ANTON CORBIJN

"What becomes of the Goddess Fame side by side with Printing House Square?" — Marx

SO YOU STILL wanna be a rock'n'roll star? Well listen here: that way madness lies through the skin of its teeth.

Some of us "rock writers", children of Printing House Square like any others, are not yet *through being cruel*. We may not be paid to train you in irresponsibility, incite you to acts of explicit subversion, but nor again is it our task to pave your way into a healthy, ordered life.

Critics of manifest reality, wrote the surrealist film critic Adonis Kyrou, are journalists: critics of latent reality are poets. To the retarded correspondent who made the automatic equation between polysyllabic words and pretentious ideas, let me just say, dormant sponges, that when the police state comes you will be one of the many who actively *deserve* to live in it.

The fact that a conspiracy has formed around my name, designed to circumscribe my concept of latent reality, is for me not so much a matter of rebuke as a confirmation that I am not longer fit to live in this revolting country.

May my enemies take what satisfaction they can in my temporary removal to the plastic paradise of California — drowning while I live by the river. Here life is simple: culture evaporates at a touch, feelings tempt like mirages and vanish. My despatches from this celestial purgatory will be blanched white by cocaine and cloyed with the smog that hangs across the sky like a tapestry of death.

More important, my American will be at the service of your most abandoned reveries.

Before, however, you read of Sly Stone, The Residents, The Valentine Brothers, and The Meat Puppets, a closing statement on that period of my life hitherto conducted under the auspices of the English Scheme. A drama of exile: the statement of a token drop-out whose unnatural preoccupations with such "latent" themes of day-to-day life as madness, infatuation and death have met with a disdain which only the hysterical chorus of class-bound humanism is capable of dredging up from the depths of its foul mediocrity.

Let us just say that the ghost of truth has been cornered in a ghetto of bourgeois delapidation.

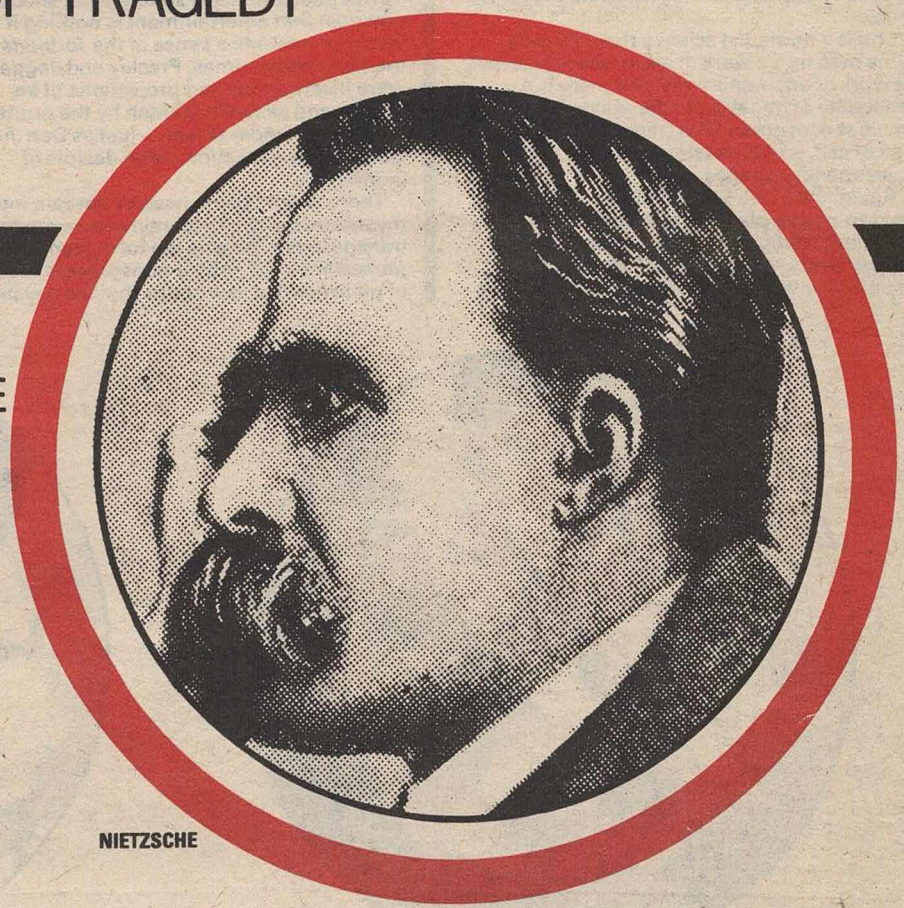
I have been asked to sign off the English register with a paean to self-destruction: to invoke for you all the salubrious myths and metaphors of what is called "living on the edge." It is not, of course, my intention to occupy the space in which I have been framed with my eyes clamped shut. The idea in its innocent inception was that I defend something called "sleaze". Ignorant of what this means I have opted instead for a short dissertation on the tragic parabola of fame. It

PRICE OF FAME

THE BIRTH OF MUSIC FROM THE SPIRIT OF TRAGEDY

BY BARNEY HOSKYNS

INVOKING THE SALUBRIOUS MYTHS AND METAPHORS . . . OF LIVING ON THE EDGE



NIETZSCHE

may, for conveniences' sake, be subtitled: Why I Could Not Take My Place On The Stage.

SO TO COMMENCE: you are aware no doubt of a phenomenon known in its popular form as Popular Culture. Four years ago I wrote an unpublishable tract called *The Cult Of Pop*. In its fantastic and hypothetical way — I was no more than a chrysalis in the 1960s — it predated the music scene's current obsessions with transience and disposability, but now *it* is out of date, and I have come to consider its cast of inverts and tragedians — July Garland, Brian Wilson, even Warhol — in a rather more unhappy light.

The function of the book has in any case been all but superseded by Warhol's own book *Popism* and Jean Stein's belated biography of Edie Sedgwick.

Since the collapse of punk into sublimated street warfare, it has grown on me that there is an implicit tragedy at the heart of great pop performance that cannot simply be traced back to the categories of Excess, Narcissism, Overdetermination, or whatever subliminal force it is you see operating on the desire to place yourself before an audience.

We do not need to romanticise a figure of even such recent legend as Ian Curtis to remind ourselves of the profound perversity of communication with the trans-individual, of singing to an unidentifiable mass of people. The demonic star of legend — such as Hendrix or Morrison — is fantasised as the "artist" who, instead of turning away from the world, prostitutes his psychosis, his inability to live a normal life, as entertainment. He lays bare on a stage, before a camera, a vulgar introversion turned outwards as a mask.

"There's this theory about the nature of tragedy," said Jim Morrison, "that Artistotle didn't mean catharsis for the audience but a purgation of emotions for the actors themselves. The audience is just a witness to the event taking place onstage."

Added Iggy Pop: "Who can account for facial expressions in a mirror made only of people?"

What is it that is dissolute about the "world's forgotten boys" — these phantoms who pursue their own bedrugged stage persona to the brink of the grave and thus tumble into the pages of myth and legend?

To possess a tortured soul and to absorb it in the schizophrenia of Narcissus is to find an Echo in the sunken eyes of the spectator. The pathos that attends the musical libertine — and this applies as much to Pagannini as to Jim Morrison — is that of a comedy backfiring into tragedy: he is not an actor but a clown, and fame alone masks his tears. The more he senses his spectral isolation within the dizzying cross-currents of love and fear that frame him, the more sonorous, as John Of The Cross had it, is his solitude. To himself is he lost.

Such was the noble figure cut by Nicholas Cave one evening at the Zigzag Club.

I, the star, say: "I am nothing. Where you look you see the projection of your own despair, a desire for your own crucifixion. That distance marks the hole of your pleasure.

"In this lesion of the senses, I am loved ONLY BY THE EYES I CANNOT SEE. I must pay for a life that is no longer mine, but which I do not have the means to end."

Why can he not be silent? Because, my friends, he is ours. We demand his sacrifice, we demand that he expose himself. If necessary, we will kill him with our love.

2

"Soon the inmost recesses of heroes will be of glass: then a total fraternity will reign."
— Pierre Drieu La Rochelle

MARX'S PREMONITION of the power of the media to wither away the realms of legend has been taken up by more than a few commentators. Most of these, however, are themselves so squarely entrenched within the bourgeois fraternity of the media that their ideas are tantamount to propaganda. There is no room for tragedy in their lives because they themselves are the product of what Regis Debray calls "mediology."

I pay no more credence than anyone else to a life of wanton hedomism, but I know that, in certain instances — those, let us say, in which the media has altogether killed off or sterilised the mysteries of beauty and passion — debauchery is the single ally one has against the pervasion of normality.

Vice, as Sartre said, is a taste for failure. Against the blinding light of rationality, adaptation, survival, we have only the solace of darkness.

It seems strange to me that the very people who are holding up jazz as a weapon against spritiual decay do not ask themselves why Art Pepper had to take heroin all his life. It was Warhol himself who said that the "glamour" of his stars and acolytes was "rooted in despair".

Healthy humanist society cannot tolerate anything that whispers of death or obsession, yet it feeds on those it builds into stars as ruthlessly as tyrants digest scapegoats. It does not care to see that the "fame" it grants them only opens the floodgates of loss and bewilderment.

Trapped in the schizoid domain of stardom, duplicated by the countless mirrors of television and magazines, the star grows ever more remote from the dreams that gave birth to his music. I am speaking, of course, of those who are manifestly *driven* to their music — out of obsession, compulsion, fanaticism, It is the impossibility of *possessing* the beauty one's music predicates which drives us to self-destruction, for possession is an abstraction that torments and can perhaps only be resolved in death or drugs — or another way of consuming pop music altogether.

What soars must plummet, as every great voice — Rudy Lewis, Van Morrison, Linda Jones — must know the arc of its fall.

3

"Do you not know that the days of Orpheus are over and that the beasts have lost all respect for singers?"
— Seraphine in Hoffman's *The Entail*

IS IT NOT a cruel irony that *the star of all pop stars* — Michael Phillip Jagger — should be almost the only one to survive his own myth intact? "I had to give up my life in order to be, "was the epigraph Jamake Marks-Highwater gave him from Goethe.

All the same, the contempt in which the new pop generation holds this old hyprocrite ill-conceals the fact that many of them treat music as lightly and callously as he does.

Jagger's most obvious successor would seem to be Adam Ant, in the rather forlorn sense that he too has built a career out of the eminently sober concept of stardom-at-all-costs. He too is redeemed by the crusading spirit of irony which at present permeates the taste of the music press.

Paul Morley recognised this when in his Adam Ant interview he quoted Rilke's famous formula from the *Rodin-Book*, to the effect that fame is merely "the sum of the given misunderstandings that gather about a new name".

But let me reiterate this: there *is* a latent spirit of tragedy at work, and its undercurrent will not die. There are shadowy figures who to this day remain closer to their music than to their image. To say this is not to deny that the image is a requisite part of capitalist society, just as to oppose the infernal pleasures of Diamanda Galas and The Birthday Party to the guilt and rhetoric of Strummer and Weller is not actually to champion death in some dark campaign against "the life we all have to live."

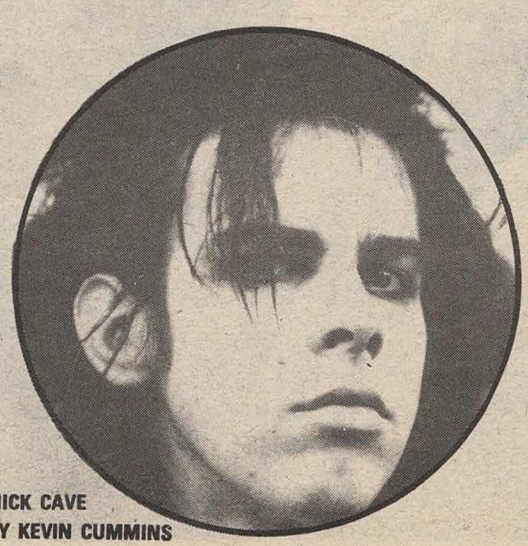
Furthermore, there is as much of this tragic force at play in the latest Yazoo single, or in 'Say Hello, Wave Goodbye', as in 'She's Hit', 'Slates', 'Gimme Shelter', or 'Thank You (Falettin Me Be Mice Elf Again)'.

The implict tragedy of pop may perhaps be contained in a single phrase from Nietzsche's *The Birth Of Tragedy From The Spirit Of Music:* to wit, that "man is no longer an artist, he has become a work of art."

That is as good a definition of media humanism as you will get. The emotion that Yazoo embody in 'Don't Go' and what they get back as gratification — fame and the enjoyment of their own image — cannot at present be distinguished within the terms of a capitalist popular culture. We can only take them as product to be consumed. The fact that 'Don't Go' is about a hundred times more ecstatic, dangerous, and Dionysiac than, say, 'Instinction', cannot be demonstrated and for most people becomes irrelevant.

MARC ALMOND
BY PETER ANDERSON

JIM MORRISON



NICK CAVE
BY KEVIN CUMMINS

JANIS JOPLIN

▶ FAME

YET AREN'T we critics perhaps the equivalent, for the music scene, of the tragic chorus of Greek drama? It is not our duty to open ears and become the vehicle for that loss of identity in which true desire begins?

The question is: to what extent is it posible to exceed, rather than evade, popular culture? Isn't Kevin Rowland playing the most sceptical and intelligent game with fame of all? (What Phil McNeill so coincidentally describes as "self-destructiveness"!)

"If we have been right," muses Nietzsche, "in assigning to music the power of again giving birth to myth, we may similarly expect to find the spirit of science on the path where it inimically opposes the mythopoeic power of music . . ."

Pop is a humanist science that cynically turns man into a work of art, or more precisely *its* work of art — an image. But there is a rationality of negation in the greatest music which is concerned with transformation and loss of self, which outsteps the safe investment in images.

Again, the more frustrated and hard-to-please play more interesting games: the relation which the group image of the Stones bears to the music of 'Beggar's Banquet' or which that of Dexy's bears to the music of 'Soul Rebels' is of a higher order of irony than that which the kitsch cartoon rejects from the scrapbooks of John Flexman bear to 'Journeys To Glory'. And The Clash's guerilla chic was just dumb.

Here we may return to what already feels like an ancient dialectic: that between The Rolling Stones and The Who, eros and agape, *jouissance* and conscience. The dialectic between Jagger as shunned uncle to Rotten and Townshend as moral godfather to Paul Weller.

(Let us note in passing the admirable timing of Albert Goldman's "controversial" biography, *Elvis,* which outlines, admittedly in a fairly scabrous manner, the dimensions of a myth which is an explicit fantasy of capitalist entertainment).

Those of us who find Paul Weller as boring, earnest, and uncharismatic as Pete Townshend are really stating what should be obvious: that entertainment is nothing if it does not intimate a sense of the *forbidden.* At their respective times, Presley and Jagger were incarnations and projections of an energy and sexuality hidden by the prurience of a society under threat — just as Don Juan was literally a creation of the desires of women.

There should be no need to descent into mysticism or idealim to revive a desire for the transgressive. What is the forbidden if not *jouissance* itself, which transgresses the law of pleasure. The law states that the psyche, through discharge, seeks the lowest possible level of tension. Transgression, however, is a positive movement over a limit. The breaking-point of art occurs where access to "possession" is accompanied by the intimate of loss.

This is what all the great performers have known — in their bodies and their voices and their playing. Loss is the substance of our desire for myth itself.

Some of us cannot contain our desire; it is far from insignificant that there is no satisfactory English equivalent for *jouissance:* the concept goes beyond the pleasure principle. Nietzsche's entire thesis in *The Birth Of Tragedy* states this alternative principle: that the tragic sense is man revelling in extreme states of desire which cannot be sustained. Pleasure turns to poison as the bee-mouth sips . . .

"All mythology," says Marx, "masters and dominates and shapes the forces of nature in and through the imagination: hence it disappears as soon as man gains mastery over the forces of nature."

Our self-destructive heroes feel this palpably: that they have been turned into works of art when every tremor in their throats speaks of a desire that transgresses the human frame. A desire, in other words, that verges on the sacred. The liberation of signs, the scourge, that should liquefy all social structures, is trapped: trapped by man's representation of himself.

5

"There is no art, and the world is in a perpetual exultation . . ."

— Artuad

IF ARTAUD was right, Nietzsche's "dithyrambic chorus" would still be a "chorus of transformed characters whose civic past and social status have been totally forgotten, who have become timeless servants of their god and live outside the spheres of society . . .".

But we no longer worship gods; we have pop and film stars in order not to worship at all.

Romanticism attests that some suffer more than others — whether for an art or not is a separate issue. The classicism of pop, on the other hand — the camp self-consciousness of "the '60s" — says that all suffering is a pretence, a disguise, an alibi. "Change the pose", as Barthes says of Sade, who ordered the emotions into a vast classical hierarchy of bondage and ritual.

We have to see that there is now some kind of struggle being played out between those who are *driven* to music through varying degrees of derangement and those who observe only its ritual function in society. Ah yes, if only it were a question of "contexts" . . .

Let us conclude with what Ian Penman would call a "provisional closure": let us see if Robert Warshow's famous essay, *The Gangster As Tragic Hero,* cannot momentarily crystallise for us certain lines of our argument.

Taking "criminality" as our metaphor for fame — and "sadism" as a metaphor for the self-mutilation of narcissism — let us observe how *he* concludes:

"The gangster's activity becomes a kind of pure criminality: he hurts people. We as the audience gain the double satisfaction of participating vicariously in the gangster's sadism and then seeing it turned against the gangster himself.

"One must emerge from the crowd or else one is nothing. But there is really only one possibility — failure. The final meaning of the city is anonymity and death. The gangster always dies *because* he is an individual."

Perhaps you can see now that the choices before us are not simply aesthetic but political. When you see that the two become one and the same, you too will be part of the "tragic" chorus that mitigates against transparency and understands how an aspect of capitalism such as marketing frames our very responses to music. You too will be one of those prepared once again *to worship.*

Where once tragedy was born of music, so now must music be born again from the tragedy of its own loss.

VINCE CLARKE
BY PETER ANDERSON

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New York Thrash (ROIR)

TIME FOR another recharge from my choice in chutzpah-driven indies: Neil 'Let's Get This Party Started' Cooper's Reach Out International Records (ROIR). Former booking agent Cooper's enterprise deals exclusively in LP length cassettes unavailable as commercial waxings.

These four concurrent releases celebrate the company's first fourteen months of existence — during which it's scored off the likes of the Bad Brains and Chris Stamey-recorded 8-Eyed Spy cassettes even though it did take a dive with the very first release (James Chance and the Contortions' 'Live in New York'). Lots of things make ROIR important: the possibility of later 'historical interest' in what they release; their accessibility (even gratitude!) to any interested parties, particularly fanzines; their professional packaging (liner notes, discographies, addresses).

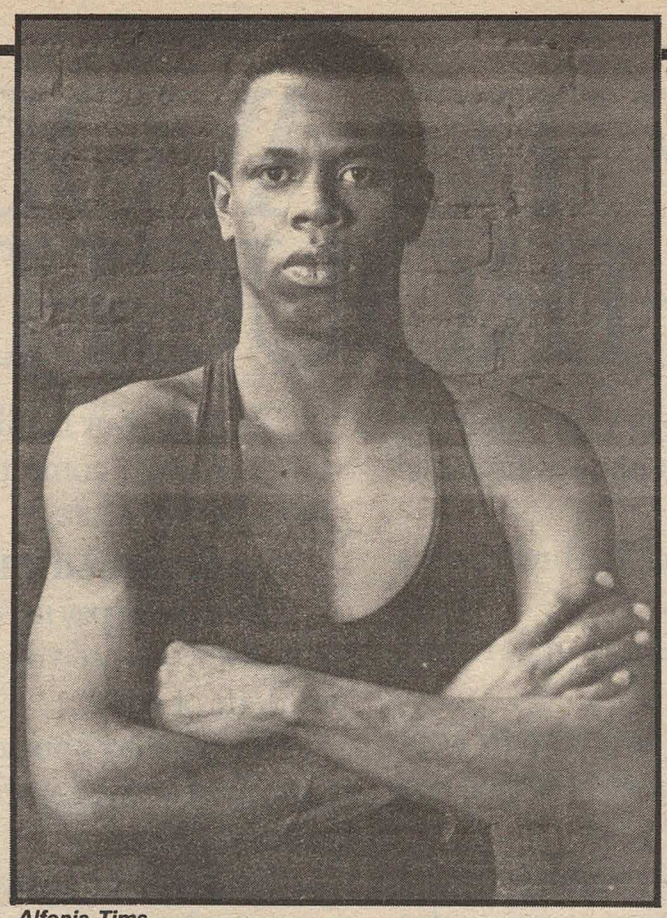
Also their enthusiasm; future projects for this summer include a 'Bush Beat NYC' compilation, a Buzzcocks 'Lest We Forget', and a re-mix by Tom Verlaine of 'Little Johnny Jewel' (plus Television's 'The Blow Up') as part of a 'Great NY Singles' tape. I mean, 'Nuggets' lives?!

On the aural evidence of the stuff here, Cooper can still get by on his 'guarantee' ("ROIR will never bore"). Take 'Load and Go!' by the Scientific Americans. In existence since '78, this is a Western Massachusetts trio-plus-producer who offer you 12 studio slots and three live shots. They're billed on handout and liner notes as 'electronic dance dub' but their wacky parochialism isn't likely to suggest anything quite so exotic to British ears.

It's more the familiar white suburban phenom of wit facing off against information overload — though the declamatory nature of their 'WKGB' *("Wavelength!KGB!")* radio freedom rant comes off more as *bona fide* rap than some of black ROIR-mate Alfonia Tims. Sci-Fi Amsong ranges from the drivelly ('U235') to the skittishly amusing ('Fascist') but it doesn't always have much to do with *music.*

In rock, real carelessness (however vulgar) beats deliberated tragic irony every time. Human Switchboard are labelled a critic's band in Richard Grabel's rather ambivalent liner notes to 'Coffee Break', but on it they sound like a lot of local fave combos who've accrued a fanatical following and who will stand or fall according to personal belief in their work (and, of course, the disposition of their bank managers).

This tape captures their Nov '81 appearance on Cleveland's WMMM's 'Coffee Break' radio show, but six of its 11 cuts also appear on their Faulty debut 'Who's Landing In My Hangar'. Elementary but hardly primal, Ohio's HS seem oddly *restrained* by those familiar implements of garageland liberation: a backyard barbecue-Farfisa, bellowed reproofs, the chance to throttle a guitar which weighs less than you do. Their sincere if blurred attack comes over as likeable, but there's no indication of any range of moods.


Alfonia Tims

The Scientific Americans

Alfonia Tims was a 26 year-old composer and funkateer who died just before his 'Future Funk/Uncut!' (performed by his eight-piece Flying Tigers) was released. Between many 'oh *sheet*' and 'Whooooooo's, it finds him declaring a lighthearted intention to *"take my boys out on the New York scene/play the clubs/and look mean,"* which sort of encapsulates the aims audible on this cassette. The Tigers tend to hurtle rather than soar and Tims' voice isn't deep enough to carry the weight of that soulfulness he seeks; he sounds too, er, hyped up to pause long enough for even a little sophistication.

The best value — and most eagerly awaited — tape from the ROIR quartet is the 11 band, 22 song 'New York Thrash' compilation, which documents the new NY hardcore scene. That's the one which blossomed in '81 and about which little you've read over here is to be trusted. The tape offers a chance to *hear* (two songs per band) the healthy, the heroic and the hopeless of a movement which sounds varied, naive and funny, but above all GENUINE and GENUINELY exciting.

For sure try and lay hands on 'NY Thrash' but forget its liner notes by Tim Sommer telling you what punk 'means'.

Just replace those notes with what Johnny Ramone told Sommer about the new hardcore: "Not all of it is good but it's good that it exists . . . I'd just hate for them to look back and see the Dead Kennedys as the foundations of punk rock." Don't worry, John — your boys are certs for ROIR's Great NY Singles' set.

Cynthia Rose

NOW

FLEETWOOD MAC
Mirage (WEA)

THESE BEAUTIFUL people! The chiffon-wrap mystery of Mac on the 'Mirage' cover shows a waltzing Buckingham and Nicks interrupted by C. McVie; for the joke, turn it over and see J. McVie and Fleetwood face front like impassive longshoremen or grizzly pioneers from an ancient print.

Nobody's laughing, of course, but the trick played by these dinosaurs, long slated for extinction, is a humorous one in its way. Love's intangible folly is reduced by Mac to the logistics, the symmetrical bonework of a song. The lucid, stainless touch of a mathematician marks this collection: metaphor and melody wheel the circumference with the precision of compass and dividers. Pretty as a gentian meadow, the tissuey songs fade to an echo that leaves no blot on anyone's book of love

SO THIS IS ROMANCE?

STEVE WINWOOD

Talking Back To The Night (Island)

THE SAME boy he used to be . . . Steve Winwood's conceit holds good because he really does look and sound as vulnerably boyish as ever and because his modest ruralism remains, despite his records seceding into electronics, unapologetically intact.

'Talking Back To The Night' is not an important record, for Winwood or anybody else. It pursues a ruminative vein pleasurably enough, a tranquil and melancholic series of hearthside ruminations. He's content to let his reclusive attitude assist in burying memories of where he stands — a figure on a similar footing to Townshend — and his choice of an unlucky lover's journal over reformist breast-beating is wise to a fault.

The enormous world sales of 'Arc Of A Diver' suggest something else: Winwood is this season's Gerry Rafferty. The same sense of jigsaw songwriting prevails in his partnership with Will Jennings. Sensitive phrases like *"crystal stream"* and *"a ticket to ride"* and *"I still know how to rock you"* fell subtlety like grapeshot: too much is spoiled by a recourse to platitude when they imagine the emotional currents to be strong.

'Valerie' is the opening track and something of distinction. His recollection of an old flame burns unusually bright here — bright in a keening frame drawn taut by the ubiquitous synths and in a vocal that treats its subject with a clear and focused sense of regret, every note hit with a conviction that stirs the embers of heartache.

The preoccupation throughout is with sadness but at least the choleric self-pity of this state of mind is absolved by the music's character. Synthesisers play these songs, and the sizzled fringe to the sound sharpens Winwood's approach without force-feeding his ideas on futurism. It's an old romantic's record, a footnote or an addendum to a long career, even though the bindings have a contemporary gleam. For patient souls.

Richard Cook

DESPAIR FOR FUN AND PROFIT!

ABWARTS

Der Westen Ist Einsam/The West Is Lonely (Mercury — German import)

***HUMAN LIFE,* my Japanese master Jocho tells me, *lasts but an instant. One should spend it doing what one pleases.* Now Jocho knows this is dangerous advice to impart to the young, but these are desperate times we're living in. With the future rapidly shrinking, it's foolish to waste what's left doing that which makes us miserable.**

Abwarts don't need telling this. Abwarts begin every day prepared to die, stabbing themselves gleefully to check they're awake. It's not for nothing that their sleeve depicts cheering sailors waving off Kamikaze pilots who fly into the sun. Abwarts invoke the presence of death to remind themselves just how valuable life is.

One of Germany's earliest punk groups, Abwarts presently commute between the excessive hardcore violence of '78 Hamburg and the seductive experience of defeat, as described by Berlin dilletanten like Einsturzende Neubauten, to whom Abwarts' most furiously irrational member F M Einheit also belongs. They could easily slip into either, but choose instead to hover precariously on the fringes of both scenes, upsetting some with their refusal to fit, delighting others with their sheer unpredictability. The moods vacillate rapidly between delirious joy and abject resignation. Fortunately they rarely live up to their name, translating as *Down,* for too long.

Abwarts' F.M. Einheit, aka 'Mufti' *Pic: Wolfgang Burat*

Like The Birthday Party, they glory in irresponsibility, which isn't to say they don't care. As the title implies, 'The West Is Lonely' concerns itself with Europe's pitiable position between the two superpowers, focusing on its peoples' warped submissive relationships with their respective states. Because the language of revolt is so utterly exhausted, not to mention institutionalised by the greening of Europe, Abwarts avoid direct commitment and instead say what they have to through the metaphor of sex and love.

The idea's not new either, but Abwarts apply it with a savage sense of irony, and, when that lets them down, spadefuls of dirt. Their choice of metaphor thus serves a two-fold purpose: the sex invert is one of society's last genuine outsiders, and S/M imagery still has a capacity to shock or guiltily excite in a way that dull puritanical rock social conditioners like Theatre Of Hate and Killing Joke have never been able to do.

Having chosen the gutter, everything looks like up to Abwarts, yet none of what they see from under appears attractive to them. On the contrary, they marvel at people's acquiescence in their own oppression. One of their best songs 'Agent', casts guitarist/singer Frank Z as a bullying government official who toys and brutalises his prey, knowing it won't fight back: *"You're afraid, you're only rubbish/And me an agent of the Bundesrepublik/You're a lousy little monkey/Who nobody ever believes/And I kill you brutally now/as my daddy said I could!"*

The implication that the state will abuse its citizens' need for security is made more cruelly in 'Be Happy' — *"I crush my lawbook in your beautiful face!"*

If you don't understand German it doesn't really matter, because the beauty of Abwarts' ambivalent resistance/resignation is as much in the spiteful sarcasm of the voices — either Frank's cajole or F M Einheit's dramatic, rich recitations — as in the words. It's also inherent in the necessarily dispassionate music. Compassion's not in it, a totally useless quality, and as such plays no part in Abwarts' pop as violently assertive, vile act. One of the few groups capable of employing two drummers economically, they either run them in tandem to duplicate the scuttling effect of ratlike vermin loose in your neighbourhood, or play one's rascally irritability against the other's sturdy thump.

They rarely clutter the sound; its density is compounded instead by the sore grind of guitar against rhythm and squeals of electronic noise. Sometimes Nick Launay's production separates the elements when he would have done better to blur them all into a solid wall, thereby improving its anti social nature, but generally he makes of Abwarts something suitably cold and splendid.

This is important. The improved sound removes unnecessary barriers to Abwarts without interfering with their marginal status. It means more people will be heard and hurt by their hostile reminder that existence is futile.

Some people forget this.

Chris Bohn

YOU SEE IT...

("*Tore a page of my heart*" — theirs, maybe, but surely never yours — surely?)

Voices that seem cast from silken throats ribbon chord sequences that a frown would wither; guitars feign a rocky outcrop of liveliness manicured down to ensure there's no degeneration into disturbance. The now familiar roles enacted by the three writers are constant: Nicks and her radish-brained mysticism, Buckingham as displaced nut rocker and Christine McVie threading a Zen tapestry of simple affections that unfortunately sounds unforgivably lazy here. The other two just play, although it's only their occasionally emphatic minstrelsy that keeps the others awake.

What's missing here is not provocative lyricism, original conception and a search for the altered states of musical being — that's not Mac's territory. They can *only* make this wispy nonsense. 'Mirage' instead lacks the compensating flavour of the joke not quite coming off which touched 'Rumours' with pain and 'Tusk' with a blemished eccentricity. There they sounded poised to lift the cake only to have it spatter in their faces. It was funny — some of the biggest selling records EVER secreted all these quirks and failings that a sceptic could point to even as the beauteous harmony was masking them.

'Mirage' is instead about as perfect as they'll get. It has no problems; it has no queer side turnings. Just the beckoning siren of rapture without end. The one remaining amusement, that Mac's stab at the dimensions of enigma is so much plainer than even a trifle like Yazoo's 'Don't Go', has dulled its punchline. Mac's marshmallow bore is baked dry. Christine McVie told me a little while ago that the group don't argue among themselves, not any more. What Fleetwood Mac need is a certain . . . *aggravation*.

Richard Cook

Aretha Franklin *Pic: Peter Anderson*

FRANKLIN, MY DEAR, I DON'T GIVE A DAMN!

ARETHA FRANKLIN

Jump To It (Arista)

WHEN SHE moved to Arista from Atlantic in 1980, the talk was of a new beginning for Aretha Franklin. But, despite a couple of US hit singles, the consistency which really *earned* her the title of 'Queen Of Soul' in the late '60s still continues to elude her.

'Jump To It', like her other Arista LPs, is a patchy affair; a virtual 50/50 split of the good and the forgettable. Luther Vandross, himself no mean singer, has been drafted in to replace previous producers Chuck Jackson and Arif Mardin; but with mixed success. The general tenor of things ends up a little too smooth and fanciful for my liking.

The LP opens with its two best tracks. 'Jump To It' itself — also the single — is a fast, lighthearted disco beat with tight bass and bursts of whooping Franklin scat; while the following 'Love Me Right' has a lovely, loping feel and a superlative vocal arrangement. Then come a trio of mediocre tracks before the LP partially recovers to close in a flurry of soul associations.

'I Wanna Make It Up To You' is one of those wonderfully grandiose and corny love duets, the lucky man here being The Four Tops' Levi Stubbs. It starts in fine style but disintegrates later when they appear to run out of verses with three minutes still to go. Then comes a torrid, sock-it-to-me run down of the Isleys' 'It's Your Thing', before the LP floats to a halt with a new Smokey Robinson song. 'Just My Daydream' isn't one of his best songs, but neither can Vandross quite bring off the airy touch it needs to do it justice.

Aretha, as ever, sings brilliantly whenever she's allowed the room. But the songs *are* pretty dire and, whatever the merits of Vandross' production, I can't help feeling a simple, hard, funky base would suit the Franklin voice better than anything here. Turning down that R&B LP with Chic was probably her biggest mistake in years.

Graham Lock

CHIC FASHION

HIGH FASHION

Feelin' Lucky (Capitol)

WHILE THE hard core funk and rap tracks have just kept on coming on, the more mainstream black American dancefloor gems have been decidedly thinner on the ground this summer. Where are this year's 'Shame', 'Good Times' and 'Mighty Real'?

Perhaps the closest thing is a cruelly underexposed single from a New York vocal trio calling themselves High Fashion: 'Feelin' Lucky Lately' was a classy American disco hit that should have achieved the sort of success which went instead to Irene Cara's recent number one 'Fame'.

High Fashion may not be a staggeringly original act. Their sound can best be described as a successful fusion of two well-tried formulae, the cast-iron rhythmic clout of Chic and the vocal sheen of Odyssey (HF have the same one-man two-woman line-up of the latter group).

Their debut album, produced by Richie Family man Jacques Fred Petrus, fails to fulfil the potential of the single, but it certainly has its moments, showcasing the trio's singing strengths against a backdrop of the producer's chunky, catapulting stop-start synths and strings with Erick McClinton's toothy tenor giving their vocal attack a solid base in much the same way as Billy McEachern acts as the anchorman in Odyssey.

Few of the songs stray too far from the blueprint already set by the single. 'You're The Winner' is virtually 'Feelin' Lucky Part 2' and 'Brainy Children' a stirring finale, only the obligatory slushy ballad 'I Want To Be Your Everything' drifting into uncharted waters. At its best, however, the majestic cut of High Fashion fits the bill just fine, nowhere more so than on 'When The Lover Strikes', a somewhat ambiguous slant on the classic tale of the sweet-talking, pinch-hitting gigolo: *"When the lover strikes/Hide your heart, yeah/He's suave and debonair/So fellas beware."* Hmmmmm.

'Feelin' Lucky' could just be one of the best disco albums Chic never made. Shuffle your feet to it if you get the chance. . .or just wait for the single smash that 'When The Lover Strikes' will surely soon become. That is, of course, if High Fashion are really as lucky as they claim.

Adrian Thrills

TAKE A HINT, BOYS?

POSITIVE NOISE

Change Of Heart (Statik)

FICKLE THINGS, hearts, especially when they belong to pop groups and tend to change according to the tide rather than instincts. When Ross Middleton left his brother and cohorts in Positive Noise last year (on terms that were far from amicable) the group were floundering in a post-Joy Division backwash. Quicker off the mark than most, Ross realised that doomladen existentialism wasn't catching on and so he emerged as one of a new breed of professionals in sharp suits — like ABC and Heaven 17 — detached, systematic purveyors of the pop song.

All a bit baffling for those left behind if Ross was the main creative force in the group. This LP — a combination of a ridiculously overwrought and self pitying worldview and glaring plagiarism (sort of low rent Heaven 17 meets *True Life Detective*) — has little to convince otherwise.

With titles like 'Inhibitions', 'Obsession' and 'Tension', it's obvious from the off that Positive Noise are consciously looking for something to get worked up about. But rhyming off hooklines like *"Mystery, romance and danger . . ."* doesn't automatically snare the listener's interest. In fact when the wholly embarrassing lyrics are accompanied by workaday white funk and a limp synthesised dressing it makes it all sound like so much hot air.

The music has the effect of making the themes — psycological despair, sexual insecurity and urban paranoia (real heavy stuff) — seem as mundane and easy to deal with as tomorrow's shopping list or next week's pools coupon. It also gives the illusion of bravery, stainless and unflustered Positive Noise standing aside resisting the turmoil and confusion.

But it's just an illusion: it would take a lot more guts to have a change of career than a change of heart.

Gavin Martin

CONNIE FRANCIS

Greatest Hits Volumes 1 & 2 (Polydor)

CHARTWISE Connie Francis is on of the most popular female singers the UK has taken to its collective heart. Since the *New Musical Express* initiated a hit parade in the early '50s, only Petula Clark, Shirley Bassey and the hugely successful Diana Ross have emulated her achievement of more than 20 national entries, all gained during the years 1958 to 1966.

Notwithstanding which, a double album of her greatest hits remains somewhat spurious, especially since its compiler neglects to include chart material like 'I'll Get By', 'You Always Hurt The One You Love', 'Breakin' In A Brand New Broken Heart', 'Baby's First Christmas' and 'I'm Gonna Be Warm This Winter' and fills up the latter two of these four sides with songs that fail to make any impression, in this country at least.

Nevertheless, a number of *bona fida* hits are here: all the songs normally associated with the name Connie Francis, including the first and biggest 'Who's Sorry Now', pop rockers like 'Stupid Cupid', 'Lipstick On Your Collar' and 'Robot Man', desultory ballads 'My Heart Has A Mind Of Its Own', 'Everybody's Somebody's Fool' and 'Where The Boys Are'.

I count them all apart and as the teardorps start I find a broken heart among my souvenirs.

Penny Reel

REALLY PLAYING SOMETHING

JIMI HENDRIX

The Jimi Hendrix Concerts (CBS)

IT'S BEEN said often enough to make it worth saying again, if only to demonstrate that the point has not yet been invalidated or even seriously challenged: Jimi Hendrix was the only instrumentalist that rock music has yet produced who could legitimately be called a genius.

That doesn't mean that he was the only rock musician who could Really Play — after all, lots of people can Really Play — or even that he Played better than anyone else. It was just that . . . well, this goes past playing. Jimi Hendrix went well beyond playing the guitar, went into something totally Other; into the kind of pure expression and communication that very few people in any form of artistic endeavour could possibly hope to achieve.

In many senses, the form of music that he played was dictated by his time and his circumstances: his background was in blues, rock and roll and soul music, and — after his initial statements — he was forced to stay with that particular fusion because of the expectations and assumptions held by both his listeners and his peers. It was rock fans who were most receptive to loud guitar music, and rock musicians who were most prepared to play with him, but ultimately his aspirations were more towards jazz. Pete Townshend was, I think, the first to compare him to Charlie Parker, and he was recognised and acknowledged as a man in that league by no less a source than Miles Davis, but the jazz scene of that time was only just beginning to adjust its collective ear to the kind of tonalities with which Hendrix was working.

It wasn't until shortly before his death that he began to attract the kind of following and peer group that would have taken him into that next vital phase of his music. His existing recorded work is therefore probably far too rock-y for many of the people who could appreciate him the most these days. The previously unreleased recordings on this double catch him on medium - to - good form, playing to wildly appreciative audiences in front of what now sounds like a highly bemused rhythm section (poor Mitch Mitchell gets insult added to injury by being credited on the sleeve as 'Mitch Miller'), catching fire with a vengeance on the coruscating slow blues of Elmore James' 'Bleeding Heart' and the slashing space-funk of 'Stone Free.'

Most of the posthumous Hendrix releases have been either listless, mindless reissues with little coherence or suss, or else frankly sub-standard work that Hendrix regarded as unfit for release, but this collection — while reaching no previously unscaled peaks — certainly does the man and his work no dishonour. There's been no such thing yet as a definite collection of Hendrix's greatest moments, but those prepared to transcend form and get directly involved with content are in for a long, wild ride and an exhilarating vision of the music he never lived to make.

Charles Shaar Murray

Jimi Hendrix *Illustration: Ian Wright*

record NEWS

● *Au Pairs get sensual*
● *Gazza gets heroic*

MARC'S MAMBA

SOFT CELL go Northern Soul with their latest single 'What', a song penned by the ubiquitous H.B. Barnum. Released this week, the disc features a David Ball song called 'So' on the B-side. The duo are off to New York next month to begin recording their new album. Meanwhile, Marc Almond has completed his Marc And The Mambas solo album, which is to be released on the Some Bizzare label at the end of the month.

● **Lovely Previn's** skills as an electric violinist are utilised on 'The Wasted Love' / 'Down On The Farm', her new Secret single, which is now available both as a 7" and a 12". The A-side stems from Previn's almost-ready album 'Shatterproof'.

● **Saxon's** live album, 'The Eagle Has Landed', eventually emerges this week after delay which Carrere Records claim is "due to unforeseen technical difficulties." It's believed that the lead guitarist's missing plectrum has now been found.

● **Orchestra Makassy,** from Tanzania, have their first UK album out via Virgin on August 27. The album — claimed to be the first recorded on multi-track equipment in Kenya, where the band often work and record — is titled 'Agwaya' and was recently preceded by a 12" single 'Mambo Bado'.

● **Sad Lovers And Giants,** one of Herts' most promising outfits, release a debut album on August 16. The disc, pressed to classical standard and cut at 45rpm, should retail at between £3.45 and £3.95. Titled 'Epic Garden Music', the album comes courtesy of new indie label Midnight Music, an outfit which recently acquired the rights to 'Invisible Hits', a collection of classic tracks by **The Soft Boys.**

● Following the release of **T.Rex's** 'Children Of The Revolution' / 'I Love To Boogie' EP, EMI have now set release dates for the other three EPs in the series. August 16 sees the release of an EP containing '20th Century Boy' / 'Dreamy Lady' / 'The Groover' / 'New Work City', while the remaining brace of releases are scheduled for September 6 and September 27 respectively. All will be available in picture bags.

Charly Records have just released 'My Baby Just Cares For Me', a compilation of NINA SIMONE material recorded for Bethlehem Records in 1958 and featuring such songs as the title track — a recent heavy seller as an indies single — plus 'I Love You Porgy', 'Love Me Or Leave Me' and the original version of 'African Mailman'. Also on Charly's August schedule is 'The Savage Young Beatles', a 10" album, recorded during the Fab Four's stay in Hamburg circa 1960-1 and containing several rare cuts including the version of 'Ruby Baby' waxed by The Beatles with Joey And The Starlighters. Finally, there's a newie from ex-Gongsman Daevid Allen. Titled 'New York Tapes' it features Allen in cohorts with US band Material.

● **Duran Duran** have a new single, 'Save A Prayer', out this week. Available in both 7" and 12" form it is taken from their current album 'Rio', which has already gone gold in Britain.

● **Private Lives** have a new single released by Chrysalis this Friday. The 7" versions contains 'Memory Of Your Name' / 'Swim Away', two Tony Visconti produced tracks, while a 12" edition will sport an additional dub version of 'Memory Of Your Name'.

● A new **Art Blakey** LP, 'In Sweden', recorded live in Stockholm last year and featuring the highly-acclaimed young trumpeter **Wynton Marsalis,** is now available on the Amigo label.

● **Sniff 'n' The Tears** proffer 'Ride Blue Divide', their fourth album, on August 13. Simultaneously the band's previous three albums will be re-released at mid-price, while 'Driver's Seat', a successful single, will be re-released as a 12" in a different mix.

GRANDMASTER FLASH'S new single 'The Message' comes out on the Sugar Hill label this week. The single, which is dressed in a special picture bag bearing the lyrics of 'The Message', is available only in 12" form. Also on Sugar Hill is 'Drop The Bomb', a newie from Troublefunk, an outfit whose previous releases have been virtually unobtainable outside of Washington D.C.

AU PAIRS are now signed to Kamera Records, who release the band's second album, 'Sense And Sensuality', on August 23. The album contains 10 new tracks by the band who have now added an additional member in Tina Wawrzynowicz (synthesiser and backing vocals). Also featured on the record are guest musicians on synths and vibes plus a trio from Pigbag on horns. The band plan a major UK tour in October.

CAPTAIN BEEFHEART graces the Virgin label with a new EP on August 27. Titled 'Light Reflected Off The Oceands Of The Moon' (the spelling of Oceands being Van Vliet's very own), the EP, a 12" job, will contain the previously unavailable title track, plus 'Ice Cream For Crow' — the title item from the Captain's forthcoming album — plus two selections from previous albums.

Pic: David Corio

Jimmy Hill signs for Blue Ronda FC. "Money never crossed my mind," he quips. "You get on my goatee," mutters companion John Motson.

Rondo a la turkey trot

BLUE RONDO A LA TURK are setting up a series of UK gigs, the first announced dates being: Newcastle Tiffany's (August 17), Sheffield Romeo And Juliet's (18), Preston Clouds (19), Blackpool Scamps (20) and Birmingham Cannon Hill (28). The Newcastle gig will actually include two performances, the band playing a special under-18 show prior to their normal performance. Other gigs in London, Brighton, Birmingham, Bristol, Nottingham, Cardiff and Gillingham are likely to be announced over the next week or two.

MATUMBI, Max Romeo and Horace Andy are embarking on an extensive UK and European 'Reggae Shuttle '82' tour in mid-September and dates are to be announced during the next couple of weeks. Solid Groove Records will be releasing brand new albums by all three acts to coincide with the tour.

PETER AND THE TEST TUBE BABIES head the bill at Blackpool's 'Up Yer Tower' event, which is being held on Sunday, August 29. Also appearing are The Adicts, Sex Gang Children, Southern Death Cult, Blitz, Abrasive Wheels and One Way System, the gig taking place at a new venue, actually called The Venue. Tickets for the gig, which runs from 2.00 pm through to 10.30 pm, cost £5.00 on the door and £4.00 in advance.

GASPER LAWAL, the Nigerian percussionist, plays the first London date with his new Africa Drum Oro Band at the Gold Coast Club (Gossips, 69 Dean Street), on August 18. The band, who recently played the WOMAD festival will also feature two dancers — Sei Lamah-Touray and Eke Ekenponyoung — at the London gig.

FREDDY McKAY, Jah Lloyd, Mike Brooks and The Instigators play a Lovers Rock show at London's Lyceum this Sunday (15). The gig runs from 7.30pm till midnight and tickets cost £3.00.

RUTS D.C. headline at the Nuneaton Community Festival, which is being held in Riversley Park, Nuneaton, North Warwickshire, on Sunday August 22. Support will be provided by Brown Brothers, Monitou, Hostage, Versatran, Windscale, The Crux and Hear By Accident. Admission is free.

FREEDOM FIGHTER, the seven-piece Bournemouth rock outfit — six of whose members suffer from muscular dystrophy — play a concert at Simpson's Bar, Worthing Pier, this Saturday (15). All proceeds go into a benefit fund to enable the band to buy their own studio in which they can rehearse and record.

THE ROOM, who supported Modern English at the London Venue earlier this week, are now set to play a further London gig, at the Barracuda, on August 16, prior to a UK tour in September.

● **Erazerhead, GBH, Channel 3, The Insane** and **Vice Squad** are among the bands who appear on 'Punk And Disorderly — Further Charges', a follow-up to the 'Punk And Disorderly' album which has been in the *NME* indies charts for several weeks. The album, released by Anagram Records, comes out this week and if bought before the end of August will cost £3.99, the price rising to £4.49 in September.

● **Natasha's** follow-up to 'Iko Iko' is 'The Boom Boom Room' a song penned by Phil Rambow, who's provided material for Ellen Foley in the past. The disc, which contains a song called 'I Casually Strolled By' as a B-side, will be in the shops this Friday (13).

● **Bad Company** release their first studio album in three years on August 20. Recorded at Ridge Farm Studios, Surrey, it's titled 'Rough Diamonds' and is on Swansong. A 10-tracker, five of the songs were penned by Paul Rodgers, two by Mick Ralphs, two by Boz Burrell and one was co-written by Rogers and Simon Kirke. No live dates for the band are planned at the present time.

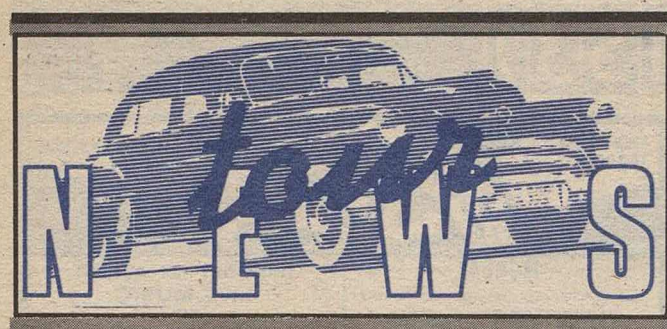
● **Airstrip One,** an outfit produced by Linx's David Grant, have signed a worldwide deal with Polydor and debut with a single called 'Social Fools' on August 20. The disc will be available both as a 7" and a 12", the latter containing an extended version of 'Social Fools' on the A-side and two different mixes on the reverse.

GARY NUMAN releases a new single on August 20. Title 'White Boys And Heroes', the song is a preview of Gazza's forthcoming album. The disc is being released in both 7" and 12" versions, the 7" being backed by 'War Games', while the 12" has an additional track in 'Glitter And Ash'.

GREGORY ISAACS, reggae's 'cool ruler' has signed to Island Records and has his first single for the label, 'Night Nurse' out this week. The single, available as both a 7" and 10" discomix, is the title track to Isaac's album, which should be around by the end of the month.

TUXEDOMOON, the American cult band now resident in Brussels, have a three-track 12" single called 'Time To Lose' just released on the Les Disques Du Crepuscule label (through Rough Trade). From the same source comes the debut album by MALARIA, titled 'Emotion'.

JOE JACKSON is to release a second single culled from his 'Night And Day' album this Friday (13). Titled 'Breaking Us In Two', it's backed by a previously unreleased song in 'El Blanco'.



Futurama Damned!

THE DAMNED have been confirmed as second day headliners at Futurama IV, which takes place at Deeside Centre on September 11 and 12. New Order, as exclusively announced in last week's *NME*, headline on September 11, which now reads Flock Of Seagulls, King Trigger, Blancmange, Durutti Column, Thom Dolby, Dalek I, Dislocation Dance, Three Courgettes, Stockholm Monsters, Cook The Books, Icicle Works, NAAFI Sandwich, The Cherry Boys, 3D And Fish In C, Blue Poland, Hooray, Sleeping Figures and guests Ideal, from Germany, and Vince Berkeley. Nico and Chelsea are special guests on September 12, other Damned supporters on this date being Dead Or Alive, Southern Death Cult, Danse Society, Sex Gang Children, The Room, Farmers Boys, March Violets, Decorators, Gene Loves Jezebel, Zanti Misfits, Orchestre Jazira, The Membranes, The Alarm, Vendino Pact, Discoblisk and Work Force. The Deeside Leisure Centre is located at Queensferry, North Wales, and the nearest station is Shotton, serviced by regular trains from Liverpool and Crewe. There is an excellent camping site and plenty of parking space, while a sports hall with showers is nearby, and a swimming pool is also in the vicinity. Tickets (£6.00 per day or £10.00 for both days) are available by post from John Keenan, P.O. Box HH9, Leeds 8, LS8 1AN (cheques and postal orders being made payable to Keenan) though it's understood that many leading record shops in the North and in London will shortly be selling tickets for the event.

DAVID ESSEX has added another 15 dates to his summer tour, these being: Norwich Theatre Royal (September 17 and 18), Hull City Hall (19), Scarborough Futurist Theatre (20), Huddersfield Town Hall (21), Liverpool Philharmonic (22), Preston Guildhall (23), Hanley Victoria Hall (24), Nottingham Theatre Royal (26), Leicester De Montfort Hall (27), Coventry Apollo Theatre (28), Portsmouth Guildhall (29), Eastbourne Congress Theatre (30), Grays State Theatre (October 1) and Crawley Leisure Theatre (2). Due to demand, extra early evening shows have also been added at Manchester Palace on September 1 and at Reading Hexagon on September 3. Both these extra shows commence at 6.00 pm.

NAT ADDERLY, trumpet-playing brother of the late Cannonball Adderly, one of jazzdom's finest altoists, visits Britain in September to appear at: Swansea Liberal Club (7), Cardiff Great Western Hotel (8), Bristol Hawthorns Hotel (11), Newcastle Corner House Hotel (14), Manchester Band On The Wall (16), Southport Art Centre (18), Glasgow Black Bowl (19), Leicester Braunston Hotel (21), Leeds College of Music (22), London Covent Garden Canteen (24 and 25) and Birmingham Strathern Hotel (26). Other dates in Brighton, Dublin, Hull and Hampstead are being finalised.

SEAN HARRIS, lead singer of Diamond Head, who was struck down with laryngitis at the beginning of the band's headline tour in March, has since suffered continual recurrence of the infection and has now been ordered to rest by his doctor. Recording of the band's next album has been halted until Harris gets his throat back in shape.

SCHEME and THIRTY BOB SUITS will be among the attractions at an anti-nuke festival, being held in Glasgow's Kelvingrove Park on Saturday, August 14. The festival will run from noon to 6.00pm and will feature other rock bands, plus folk artists and theatre groups.

TRUST have pulled out of the Reading Rock Festival "due to American commitments" and are to be replaced by New York based four-piece MANOWAR, whose debut album gets a British release this week.

THE BEACH BOYS Fan Convention is to be held on September 14. This year's get-together, the fourth, takes place at Harrow Leisure Centre, Christchurch Avenue, Wealdstone, Middlesex, commencing at noon, admission being £2.00.

EDDIE AND SUNSHINE, purveyors of 'modern cabaret', stage a show at Birmingham's Duma Theatre on August 12, then return to London for gigs at The Fridge (21), Sol Y Sombre, Charlotte Street (26) and at the ICA (September 11).

TREVOR GRIFFITHS performing anti war songs and poems; *Henry The Perfect Force*, a new rock musical; a *Private Eye* revue; and an anti-nuke show are among the attractions taking place during the two week festival being held at London's Bridge Lane Theatre, Battersea, commencing this Sunday. For further details ring the box office on 01-228-8828.

THE BLUE CAPS, Gene Vincent's original backing group, headline the International Rock'n'Roll Weekend Hop at Caister Ladbroke Holiday Centre, near Great Yarmouth, between October 8-10. Also on the bill will be Flying Saucers, Crazy Cavan And The Rhythm Rockers, Johnny And The Roccos, The Stargazers, Cruisers, Bel-Airs, Wild Wax, Fifties Flash and The Alligators.

KING CRIMSON — Robert Fripp, Bill Bruford, Adrian Belew and Tony Levin — break into the middle of their current European tour to make a one-off appearance at London's Hammersmith Palais on September 12. Tickets are £4.00 and available now from the Palais box-office plus the usual ticket agencies.

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6th LANCASTER UNIVERSITY
7th/8th LIVERPOOL EMPIRE
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DERBY: R. E. Cords
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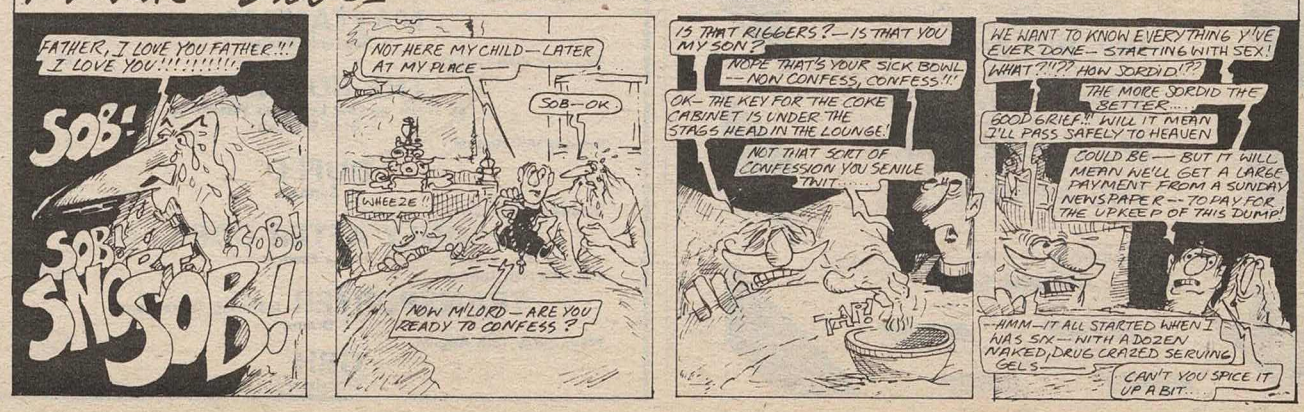
FATHER, I LOVE YOU FATHER!!! I LOVE YOU!!!!!!!!!
SOB!
SOB SNG SOB!
NOT HERE MY CHILD—LATER AT MY PLACE
SOB—OK
WHEEZE!
NOW M'LORD—ARE YOU READY TO CONFESS?
IS THAT RIGGERS?—IS THAT YOU MY SON?
NOPE THAT'S YOUR SICK BOWL—NOW CONFESS, CONFESS!!
OK—THE KEY FOR THE COKE CABINET IS UNDER THE STAGS HEAD IN THE LOUNGE!
NOT THAT SORT OF CONFESSION YOU SENILE TWIT
WE WANT TO KNOW EVERYTHING Y'VE EVER DONE—STARTING WITH SEX!
WHAT?!!?? HOW SORDID!??
THE MORE SORDID THE BETTER...
GOOD GRIEF!! WILL IT MEAN I'LL PASS SAFELY TO HEAVEN
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nationwide GIG GUIDE

thursday 12th

Aberdeen Beach Theatre: **Bucks Fizz**
Basildon Raquels: **UK Players**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Ida Red**
Birmingham Gas St. Duma Express: **Eddie & Sunshine**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Sky Diver**
Birmingham Opposite Lock: **Duma Express Cabaret / French Impressionsists / The Traitors**
Birmingham Pelican Hotel: **Headbolt**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Last Detail**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Brighton New Regent: **The Jungle / Where's The W?**
Buxton Grove Hotel: **Desolation Angels**
Cambridge Sea Cadet Hall: **Meteors**
Chesterfield Aquarius: **The Reg Coates Experience (until Sat 14th)**
Chesterfield Star Inn: **Our Pete & The Wage Slips / Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes**
Colchester Affair Club: **I'm Dead**
Colwyn Bay Pier Pavilion: **Ilana & The Champagne Dance Orch.**
Eastcote Bottom Line: **Santrax**
Felixstowe Spa Pavilion: **Chas & Dave**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Barfly**
Glasgow Night Moves: **Bert Jansch & Jacqui McShee**
Glasgow Night Moves: **Del Amitri with Del Tafivey**
High Wycome Nag's Head: **Spiteful Child**
Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: **Earl Okin**
Leicester The Windmill: **Soldier**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Grand Prix**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Duffo**
London Battersea The Pavilion: **Vane**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Uno Rufo**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Electric Bluebirds / Rye & The Quarter Boys**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The London Apaches**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Praxis / Vaguely Divine**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham 101 Club: **t.b.c. / Monomix**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Design For Living**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The 45's**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Penguin Fury**
London Hammersmith Ravenscourt Park: **Robin Jones Quartet**
Londo Hampstead Giovanni's Club: **Spartacus**
London Hammersmith The Broadway: **Blue Max + support**
London Hammersmith The Greyhound: **Cross / EL-34**
London ICA: **Allez, Allez / Hermine / Afro Toshiba**
London Islington Pied Bull: **The Beatroots**
London Kensington Ad Lib Club: **X-Revue / Silhouette**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Loose Talk**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Sketch**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **The Deltas + support**
London Putney Half Moon: **Fairport Convention**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Bill Brunskill Band**
London Southall White Hart: **Ore / Mono Pacific**
London Stockwell Old Queens Head: **The Flying Pigs**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Jeff Scott**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Hank Wangford Band**
London Strand The Dive: **Lemat**
London Victoria The Venue: **Prince Lincoln & The Royal Rasses**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London W1 (Gt. Portland Street) The Albany: **Room 13**
London W1 Le Beat Route: **Gene Loves Jezebel**
London ZigZag Club: **Straight Eight**
Manchester Smithfield Band On The Wall: **Mike Mower Quintet**
Northampton Silver Horse: **Precious Little Idols**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline / Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Ward 10**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Vincent Tate & The Innocents / The Fighting Tikkas**
Southampton Gaumont: **Joe Jackson**
Tarbert Community Centre: **Battlefield Band**
Wakefield Raffles: **Fiat Lux**
Weymouth Gloucester Hotel: **Crossfire**

friday 13th

Berkhamsted Old Mill House: **The E-Types**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Willy & The Poor Boys**
Birmingham Junction Inn: **Headbolt**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Situation Critical**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Teaser**
Bradford Palm Cove Club: **Lady Vic**
Brighton Dome: **Bucks Fizz**
Bristol The Western Star: **The Wild Beasts**
Cardiff Top Rank: **Prince Lincoln & The Royal Rasses**
Cliftonville The Oval: **Inner City Unit/Ghost/Flux**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Coventry The Venue: **April 1st Movement**
Cropredy Oxon: **Fairport Convention Reunion Concerts 2 days Dan Ar Bros, Knackers Yard, Bob Fox, Noel Murphy, The Maddy Prior.**
Dorking (Bear Green) White Hart: **Physical Dignity**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Le Griffe**
Dundee Tayside Bar: **Zoe & The Zebras**
Dunfermline Chimes: **Persian Rugs**
Eastleigh Home Tavern: **Crossfire**
Felixstowe Spa Pavilion: **Chas & Dave**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Genes**
Gravesend Red Lion: **English Rogues**
Gravesend Prince of Wales: **Loose Talk**
Great Yarmouth Tiffany's: **Gary Glitter**
Hanley The Vine: **Bible For Dogs**
Harrow The Roxborough: **Dream Cycle 7**
High Wycombe Tuesday: **Kelly Marie**
Hitchin The Regal: **Ruts DC**
Hornsea The Sandracers: **The Rhythm**
Leicester Croft Club: **The DT's**
Liverpool The Masonic: **No Exit**
Liverpool The Warehouse: **Lawnmower/Twisted Nervze**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Tony Poole & Iain Whitmore**
London Battersea The Pavilion: **Radio Stars**
Lonon Brentford Red Lion: **Kim Beacon Band**
London Brixton The Fridge: **Soul Revue 82**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Swamp Creatures**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Marines/The Rhythm Men**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Into The Blue**
London Covent Garden Africa Centre: **Orchestre Jazira & Friends**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Top Secret**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Urban Blight/Popular Voice**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Studio 2/Top Secret**
London Fulham Road New Golden Lion: **Chuck Farley**
London Hammersmith The Broadway: **Manufactured Romance/Afghan Rebels**
London Hammersmith The Greyhound: **Mattandan/Heavenly Bodies**
London ICA: **Animal Magic/Kray Bros/De Gamba**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Oxy & The Morons**
London Islington Blue Coat Boy (Skunx): **On Parole/Scooteez**
London Kensington Ad Lib Club: **Liaison/The Dummies**
London Kentish Town Bull and Gate: **Mickey Jupp Band**
London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park: **Stan Tracey**
London NW2 Hogs Grunt: **25th Street**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Mainsqueeze/Dana Gillespie Band**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Tokyo**
London Plumstead The Ship: **The Pope/The Czechs**
London Putney Half Moon: **The 45's**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Original East Side Stompers**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Macrani Brothers**
London Strand The L-Shaped Room: **Big Heat**
London Victoria The Venue: **Matchbox / Coast To Coast / Kirsty McCall**
London Willesden Grosvehor Rooms: **Cuttin Loose Palamino Band**
London W1 (Bond St) Embassy Club: **Menage A Trois**
London W1 Gullivers: **Kelly Marie** (doubling High Wycombe Tuesdays)
London 100 Club (Oxford St): **Mainsqueeze**
Maidstone Queens Head: **Sandy Beach and The Deckchairs**
Manchester Gallery: **Foreign Press**
Manchester Hacienda Club: **Delta 5/Secret Seven**
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **Grand Prix**
Norwich Gala Ballroom: **Vital Disorders/Florence & The 84's/Stationary Bricks**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Spider**
Reading Caribbean Club: **The Stills**
Stornoway The Carlton: **Battlefield Band**
Sunderland Annabell's: **21 Strangers**
Welwyn Garden City Lemsford Village Hall: **Flux of Pink Indians**
Whitstable Labour Club: **Newtown Neurotics**
Wokingham, Cantley House Hotel, Angies: **The Dave Ellis Band**

saturday 14th

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Handsome Beasts**
Birmingham Mermaid Hotel: **African Woman / Scratch Hi Fi**
Bradford University Great Hall: **Sur Sagar / Shan Group / Sargam Group**
Bristol Granary: **Spider**
Cambridge Rock Club: **Marillion**
Cheltenham Brockworth House: **The Dynamite Band**
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies / Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
Chiddingly Six Bells: **English Rogues**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **Bauhaus**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Ruts DC / The Pyramids**
Durham Fowlers Yard Coffee Bar: **The Toy Dolls / The Crazed**
Glasgow Kelvingrove Park: **Scheme / Thirty Bob Suits**
Gravesend Fort Gardens: **Bam Bam**
Grimsby Centre Hall: **Flux of Pink Indians / The System**
Guildford Wooden Bridge: **Soldier**
High Wycombe Nag's Head: **Howard Jones/ Dangerous Age**
Irvine Magnum Leisure Centre: **Bucks Fizz**
Kendal South Lakeland Leisure Centre: **Hot Chocolate**
Leamington Spa Winstons: **The DT's**
Leighton Buzzard The Bossard Hall: **D.I.R.T./ The Condemned / Chronic Outbursts / Government Lies**
Liverpool The Warehouse: **Delta 5**
London Battersea Arts Centre (afternoon): **The Bouncing Czechs**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **The Extraordinaires**
London Battersea The Pavilion: **The Creamies**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Fast Buck**
London Brixton The Fridge: **The Figaro Club/ Nick Malham**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Koush + support**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Influence**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Dana Gillespie**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **The Truth**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham 101 Club: **UP/Sect Vendetta**

Fearless Feargal on the case — *Undertones pic: Pennie Smith*

DON'T BLINK, you'll miss 'em! THE UNDERTONES take a short break from setting up their recording studio in Londonderry to play a one-off at the National Ballroom, Kilburn on Monday. . .with the promise of more dates in the autumn. Other names following the brevity line are BLUE RONDO A LA TURK, making a rare appearance at Newcastle on Tuesday, RICHARD STRANGE (London, Saturday) and GARY GLITTER (Gt. Yarmouth, tomorrow). Also by the seaside are CHAS & DAVE whose bucket'n'spade tour takes them this week to Felixstowe (today until Saturday) and Gt. Yarmouth (Sunday).

BAUHAUS open the poppy Edinburgh Rock Festival on Monday with a line-up that incudes THE ASSOCIATES, RIP RIG AND PANIC, SIMPLE MINDS and BLONDIE scattered through until September 10th. In the long and short league, JOE JACKSON winds up his tour with dates at Southampton (today), Brighton (tomorrow) and London Hammersmith Odeon (Sunday). ROXY MUSIC start the EUROPEAN leg of their schedule in Limerick and Dublin while HOT CHOCOLATE set off on their mammoth run around Britain. Brief tours starting this week include RUTS DC, DELTA 5, PRINCE LINCOLN AND THE ROYAL RASSES, and BLURT.

FAIRPORT CONVENTION re-convene in annual style for two days at Cropredy, nr. Banbury this weekend — but without Richard and Linda Thompson.

□ *CONTINUED OVER*

nationwide GIG GUIDE

☐ FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Any Trouble / Airbridge**
London Dean St. Gargoyle Club: **Richard Strange / Oscar McLennan / Joolz / Event Group / Tymon Dogg**
London Dean St. Pizza Express: **Eddie Thompson Trio**
London Ealing The Questors Theatre: **Morrissey-Mullen / Paz** (Concert to be recorded live by the BBC)
London Fulham Road New Golden Lion: **Chickenshack**
London Kensington Ad Lib Club: **Silverwing/ Mustang**
London Hammersmith The Broadway: **The Deltas + support**
London Hammersmith The Greyhound: **The Bottles / Step By Step**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **The Heartbeats**
London ICA: **Household Name / Eric Random / The Bedlamites / Biting Tongues**
London Kentish Town Bull and Gate: **J.J. And The Jealous Guys**
London Lewisham Lee Centre: **Self Indulgence / Riotous Assemble and Nauseous**
London N.4 Stapleton Hall Tavern: **The Dave Ellis Band**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The Reasons / Zut Alors**
London Plumstead The Ship: **Sexagisma / Spy vs. Spy**
London Putney Half Moon: **Short Stories**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Lits Davies & The New Era Jazzband**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Talkover / Makka**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Don Randell**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Mickey Jupp Band**
London Stratford: **The Pigeons Doubling**
London W1 Oxford St. Spats: **Kelly Marie**
London W1 Dover Street Wine Bar: **Gilly Elkin Band**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Studio Two**
London Victoria The Venue: **Kokomo**
Manchester Galley: **Foreign Press**
Manchester P.S.V. Club: **Prince Lincoln & The Royal Rasses**
Oxford Jericho Tavern: **Walking Wounded**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Dealer**
Retford Porterhouse: **Grand Prix**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Bob Gilpin's Inheritance**
Shoreham Community Centre: **The Cruisers/ Chevy 57**
Southampton Park Hotel: **Crossfire**
Telford Town Park Ampitheatre: **Two-Headed Baby / The Stoned Rayzens**
Ullapool Community Centre: **Battlefield Band**
Wishshaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Wishaw Heathery Bar: **Pallas**

sunday 15th

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Otto's Bazaar**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Out**
Birmingham Yardley The Swan: **Video**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bridlington Spa Royal Hall: **David Essex**
Brighton Sherry's: **Kelly Marie**
Bristol The Western Star: **Umo Vogue**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Rock Rebellion revival**
Edinburgh Playhouse: **Bucks Fizz**
Glasgow Tiffany's: **Bauhaus**
Gt. Yarmouth Wellington Pier Pavilion: **Chas & Dave**
Hanley The Vine: **Tower Struck Down**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Alligators**
Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
Leeds Bar-Celona 4 days: **Liquid Gold.**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel (lunchtime), Leeds Central Station (evening): **Volunteers**
Liverpool The Warehouse: **Thin End Of The Wedge**
London Battersea The Latchmere (lunchtime): **Paul Lacey Band**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Fast Buck (lunchtime), Rodeo (evening)**
London Camden Dublin Castle (lunchtime): **Bistelli's Onward Internationals / J.J. & The Flyers**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Bitelli's Onward Internationals**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Toytown Wide Boys / The Fascinators**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Rhetoric & The Trip**
London Dean St. Pizza Express: **Johnny Parker**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Second Image / Amazulu**
London Finchley Torrington: **The Truth**
London Friern Barnet Orange Tree (lunchtime): **Young Jazz**
London Fulham Road New Golden Lion: **Dana Gillespie**
London Gloucester Road The Stanhope: **25th Street**
London Hammersmith The Broadway: **The Vetos / Mark Of Cain**
London Hammersmith The Greyhound: **Duffo + support**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Joe Jackson**
London Hammersmith Ravenscourt Park: **Dominic Miller & Dylan Fowler**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Into The Red**
London Leicester Square Bear And Staff: **Patrik Fitzgerald / Anne Clark / John Hollingsworth / Howard Hughes**
London NW2 Hogs Grunt: **Pete Neighbour's Jazz Symposium**
London Putney Half Moon: **Mickey Jupp Band**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Ornage (lunchtime): **The Chistlehurst Ramblers**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **The Alvin Roy Band**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Steve Waller & Stevie Smith**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Steve Berry Quartet**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Breakfast Band**
London Stratford Green Man: **The Funky B's**
London Trafalgar Square St. Martin's Crypt: **Dave Cousins & Brian Willoughby**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Sex Gang Children / Ritual**
London Wimbledon Nelsons: **Hank Wangford**
London W1 Portman Hotel(lunchtime): **Scaniazz**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Martyn Wyndham-Read**
Redhill Lakers Hotel: **The Marines**
Southport Theatre: **Hot Chocolate**

monday 16th

Bathgate Green Tree Hotel: **Zoe & The Zebras**
Batley Frontier Club: **Hot Chocolate**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Mayday**
Birmingham Harborne City Lights: **Psikix/Urban Mix**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Thrillers**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Chainsaw**
Cambridge Landmark Hotel: **Battlefield Band**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Sandy Beach And The Deckchairs**
Dundee Caird Hall: **Bucks Fizz**
Edinburgh Coasters: **Bauhaus**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Tokyo Treatment**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Keighley Funhouse: **V-C-O/The Neutral Stars**
Kingston Grey Horse: **Dumpy's Rusty Bolts**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Harvey & The Wallbangers**
London Brentford Red Lion: **The 45's**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Sub Titles/Hit Parade/(rock) The Blisters**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Polkadots**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Duffo/Futile Hurling**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Mono Mix/Playn Jayn/God & The Supreme Beings**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Allen Eager / John Eardley Quintet**
London Fulham Road New Golden Lion: **Stolen Face**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Portion Control/CF Kites/Bonaish**
London Hammersmith The Broadway: **Portion Control/Bona Dish/CF Kites**
London Hammersmith The Greyhound: **Only After Dark/The Escorts**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The DT's**
London Islington Pied Bull: **The Palookas**
London Kensington Ad Lib Club: **The Impossible Dreamers/Roger Chantler Band**
London Kilburn National Ballroom: **The Undertones**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Neville Dickie**
London NW2 The Castle: **Wes McGhee & Friends**
London Old Brompton Road Troubadour: **Antonia Benford**
London Putney Half Moon: **Dave Kelly Band**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **The Frog Island Jazz Band**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Myst**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Top Secret**
London W1 (Baker St.) Barracuda Club: **The Room/Bambi Kino**
London W1 (Maddox St.) Gilray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
Middlesex The Roxborough: **The Amazing Rhythm Burglars**
Newcastle City Hall: **David Essex**
Sandown Isle of Wight The Court Jester: **The Choir (until Saturday, except Thursday night)**
Southend Zero Six: **Marillion**
Swinton Bee Hive Hotel: **Rockin' Horse**

tuesday 17th

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Teaser**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Money**
Bradford Palm Cove Club: **The Outcasts / The Partizans / The Insane / APA**
Chester Angels: **The Modernaires**
Durness Village Hall: **Battlefield Band**
Edinburgh Festival Cephas Cellar: **The Shriek Factory**
Edinburgh Usher Hall: **David Essex**
Gloucester Cambridge Theatre: **Marillion**
Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: **Xero**
Liverpool Pyramid Club: **The Brazier Brothers**
Liverpool The Warehouse: **Cross Talk Av/Cry/The Falcons**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Harvey & The Wallbangers**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **The Extraordinaires**
London Battersea The Woodman: **The Amazing Rhythm Burglars**
London Brentford the Red Lion: **Bella Donna**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Sylvaine Sylvaine/The Roman Sandals**
London Canning Town The Balmoral: **The Wrectangles**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **Wit Of A Banker**
London Clapham 101 Club: **T34/The Influence**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Flight One Nine/The Thinking Man's Alternative**
London Dean St. Pizza Express: **Pizza Express All-Star Jazz Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Transporter/Drama**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Top Secret**
London Hammersmith The Broadway: **Idiot Ballroom Beach Party**
London Hammersmith The Greyhound: **Transporter/Drama**
London Hornsey Kings Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Mono Pacific featuring Zak Starkey**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Sons Of Cain**
London Kensington Ad Lib Club: **Souls Valiant/The Websters**
London NW2 Hogs Grunt: **Crossfire**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Discharge + support**
London Putney Half Moon: **The Breakfast Band**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Milestones**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazzband**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **20th Century Blues**
London Stratford Green Man: **The Funky B's (lunchtime)**
London Victoria The Venue: **Sad Among Strangers**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **The Escorts**
London W1 Gt. Portland Street The Albany **The Nice Men**
Newcastle City Hall **Bucks Fizz**
Newcastle Soul Kitchen (at Tiffs): **Blue Rondo A La Turk/The Daintees**
Nottingham Ad Lib Club: **Eric Random & The Bedlamites/Tiab Guls**
Swindon Brunel Rooms: **Big Country**

wednesday 18th

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Osprey**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Ezra Pound**
Birmingham Yardley Bulls Head: **Roses**
Cheltenham The Plough: **Roadsters**
Crewe The Cheshire Cheese: **Tribal Oust**
Dundee Caird Hall: **David Essex**
Dudley The Crown: **Statues From Eden**
Edinburgh Festival Cephas Cellar: **The Shriek Factory**
Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: **Xero**
Liverpool The Warehouse: **Ruts DC / Frankie Goes To Hollywood**
London Baker St. Barracuda: **The Appollinaires / The Scars**
London Brentford The Red Lion: **Heyday**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Ivory Coasters / My Silent War**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Zim Zam Records Night**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Mike Fiesta's Soundogs**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Addicts**
London Dean St. Gossip's: **Gasper Lawal's Drum Oro Band**
London Dean St. Pizza Express: **Colin Purbrook Trio** (until Sat 21st)
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Idle Flowers**
London Fulham Road New Golden Lion: **Hollywood Killers**
London Hammersmith The Greyhound: **GBH / Transistors**
London Islington Hare & Hounds: **Gaz's Rebel Blues Rockers**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Roman Holliday / Jive Dive**
London Kensington Ad Lib Club: **Sad Lovers & Giants / Any Anxious Colour**
London Kentish Town Bull and Gate: **JJ And The Flyers**
London King's Cross Pindar of Wakefield: **The Heavenly Bodies**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London Marquee Club: **Dumpy's Rusty Bolts**
London Marquee Club: **Spider**
London NW2 Hogs Grunt: **Monkey**
London Plumstead The Ship: **The Coastguards / The Mystery Girls**
London Putney Half Moon: **David Kelly Band**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Elsie & Her Jazzmen**
London Sadlers Wells Theatre: **Jazira / Steel & Skin**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Tony McPhee Blues Band**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Chip-Shop Bar Show**
London Tufnell Park Boston Arms: **Bitelli's Onward Internationals**
London Victoria The Venue: **Blurt**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Table Committee / Afghan Rebels**
London Wimbledon Nelsons: **Short Stories**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Dali's Car / Slaughterhouse 5 / Harry Murray's Plumbing Squad / O2 Wot / Pat Withall / Poets**
Manchester (Ashton) Shades: **The Politicians**
Manchester Hacienda Club: **Rip Rig & Panic**
Manchester Heroes: **Kelly Marie**
Manchester Smithfield Band On The Wall: **Gordon Giltrap solo**
New Romney Sea Horse: **The Record Players / Finders Keepers**
Nottingham Ad Lib Club: **Nikki Sudden's 6 Hip Princes / Jumper Display**
Nottingham Rock City: **Marillion**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club: **Tight Fit**
St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **Hot Chocolate**

Prophet showcase: pic Jean Bernard Sohiez.

FROM Jamaica this week arrives the latest LP from **Michael Prophet**, issued on the Yabby You label and entitled 'In Disco Showcase'.

Recorded at Channel One Studio and mixed at King Tubby's by Scientist, the album features just three vocal cuts from Michael Prophet on 'Prayer Of The Upright', 'Free Up Your Heart' and Ethiopia', plus dubwise versions of each and an instrumental track in customary Yabby You style called 'Falkland Crises Dub'.

Musicians on the set include Studio 1 house keyboards player Pablo Black on organ, melodica maestro Augustus Pablo alternating piano, sax and flute from Tommy McCook, trumpet by Bobby Ellis and Alrick and Clinton Forbes on bass and rhythm guitars.

YOUTH Productions proudly present The Dance Of The Year at East Ham Town Hall, Barking Road, London E6 tomorrow (Friday) with, by special request and popular demand, the sound called *Front Line International* from Brixton plus *Mighty Heavyweight* and *Storm*. Doors open 7pm until late. Tickets £2 available from Davis Records of Upton Lane, Green Street Market Records and Walthamstow Market Records; or £2.50 at the door. Nearest tube East Ham.

REGGAE RUNNINGS

A NEW line up of the premier UK reggae vocal trio *Blackstones* come together this week with a release on the Live & Love label entitled 'Jealousy' c/w a version of the same for 'A Whole Heap Of Vibes' (LLDIS 206).

Written and produced by Black Slate bassist Ras Elroy Bailey, the tune was laid and voiced at Mark Angelo studio in London with musicianship from Jackie Mittoo (organ), Alan Weeks (guitar), Ras Elroy (bass) and brother John Bailey (drums). It features lead vocals from Blackstones founder member Leon Leiffer and harmonies by Ken Kendricks (falsetto) and newest recruit Lloyd Forrester, formerly with The Chantells.

Blackstones . . . 'Jealousy': pic Jon Futrell.

STATION UNDERGROUND NEWS

OBSERVER STATION UNDERGROUND REPORTING — flashing uniquely from a semi-frequency — in the days of my visitation, black hands tended me and cared for me . . . according to reports relayed to this STATION, the legendary Black Ark studio in Kingston has been gutted by fire, with its builder Lee Perry held in custody at Three Mile on an arson charge. The sad incident occured during the Upsetter's recent self proclaimed "fire and water" phase, of which further details forthcoming . . . **black minds, hearts and souls loved me** . . . meanwhile, the Seven Leaves imprint out of Kensal Rise have now released their 'Heart Of The Ark' compilation of Scratch productions with Bunny Scott, Mystic Eyes, George Faith, former Heptone Leroy Sibbles and Prodigal, plus a Perry solo entitled 'Nuh Fe Run Down' . . . **and I love them because of this** . . . Mikey Dread reportedly working on a solo Paul Simonon venture and recording a dub excursion with UB40 . . .

★ ★ ★

IN THE EARLY DAYS OF MY VISITATION . . . Lord Supreme Hi Fi invites you to an Ebony & Ivory dance at the Country Club, 210a Haverstock Hill, London NW3 this Friday night. Doors open at 9pm and the nearest tube is Belsize Park. Black and white dress must be worn . . . **black hands tended me and cared for me** . . . the Suncruise company invite one and all to a Grand Day Excursion & Dance at Barry Island, Cardiff on Saturday. Sounds by Sir Lloyd, plus live on stage lovers rock group Shalarna and soul outfit Spooky. Coaches leave from Lewisham Odeon, Brixton Town Hall, Woolworth's of Camberwell and Tottenham Town Hall at 7am. Tickets available from JB of Acre Lane, Brixton, Body Music (Tottenham) and Love Linch Records (New Cross) . . . **I can't forget these things for black hearts, minds and souls love me** . . . the Yeaa Asantewa Group & Obaala present a Cultural Evening on the same night — 7pm until 11pm — at the Haringey Arts Centre, Redvers Road, N22 (opposite Wood Green underground) with Minkah Sounds, Shakka Dedi, Tonderai, Sapphire and the Yaa Asantewa Dance troupe, plus musicians, poets and traditional Ghana dancing. Food and drink on sale. Tickets: £1; children 50p . . . **and even today the overtones from the fire of that love are still burning** . . . Jah Shaka warrior sound and Janet Kay make an appearance on Sunday, Augus 22 at the Albany Empire's Sound Splashdown in Deptford. Shaka is also booked for a show at Hitchin College in Herts on Saturday and in early September he begins a Thursday night residency at the Norwood Library . . .

★ ★ ★

IN THE EARLY DAYS OF MY VISITATION . . . two new titles from Jamaican singer Don Carlos up on J&J 10" this week. The first is entitled 'Dice Cup' and on the flip is featured toast duo Wayne & Johnny's former 7" pre rave 'Ackee Monkey' (JJ074); the other showcases the erstwhile Uhuru vocalist intoning 'Hog And Goat' c/w Purple Man, 'Get Me Mad' (JJ 076! . . . **white rules and laws segregated me** . . . also up on 10" — via Tanka: Blackness In Motion — is Welton Irie with 'The Bomb' c/w Dean, Nambo and Madden, 'Sharp Razor' . . . **they helped to make me what I am today and what I am, I am** . . . a further Welton Irie excursion emerges on 12" discomix courtesy Oak Sound of Shepherds Bush with the Dillinger produced 'How You Keep A Dance' c/w Anthony Johnson singing 'Too Much' . . . **yes, what I am, I am because of this** . . . Silver Camel has opened a market stall at the Walthamstow Indoor Market. In operation on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the stall is open from 10am to 5pm. Silver Camel is previously in partnership with West End reggae emporium Daddy Kool . . . **and because of this my image of paradise is chromatic black** . . . the Black Lion aka Jah Lloyd appears live on stage at Lodon's Lyceum this Sunday with Jamaican singers Mike Brooks and Freddie McKay. All three acts will be backed by Tottenham youth outfit The Instigators . . .

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

THE JOY OF MOOCHING!

Thu 12 August *Allez Allez — Hermine — Afro Toshiba*
Fri 13 Aug *Animal Magic — Kray Bros. — Da Gamba*
Sat 14 Aug *Eric Random — Biting Tongues — Household Name*

Tickets thru ICA—Roughtrade—Bonaparte

Also in yer peepers will appear Guest MCs DJs, a SMASHING stage set by Steve Smith (Neo-Broadway Constructivist?), what else do you need — the Bar?
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ICA

MOONLIGHT
100 West End Lane
(West Hampstead Tube)
Sundays 7.30 — 10.30

Wednesday 11th August £1.50
STOLEN PETS
+ Mouse and the Underdog
Thursday 12th August £1.50
SEX GANG CHILDREN
+ Ritual + Brigandag
Friday 13th August £1.50
FRESH
+ Barrabuda
Saturday 14th August £1.75
DECOY AVENUE
+ Egos
Sunday 15th August £1.00
EASTERN ALLIANCE
+ The Academic Hamiltons
Monday 16th August £1.50
TOP SECRET
+ Spectrum
Tuesday 17th August £1.50
PERFECT GIFT
+ The Devilish Tin Trumpet
Wednesday 18th August £1.00
TABLE COMMITTEE
+ Afghan Rebels

Derek Block presents
BOW WOW WOW
PLUS
THE ELECTRIC GUITARS
SATURDAY 21st AUG 7.30pm
HAMMERSMITH ODEON
TICKETS £3.75 £3.25
THE METEORS
THE DANCING DID
SUNDAY 22nd AUG 7.30pm
HAMMERSMITH PALAIS
ALL TICKETS 3.50
TICKETS AVAILABLE NOW FROM BOX OFFICES: PALAIS (01-748 2812) ODEON (01-748 4081) & ALL USUAL AGENTS

HAMMERSMITH ODEON
Harvey Goldsmith Entertainments presents
Shakatak
plus guests
Thursday 11th Nov 7.30pm Tickets from £4.00 also
Birmingham Odeon Sun 14th Nov Tickets from £3.25
Tickets from Box Office & usual agents

THE DAVE KELLY BAND
The Half Moon — Putney
Monday 16th & Wednesday 18th August
Dingwalls
Thursday 19th August
Golden Lion
Friday 20th August
Bridgehouse
Saturday 21st August
Torrington
Monday 23rd August
Marquee
Tuesday 24th August
Golden Lion
Friday 27th August

KINGS HEAD
4 Fulham High St. SW6 736 1413

Thursday 12th August £1.00
Australian / New Zealand Night
BBQ And Band of Brad's Choice
Friday 13th August £1.50
SAM MITCHELL BLUES BAND
Saturday 14th August £1.50
SALT (Little Stevie Smith)
Sunday 15th August £1.00
THE BREAKERS
Monday 16th August £1.00
LASLO & THE LEOPARDS
Tuesday 17th August £1.00
THE CAPERS
Wednesday 18th August £1.00
TAXI

Jazzcentre
100 CLUB
100 OXFORD ST., W1
Friday 13th August 8.30 pm – 1 am
MAIN SQUEEZE
Featuring Eric Bell, Victor Brox, Keef Hartley, Dick Heckstall-Smith, Dave Moore, John O'Leary, Keith Tillman, Diana Wood
+ DANA GILLESPIE BAND
£2 JCS/100 £3 OTHERS

THE MITRE
BLACKWALL TUNNEL
Thursday 12th August
Live Soap Entertainment
STRINGWHISTLE
Friday 13th August
Disco with
KEITH DOUGLAS ROADSHOW
Sunday 15th August
Lunch Time Jazz
OUTBREAK
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SINGLES

FROM PAGE 21

gorgeous. I'm a sucker for pleasant surprises, and in a week as arid as this one 'Treat Willie Good' stands out like a piece of angel food cake on a tarantula.

HORRIBLE REACTIONARY BULLSHIT (assorted)

THE DUKES: I'm A Survivor (WEA)
ASIA: Only Time Will Tell (Geffen)
MICHELLE PFEIFFER: Cool Rider (RSO)
IRENE CARA: Out Here On My Own (RSO)
JO-JO-ANN: I'm In Love With A Rock'N'Roll Star (RCA)
MARY LOU: Lipstick On Your Collar (Mint)
BROTHERHOOD OF MAN: Cry Baby Cry (EMI)
THE STEVE MILLER BAND: Keeps Me Wondering (Mercury)

Ugh! Horrible! God, this is really Slime Time on a grand scale. The Dukes are Bugatti and Musker — WEA keep mentioning this as if they thought it was important — and 'I'm A Survivor' is the sort of US-oriented Me Generation slop that even raises the hackles of a bourgeois individualist as committed as the present writer. Asia are Steve Howe, John Wetton, Carl Palmer and Geoff Downes and it should not be necessary to elaborate further to anyone old enough to have lived through the crawling horror of the Progressive Rock era. Irene Cara, flushed with success, is now returned to our attention with another item from the *Fame* soundtrack: a hymn of self-pity so tremulously sincere that it should bring a tear to anyone's nose, while Michelle Pfeiffer — firing the first shot in the *Grease 2* campaign — appears via a piece of lumbering Kleen Teen rack'n'rowl matched only in the Stereotype Stakes (girls are *so silly!)* by Mary Lou and Jo-Jo-Ann. Steve Miller is unlikely to get a follow-up hit no matter how partial the nation was to his 'Abracadabra' and The Brotherhood Of Man ... well, I think we all ought to get down to our roots and acknowledge that we've always really been into Brotherhood Of Man. They were the forerunners of today's Real Pop Heroes like Buck's Fizz, Dollar and The Goombay Dance Band and I can't wait to hear them with a Trevor Horn production. Can you?

AND ALSO...

VEGA: Nostradamus (PRT) No, I'm sorry, you're wrong. I've just looked you up and the very rare 100th quatrain of the old fellow's prophecy, in rough translation, clearly states: "No group called Vega will ever have a hit with any dodgy song about famous old loonies already dealt with years ago by charming young Englishmen like Al Stewart. This is doubly certain if one of the geezers in the band has a moustache and one of the birds allows herself to be photographed in a uniquely disgusting blue disco wig." All of this shows, as I think you'll agree, a remarkable degree of prescience on Nostradamus' part. If he had lived today, he could have been the most successful A&R man of all time.

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TEST DEPT
FAN TAN

The Batcave

SETTING ITSELF up as a refuge from disco and funk, The Batcave should be by rights the most joyless excuse for a dive since Hitler's The Bunker, especially as its alternative is teen bubble rock and pop of the early '70s. The volume is kept at an ear-piercing screech —ever had your eardrums popped by Donny Osmond's 'Puppy Love'?! — so that Suzi Quatro, Alice Cooper, Gary Glitter , T. Rex, Slade, Sweet all merge in a sibilant hiss with the few new records that slip through the nostalgic scrim.

It ought to be horrible, but for reasons too irrational to explain the club's tackiness works, perhaps because the only quality of the era to survive the filter of time is unadulterated hysteria, which comes through the trebly PA in a pure refined spurt cleaned up of any unpleasant associations. The charge you get probably accounts for people putting up with a succession of Bauhaus urbane horror scenarios with a benign smile.

More by chance than design Fan Tan turn out to be a perfect booking. Not that they're revivalist or particularly glamorous, but the duo's meddling with memory thrives off the club's induced nostalgia, just as it abuses it.

Fan Tan are a Youth lookalike and a Human League matinee idol who pervert the course of sweet pop through dub tapes and electronics, allowing a few faint glimmers of the original to subliminally touch off responsive chords. They frther torture the remains with jabs of abstract noise, while duetting each other with grotesque — more than extravagant — croons. Their best trick is recognising the oppressive emotion that swells The Human League's most bloated songs and reducing them to a few keylines, thereby pointing up their absurdity.

Fan Tan are funny and affecting enough to take or leave. Test Dept elicit more violent polarised reactions. Test Dept are four sheet metal reconstructivists who make a cult out of heavy labour with the sort of glee that is only afforded to those with a choice of withdrawing manpower without worrying about their future. If that makes them dilletantish, it's okay by me, as it puts them on a level footing with the like-minded Berlin *Geniale Dilletanten,* like Einsturzende Neubauten.

An 8mm movie backdrop project the group as heroic Russian workers, sweat glistening on deeply ingrained grime in great, livid colour. The reality is, of course, different, but this is art not life, and anyway people can dream can't they?

Slightly punier in the flesh, they're nevertheless an astonishing spectacle, a mixture of near shaven heads and neo-tribalist tufts. The odd pigtail swings in time to hammered out rhythms. A lone guitarist bleeds harrowing wails into the dense precussive swirl, whipped up by a drummer and two members malleting beer barrels, corrugated metal and steel coils.

Perhaps they want to represent the defeated drudge-like zeal of the labourer at the expense of dignity through the sheer intoxicating physicality of their approach, thereby illuminating the misery of the drone's condition.

Or more likely they're probably in love with the idea of creating an extraordinary cacophony through such simple means. Now this is something I can understand.

Chris Bohn

TROY TATE
THE AVANT GARDENERS

Studio B2, Wapping

A SPACIOUS sixth floor riverside property in London's dockland; The Metropolitan Wharf, Wapping. Whitewash and inevitable New York comparisons. It's a great place for a party but where are the Velvet Underground?

We do have the Avant Gardeners, but Hawaiian shirts and Hawaiian guitar (bravely attempted by former Joe Loss band member Joshua Alo Tu'lfua) do not necessarily add up to "a good time had by all". They're sending something up but I think I missed the joke.

Troy Tate's (ex-Teardrops) *raison d'etre* comes in the form of a ten-minute experiment in guitar effects. The group seems un(-der)rehearsed — a charge which may also be levelled at their temperamental drum synthesiser.

Ethnic shaving-foam rituals and a self-conscious flash of tits were never my bag. It may be Saturday Night but as far as art is concerned there's no fever — and no direction. On the other hand I'd rather be here than Milton Keynes. The Metropolitan Wharf has all the right qualifications, I only wish they could be put to better use.

Lisa Longstaff

TRIGGER HAPPY

KING TRIGGER

Glasgow Night Moves

EXCITEMENT ISN'T circulating in Glasgow tonight — not yet, at any rate. The club is sparsely populated with the faithful few all wondering the same thing: where are all the people?

King Trigger explode. They don't give a damn about anything, not how they look, nor whether anyone is looking at them. Their force is too big for the hall, and their ferocious impact, feeding off their own energy, shocks the small audience into awed stares.

Singer Sam is going crazy to Trudi's beat, with passion in his clenched fists, and straining veins showing the toll it's taking. The music is a pop warcry — they're immediately likeable and worm their way insidiously into people's hearts.

Trudi comes into her own in 'Prize Fighter', a dark chant of blood with her strong drum melody running throughout, but with the useless jangling of the guitars becoming a little too enthusiastic. On with sultry crooning and sensuality from Sam with 'Lay Your Hands On Me', beginning a steady build-up which culminates in that maddening single 'River'.

King Trigger didn't attract enough people to raise an encore, but they're generous. They re-appear with Trudi *nearly* in the dress she made from a sheet in the hotel (and sometimes *not* in it) coming to the front to sing and shake her feverish personality at us.

The most important thing that comes across is that no matter where they are, or who they are playing too, they are happy to be playing. King Trigger may not be music to think by, but they are music to feel by. They are, possibly more than anyone else, part of the future of young pop.

Vivien Fairley

Trudi Trigger *Pic: Peter Stanway*

BLUE POLAND
ICICLE WORKS

Liverpool Warehouse

WHILE TOXTETH burned again, the youth of Liverpool burned themselves out in the sweaty dank confines of the Warehouse. It was worth it though, 'cos you could get hot and sticky with the stars: Pete Wylie, a very drunk and sick-looking John Peel, and a very hot-looking Andy McCluskey (OMD) who didn't take his leather jacket off all night.

AN ICICLE MADE FOR THREE

They'd all come to see two of Liverpool's most favoured groups, and Blue Poland — the younger and less promising of the two — were on first. They're all power with just a pinch of attempted sophistication. There's some good songs in there, like 'Prepare To Dance', but they rely too much on drum-propelled simplistic chants, which grates after a while. Still, the material and playing *are* showing signs of greater diversity and a move away from their old one-dimensional sound.

The three men of Icicle Works are a band who've progressed from similar beginnings, and the half-formed music of Blue Poland suffers when compared to IW's mature and fuller sound. Icicle Works' songs are wandering loose things, vaguely Cure-like, though they do have a distinctive and unusual style which is normally dominated by Ian McNabb's edgy guitar or rich keyboard.

They seem to be aiming to create mood music and a hazy atmosphere, and to this end they credit Chris as "illuminator" — he's responsible for the psychedelic-type lights projected onto the group's white backdrop. There were also some plastic dragonflies hanging from the stage ceiling, which puzzled me. But I'm sure it was all very relevant.

You get the picture? These boys are not Haircut 100: it's all very serious and intense, with the usual enigmatic lyrics, all lapped up by an eager crowd, ready to adore as Icicle Works step up into the big league.

Kev Mc

COLOUR ME COLOURLESS

THE MONOCHROME SET

Venue, Victoria

TO THE TUNE of 1000 planes . . . The Monochrome Set landed gracefully upon the stage. As the 'Battle of Britain' overture faded on the airwaves, the "new" Set dimmed the lights and began the banter.

The conversation piece could have been the arty aquatic sideshow, all nudes and splashes of Hockney, or the sleek 'Horse and Hounds' wardrobe that Bid modelled.

All of this and the constant whir of the 1000 planes . . . that were the throbbing, propeller-driven arms of drummer Morris Windsor. Arms that worked hard at the beat but were over-shadowed by the haze of guitars, the continuous grind of six strings spluttering into activity. The planes were bombers.

Any interest in the first few minutes could be justified by the power and the beauty of a few stolen sounds and slides: but from there to where? To the twangy Tombstone Western guitar? To the twee, little boy lost vocals? To your copy of 'Blue Boy' by Orange Juice? Remember, the guitars, the continuous overhead whine of guitars.

The set was structured but in a still, repetitious block. The Monochrome Set inhabit a sonic desert of their own making. Only once did they break through the colour barrier, in what was a golden moment, 'The Midas Touch', a spartan affair dominated by a heightened vocality and a Gaelic serenity. And for the rest, the guitars — those bloody guitars.

The full house had held high hopes but the Set had been shot down by their own guitars. Do they hero worship The Shadows? Or are they just intent on staying in their own gloom, their own insidious pomp, their own incestuous guitar play . . ?

The Monochrome Set have finally realised, with crushing conclusion, the full gravity of their name. Will they stop shadow boxing with music and grow up a couple of dimensions?

David Dorrell

Monochromed image *Pic: David Corio*

AGOG ON THE TYNE

JAZAWAKI
SEAFOOD JIVE

The Warehouse, Newcastle-upon-Tyne

A RAGGED Friday nite at the collective's community centre type after hours thang, hanging out and hanging in . . . a duo of local groups are parading their wares.

Seafood Jive are the horn and rhythm section of The Posh Monkeys, and hardly the worse for the absence of their flared lead singer. They're caring old sweats who push out tasteful and occasionally inspired instrumentals that occupy the territory between Don Drummond and The Markeys and somehow contrive to finale with 'Peter And The Wolf'. Fun, but find a Hammond and a Georgie Fame clone, guys.

Jazawaki — formerly celebrating under the name of The PMT's, ha ha — are an all female quartet with a line in Slit style clothing disarray — through a jumble sale darkly — and a music that's fair canny in the line it draws between '60s Motown — alack no longer featured in their set — and '70s post punk experiment.

The rhythm section's reliable rather than dramatic but upfront there's an imposing saxist front person and a guitarist/singer, Jane Wade, who could cause a bead of anxious sweat on the brow of Lesley Woods or Chrissie Hynde. Vocally, she's a tour-de-force, confident on tough rock excursions and shining on the slower more considered numbers, able to twist a melody with force and conviction.

Add some good time, 'bang something with a stick' finale stuff, and file under Tyneside, to be continued.

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MUCH-MUFFED TUFF-TY CLUB DUB

ASWAD

The Venue, Victoria

ASWAD at The Venue, two nights in a row, surely a double celebration. Rejoicing for players and payers both — us because it marked the band's overdue return to the London stage, and them because two days later they embarked on a lengthy tour of the Caribbean and America. Unfortunately, Friday's show was only half the carnival it might've been.

As a rule, it always takes Aswad a little while to lighten up when playing live, about three or four numbers to feel what's coming back from the audience and play up to it. Tonight, with problems in the sound that would've sent the Diana Ross Tantrum System into circuit overload, this settling down period was much longer. In fact the set was virtually split into two parts — 'what's going on?' and 'let's make the best of it'.

In part one the mix sounded as if about a gallon of music was being pushed into a pint pot. It was difficult to enjoy a tune when you couldn't hear it properly, and it was largely through association with the recorded works that the audience stayed with it.

Vocals were mostly lost, and on a few occasions Brinsley turned from the mic to curse in frustration. Drummie Zeb shrugged hopelessly; his drums are so crucial to the Aswad sound, they are almost a lead instrument and here they were so far back he could've been in the pub down the road. Tony Gad, who usually looks worried anyway, wandered about in disbelief, his bass severely muted.

Of the central four (with horns, keyboards and extra guitars, there was a total of eleven dreads on stage), only Levi looked as if he were at one — Jah music stronger than mere technology!

The sound balance improved slightly for the encore; it was still a long way from perfect and strain still showed on the musicians' faces, but the music perked up immensely. 'Warrior Charge' got the crowd jumping, and was followed up with such delights as 'Tuff We Tuff' and 'Oh Jah', each tune suffixed with as inventive a dub as circumstances would allow. Again, much of the crowd's enjoyment was through association, but now it was much easier because the band finally appeared to be enjoying themselves.

In fact, one of my most voiced criticisms of Aswad live has been that they do not relax enough, and take it all too seriously, yet now, up against the wall, a good time for everybody was pushed so high on to the list that I have never seen them appear to be having so much fun!

It was really a fine example of Aswad's strength as live performers, to pull a show back like that from a point when many others would've given up, and to do it with nothing more than sheer vitality.

Lloyd Bradley

VACUOUS PIN

VERBA VERBA/ VICIOUS PINK PHENOMENA

Leeds Warehouse

THE WAREHOUSE — featured in Marc Almond's NME guide recently — seems to be unshiftable as the city's hotspot. Every night they roll past the door: Oxfam Bogarts, psycho-bullies, pseudo-billies and 20 or so cuddly Kirks of assorted shapes and sizes — all doing their best to keep the setting gell companies in business.

Inside the DJ's repertoire has been shrinking of late and the dance floor seems to be retracting in protest. A newly-installed air conditioning system is putting the cloakroom out of business and the clientele's second most popular pastime has been severely curtailed by the removal of the mirror in the Gents *(Quelle Horreur!)*.

Mr Almond has not decided in favour of a personal visitation tonight but the shadow of the Duracell Duo looms large over co-headliners Vicious Pink Phenomena, long-standing Soft Cell *proteges* and backing chanters on Little and Large's LP.

At least half of tonight's audience are here to see them — an assumption proved by the ludicrously generous reception accorded their first little ditty, a turgid sub-'Lodger' groaner about, would you believe, strolling down the Champs Elysee.

Worse to come as the less than vicious (and rather red

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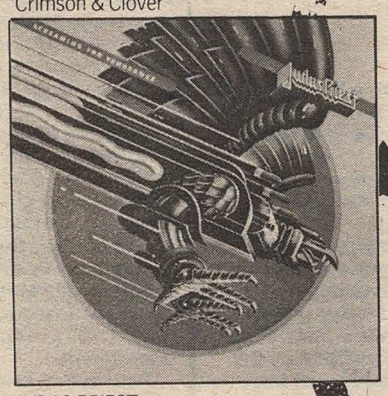

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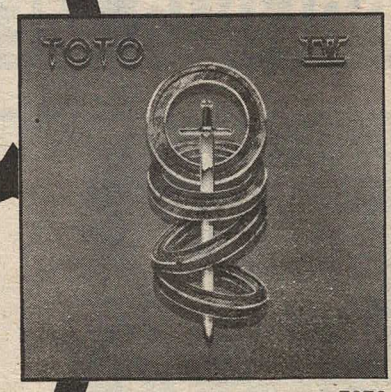

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TAJ MAHAL Half Moon, Putney

Maybe it was the lack of his backing group The International Rhythm Band, that restricted Taj Mahal's (diverse set, fusing everything from African songs to calypso to cajun to reggae) to his earlier blues roots. Accompanied only by his Gretsch guitar and the exhuberant hand-clapping of the audience, he immediately answered any pessimists who view the blues as being only for depressives. His renditions of 'Spoonful Blues', 'Staggerlee' and 'I've Got The Blues', often steeped in sexual overtones, were personalised by his rich sensual voice, his humourously lecherous grins and his devastating guitar playing. His keyboard work on 'Blues Had A Feeling' and 'Going To Chigago' proved conclusively what a brilliantly adept and varied musician he is, (especially as some of the keys on the small upright piano didn't even work). Still, what do you expect of someone named after one of the seven wonders of the world?

David Corio

K PATHETICA

looking) female phenomenon took a can of paint and sprayed the (enormously meaningful) word "Genocide" on a screen at the back of the stage. This greatly symbolic action proved to be the cue for a banal chant of "Genocide, Regicide, Patricide" — what happened to Insecticide we wonder.

After a ridiculous, self-celebratory encore VPP finally made way for Verba Verba. Billed as headliners, but expected by this time simply to coast the show down to closing time, they shattered expectation, took the rapidly nose-diving evening by the vitals and shook a genuine reaction from the sagging assemblage.

What where they like? Take an accomplished five-piece band (banish any boring implications this may have) — endow them with the wry pop flash of The Rezillos, the diverse danceability of The B52s and a killer grasp of the martial art of the melody.

Singer Jacqui looks like an emaciated imp on amphetamine, enormous eyes gleaming out from below the brim of her trilby as she inserts delighted vocal intrusions into the scatty funk of 'Toy Boy'. Meanwhile, the drummer's singing the chorus, the bassist is helping out on percussion, the stage is bouncing in a perilous fashion.

Be assured that Verba Verba are not just (yet another) fresh new force. They're pure pulsating Pop Art. If they can touch The Warehouse at two in the morning they can't fail to reach you. **Don Watson**

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A PUBLIC-SERVICE announcement: Luke Lanelli yahoos his way through a lyric, be it 'Ruby' or 'Just One of Those Things', (I gritted my teeth), in a manner he may foundly imagine is the way Columbo with half an inch of one of Durante's lungs would do it. Flatter than a *crepe* in a photo-copy machine, 'Please Release Me', indeed. Burlesque at your age? At least pick on someone your own age.

Maybe it was just the scabby context I found them in, but I quite liked the Three Cold Courgettes. Their precision, their confident competence, their enthusiasm. *"All the pieces fit so well"* they sing, tugging, at their best, at an undercurrent of dissatisfaction that this should be the case. A murmur of discontent which clearly states 'Swingle Singers' may after all be close to the mark, and they may have to stay in the foyer, where they'll do what they do very well, as it's said. This time I was mildly grateful to them, but . . .

Nothing much so far to attract or distract attention from a feeling of intrigue encountered with Animal Nightlife at The Rox some time ago. *"Love is just a great big tiger"* reminds me; Leah smokes a cigarette beautifully, wears a mask better than many, and takes pleasure letting it slip. George is so smooth he's irritatingly seamless. I half-hear indistinct sexual utterances, but the reproduction is slightly too vague to regard concentration. I'm excited enough to dash to the bar and think about it.

Returning, the trumpet, and tenor especially, are still a steamy pressure, the extra percussin isn't a needlessly tacked-on afterthought, everything is polished with care and attention. They glide along with exhilarating style and grace and I'm happy to be carried away for a while. Then I wish that they had more than two or three songs strong enough to say something for themselves, and that some of their dancing was a touch more confident.

Wandering thoughts notwithstood, I enjoyed it immensely while it was going on, and, recollecting that Blue Rondo A La Turk have managed to make two terrific singles, I think Animal Nightlife are more entitled to confidence than most.

Mark Cordery

Pic: David Corio

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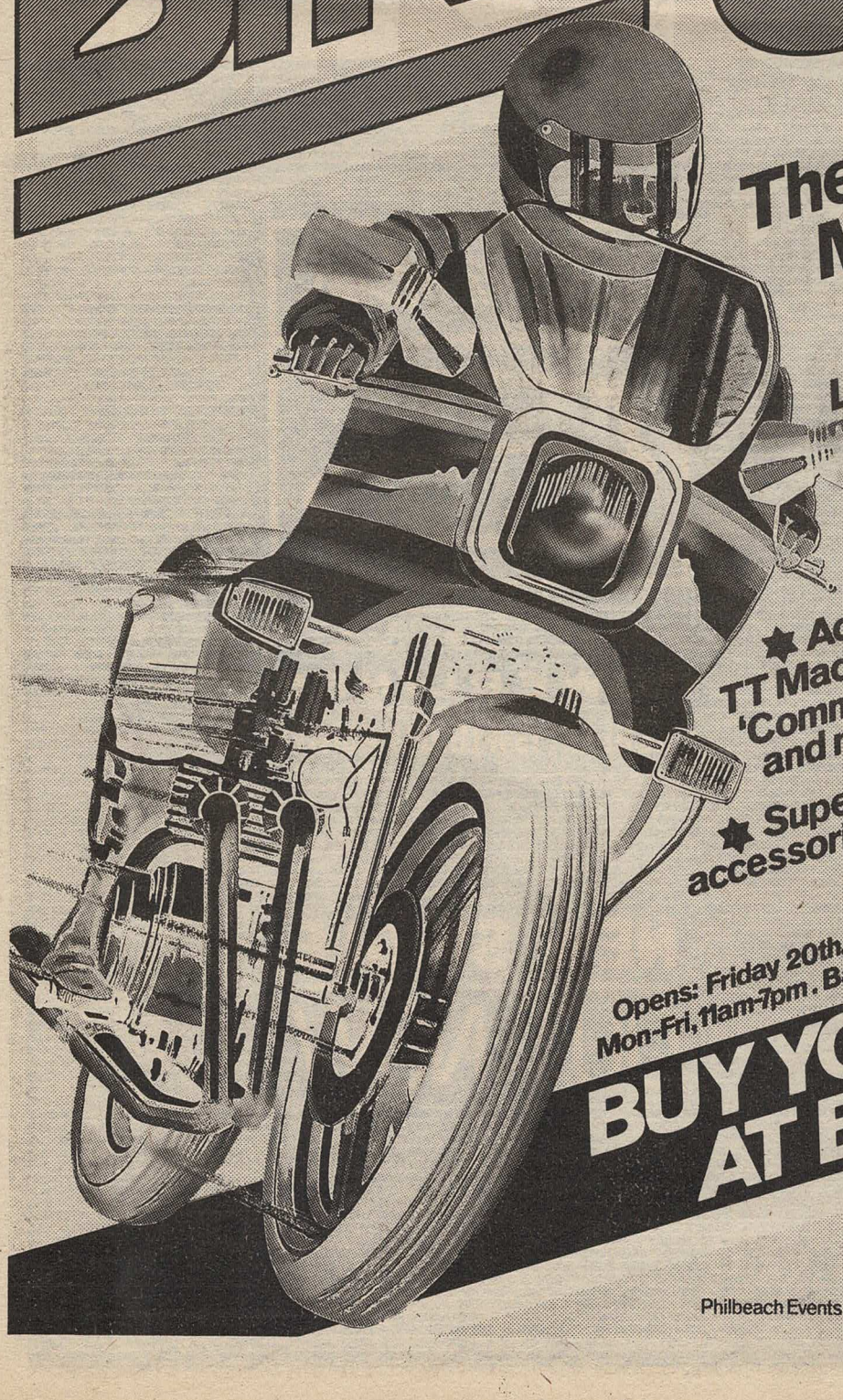

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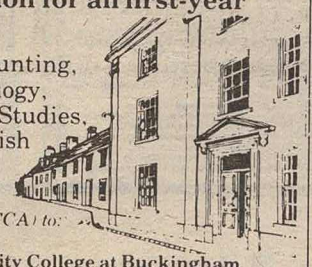

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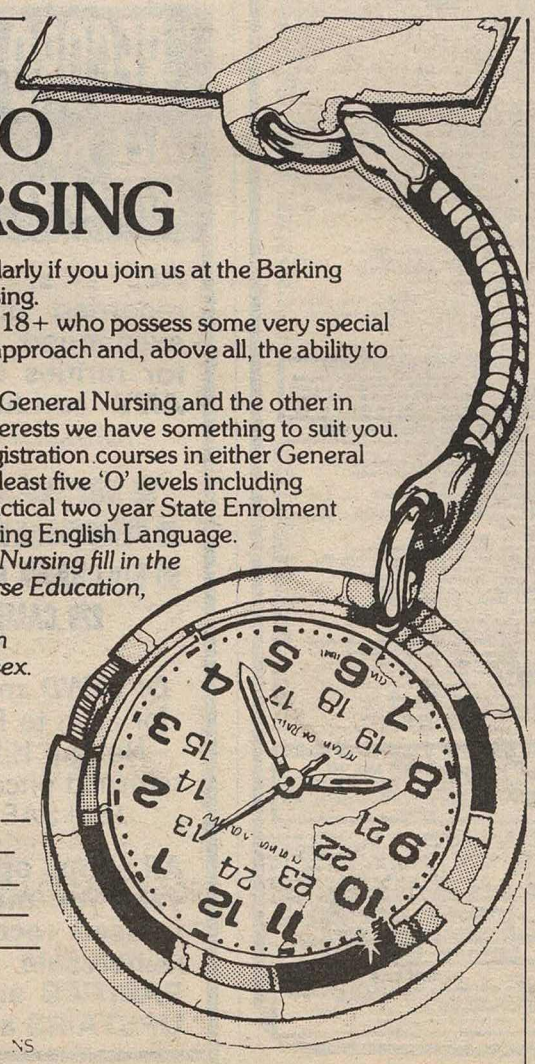

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don't touch that D·I·A·L

THE FACILITIES of the recording studio in a single, simple package, recording on to ordinary cassettes: that was Tascam's 1980 invention, the Portastudio. It's just been updated following competition from offshoot company Fostex. *Tony Bacon* considers the improvements in multitrack for musicians.

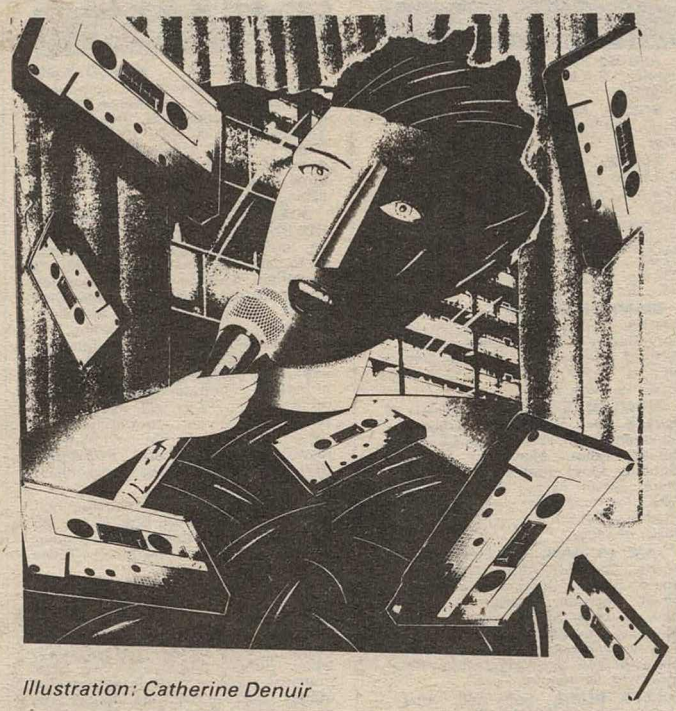


Illustration: Catherine Denuir

MULTITRACK RECORDING is the basis for most of the recorded music you hear today, and it's the facility to record separately the individual parts of a piece of music which has made multitrack so widespread.

Up until recently, all multitrack recording was down on good old reel-to-reel tape recorders, whether they be four-tracks in egg-boxed basements or 46-tracks in super-technology luxury.

In 1980 a company called Tascam, allied to the Teac Corporation of Tokyo, marketed the product of some particularly shrewd ideas — a four-track cassette recorded with incorporated mixer, known as the Portastudio 144.

The cassette machine itself had a four-track recording / playback head, the device which directs and receives the magnetic information from the cassette tape passing over it.

So this head spreads four independent, parallel tracks across the whole cassette tape width, meaning that you use your cassette in one direction only: when you turn over a cassette on a normal stereo cassette deck or portable, you're using the other 'half' of the cassette width. On the Portastudio, you're using the whole width to record four tracks.

The enterprising Orientals also doubled up the standard cassette speed of 1⅞ inches per second to a healthier 3¾ inches per second — the faster the tape runs, the better the resulting quality of sound.

This revolutionary cassette mechanism is housed in a flat rectangular plastic casing which also includes a four-channel mixer, allowing the user the necessary switching to route all the singing and playing to the relevant tape tracks.

The Portastudio seems particularly popular among keyboard-based players — Tom Dolby and Martyn Ware, for example, are taken with the Tascam — but the machine's versatility makes it ideal for whatever racket you care to magnetise.

Now Tascam have updated and improved the original 144. The principle of the Portastudio remains unchanged: four tracks across a pseudo-chrome (eg TDK SA) cassette, helped by a four-channel mixer. If you think of the new 244 still as two elements, the cassette recorder and the mixer, then Tascam have made some significant changes in both areas.

In the cassette area they've switched from Dolby-B noise reduction, which you'll find on most hi-fi cassette decks and a few portables, to dbx II noise reduction. Noise reduction does exactly what it says — it eradicates hiss and unwanted noise from the recordings.

The new dbx system sounds more efficient than the previous circuit, so it's a wise change. They've also added a third motor to help heave the tape around, and now allow you the option of recording over all four tracks if you wish — handy for live recording.

The mixer has undergone slightly more rigorous changes, with the equalisation, or tone, controls on each channel now 'parametric' types. These let you select the frequency at which you're making the tone adjustment, rather than merely offering fixed frequencies for alteration as on the standard treble and bass types of the 144.

Circuitry for sending signals around and about the 244 is now generally in stereo, and has also been made a little more comprehensive, while the Portastudio 244 is more generously decked out now in little red LEDs to let the recordist know when distortion is imminent or when you're about the rub out a valuable tape.

The 244 is undoubtedly improved by all these major modifications, as well as a brace of pleasing minor ones: a green fluorescent four-digit tape counter replaces the old mechanical one; there are now two headphone sockets to accommodate you and your collaborator; and you can buy an optional 'punch in/out' footswitch to free your hands for playing when you're adding to or altering recordings.

Tascam's new Portastudio is most at home when you're recording at home, and its portability — Portastudio, geddit? — means you can lug it into the bog for fulsome vocals or out into the back yard for that all-important urban ambience, assuming you have a long enough extension mains lead.

You could start by recording a drum machine on to one track of the cassette.

A neat three-switched arrangement allows you to choose which track you're recording on to, and a lit-up meter means relatively foolproof operation, helping you to avoid sending your drum machine to the wrong bit of tape.

You can use the parametrics to sharpen up the drum sound if you wish, though it's often as well to leave this to later — the parametrics' accuracy means you can roam from rib-cage assaulting bass drum to searing, top-off-the-head hi-hat.

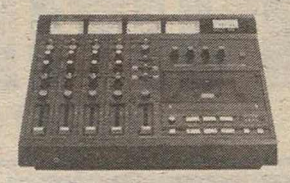
Used in a straightforward way, you could simply add three more parallel tracks to your original drum machine. Of course there are other more complex ways of making fuller use of the mixer's facilities when recording individual tracks, using send-and-return circuitry for echo and effects enhancement, for example.

You can also employ what's called 'bouncing'. This means that you record say three tracks, and then mix these down to the remaining track, leaving you the three tracks free again.

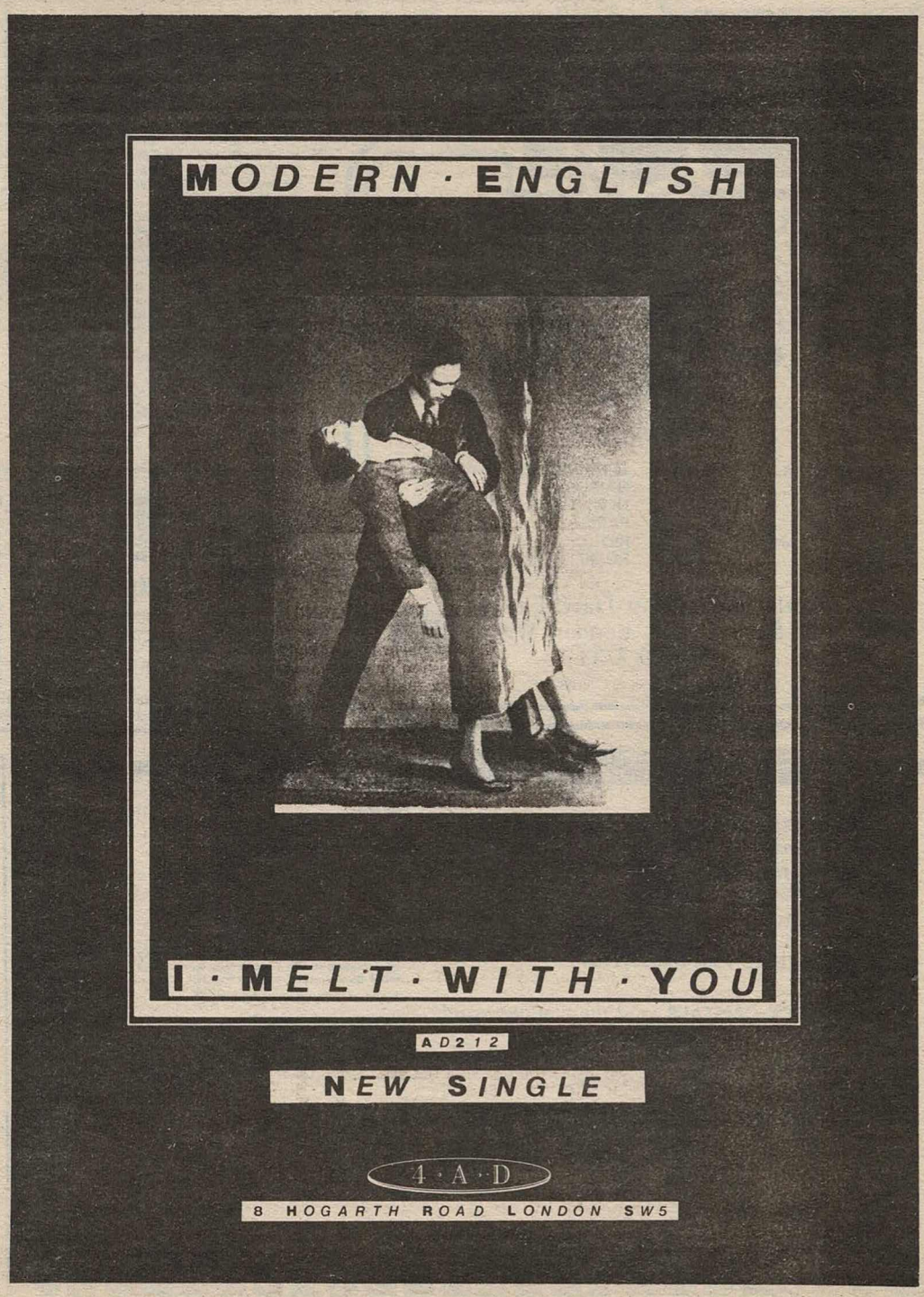
When everything is on the four cassette tracks to your satisfaction, you'll need a normal stereo cassette machine or reel-to-reel recorder to mix down on to: this involves selecting stereo positioning and individual sound quality of the recorded tracks and the creation of a stereo master.

The enormous instruction manual will take you further, and also insists on teaching you basic physics. The 244 will set you back £600, so it's worth finding out well in advance whether it will suit your recording requirements.

PORTA POINTS



CASING: Grey plastic.
MEASUREMENTS: 455mm (17 15/16) W × 120mm (4¾in) H × 370mm (14 9/16) D.
WEIGHT: 9kg (20lb).
TAPE: C60 or C90 cassettes recommended, and can only be pseudo-chrome types, such as Fuji FX–II, Maxell UDXL–II, Sony UCX–S, TDK SA, or equivalents.
RECORDING TIME: 15 min C60; 22½ min C90.
TAPE HEADS: Four-channel erase (ferrite), four-channel record/playback (permalloy).
MOTORS: One FG servo-controlled DC capstan motor, one DC reel motor, one DC control motor.
PITCH CONTROL: + 15% of tape speed.
FAST WIND: 1 min 25 secs C60; 2 min C90.
INTERFACE: Jacks: Remote punch in/out; Mic/Line input 1–4. Phonos: Line out (R/L); Aux out (R/L); Aux send (R/L); Access 1–4 (Rcv/Send); Tape Cue (R/L); Aux Rev (R/L); Tape out 1–4.



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KATE BUSH, Fanzine, "Homeground," issue 2, 80p. From 4 Bramley Close, Orpington, Kent.

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Hitchcock on the set of *Rebecca* with Laurence Olivier.

HITCHCOCK

FROM PAGE 16

and went to Russia. I said to myself, 'What did Mrs MacLean think of the whole thing?' You know, the photography represented a drastic change for me. The lighting projected against big white surfaces. We shot the whole film through a grey gauze. The actors kept on asking, 'Where are the lights?' We almost attained the ideal, you know, shooting with natural lights."

"A pretty good case could be made for Alfred Hitchcock as the master entertainer of the movie medium; from the 1930s to the 1960s, his films have been a source of perverse pleasure." — **Pauline Kael, critic**

3. The Last Year

Q: Would you say that dreams have a bearing on your work?
A: "Daydreams, probably."

AT THE TIME of his death, Hitchcock was still working. The film, which never got beyond the planning stages, was to be called *The Short Night,* based on the case of George Blake, the English spy who escaped from Wormwood Scrubs in 1966. Collaborating with him was a 37-year-old screen writer, David Freeman, who kept a revealing journal of the enterprise:

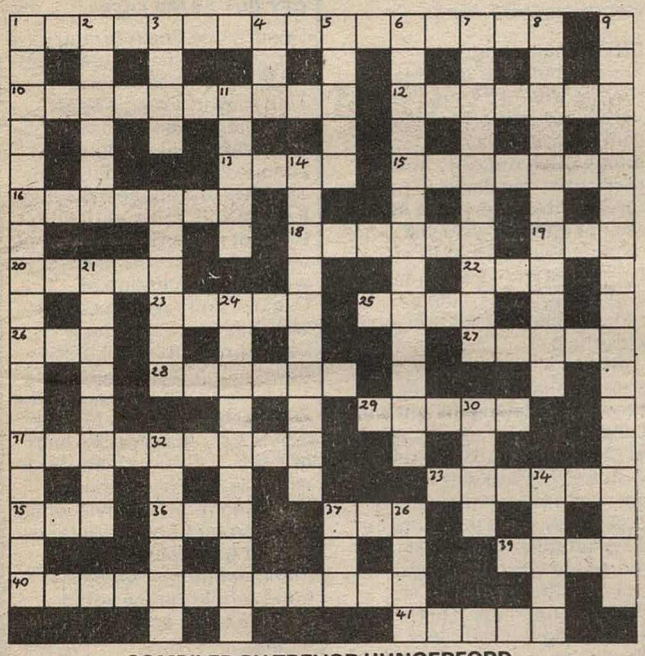
"Near the end of my time with Hitchcock, the American Film Institute is preparing to honour him with their Life Achievement Award. For weeks preceding the bash, Hitch refuses to have anything to do with it. He won't talk to the officials of the AFI or to the press. He ignores it all, until the last ten days or so. As far as he is concerned, they're preparing his obituary and he doesn't care to attend the funeral. As he contemplates the dinner, he drinks more. His physical pain seems constant. A doctor comes to the house and gives him shots of cortisone to calm the arthritic pain in his knees. With the physical pain, the drunkeness, and the oppressive AFI date looming, Hitch takes to spending long, preposterously flirtatious sessions with a young secretary. When she walks past, he crinkles his nose and gives her little private waves. She always blushes.

"On the day of the AFI dinner, Hitchcock receives a wire from Frank Capra, who is in Palm Springs. Capra is sorry he can't attend but wants both Hitch and Alma to know he is thinking of them. A message from one old lion to another. Hitch holds it in his hands, reads it, re-reads it, then cries — not for the sentiment, I don't think, which is certainly genuine, but because it attests to his own demise. Everything connected with the dinner has become funereal in his mind. To Hitchcock, this is not a sweet wire from an old colleague but a condolence letter on the occasion of his own death."

Less than a year later, on April 29, 1980, Hitchcock died at his Los Angeles home, in his sleep.

"I love paintings, but I can't paint. I love to read, but I am not a writer. The only thing I know how to do is to make movies. I could never retire. What else is there?" — Alfred Hitchcock

Archive footage:
Hitchcock by Francois Truffaut (Simon and Schuster 1967)
The Films In My Life by François Truffaut (Penguin 1982)
Hitch by John Russell Taylor (Pantheon 1978)
Cinema Eye, Cinema Ear by John Russell Taylor (Hill and Wang 1964)
The Art Of Alfred Hitchcock by Donald Spoto (Doubleday 1976)
The Films Of Alfred Hitchcock by George Perry (Dutton Vista 1965)
Hitchcock's Films by Robin Wood (Zwemmer 1965)
Focus On Hitchcock edited by Albert J. LaValley (Spectrum 1972)
The Last Days Of Alfred Hitchcock by David Freeman (Esquire magazine 1982)
Interviews With Film Directors by Andrew Sarris (Discus 1967)
The Celluloid Muse by Charles Higham and Joel Greenberg (Regnery 1969)
The Movie Reader edited by Ian Cameron (Praeger 1972)
The Oxford Companion To Film (Oxford University Press 1976)
Alfred Hitchcock's Psycho (Picador 1974)
The British Film Institute Stills Library



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NME XPRESS WORD

ACROSS

1 Where Billy Mackenzie keeps his clean socks and hankies? . . . (6-6-4)
10 . . . Diana Ross says that if your feet smell and your nose runs then you must be '— —' (6-4)
12 They got no reply from 5705 (4—3)
13 **& 7D** The Jam worked on this paper a few years before Paula Yates did (4-2-3-5)
15 Yes were close to it album-wise but Stiff Little Fingers were at it single-wise (3-4)
16 Title of a Bowie single and also a current band (7)
18 Brotherhood of Man's love after a heavenly body (6)
19 Livvy's man in 1977 (3)
20 Stevie Wonder hit in 1976 (1-4)
22 The band who did The Crunch (3)
23 **& 33A** *"And a hungry little boy with a runny nose, plays in the street as the cold wind blows"* — line from 1969 hit (2-3-6)
25 Live in London — in the autumn? (4)
26 A little pretence from the Pretenders (3)
27 **& 29** The smut on Sham 69's angels (5-5)
28 Steve Marriott and Peter Frampton began eating this pie 14 years ago (6)
29 See 27
31 A female singer. Adrian's so confused (5-4)
33 See 23
35 ——— Nova, U.S. band formed in 1967 by classical musicians who played baroque rock (3)
36 Bowie's 15 (1-1-1)
37 Someone took the heat off this band a few months ago (3)
39 One of the Hollies who, in 1968, formed initially a trio with a Byrd and a member of Buffalo Springfield (4)
40 In the indie section they've got Six More Short Songs (3-6-3)
41 See 9D

DOWN

1 They've brought out a New Smell and could happen in Southall and Bradford — but only after a spate of mixed marriages (4-2-4-7)
2 This lot seem to have been away some time — perhaps to the Falklands area with their Warhead? (2-4)
3 **& 17D** *"I'm not the kind of girl who gives up just like that"* — as from Deborah Harry (4-2-4)
4 Duran Duran album — somewhat similar to Trip? (3)
5 Macca's flappers (5)
6 Clash sock it to 'em out East (4-3-6)
7 See 13A
8 SLF single coupled with Tin Soldiers (8-4)
9 **& 41A** Neil Young gets paid at last? His Johnny Rotten number from 'Rust Never Sleeps' (3-3-2-2-4-3-5)
11 See 32
14 This is how Gazza Numan was seen through a couple of years ago (2-3-5)
17 See 3
21 "A candy coloured clown they call the sandman tiptoes to my room every night" — Opening line to Roy Orbison song (2-6)
24 A repetitive beat? (3-3-4)
30 When he's without the rest of the group you hear him again and again and again (and again) (4)
32 **& 11D** ------ and ----- who went 'Up Town, Top Ranking' (6-5)
34 Who's label from 'Pictures of Lily' to '5-15' (5)
37 Gosh! Amazing! Incredible! A number from Kate Bush (3)
38 There's one with the Tijuana Brass, one in the Sky, and 'I Thought It Was You' (4)

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS
ACROSS:— 1 'The Hanging Garden', 9 OMD, 11 Rip, Rig and Panic, 12 Kinks, 13 Burdon, 14 Yes, 17 'Desire (Me)', 18 'It's Different (For Girls)', 21 Gang Of Four, 24 '(Desire) Me', 25 Enid, 27 'Knights', 28 'Go Now', 29 Ice, 31 'Heart Of (Glass)', 33 'Egg', 35 'Typical (Girls)', 37 Buster, 39 Expressos, 42 'Ski', 43 Fats, 44 Creme, 45 (Gram) Parsons.
DOWN:— 1 Throbbing Gristle, 2 'Empire Song', 3 Amigo, 4 Gram (Parsons), 5 Noddy, 6 '(Heart Of) Glass', 7 Dickies, 8 'No One Is Innocent', 10 'Desperado', 15 'Eye', 16 Devo, 19 'Iko Iko', 20 'Time', 22 'Faithless', 23 'Rat Trap', 26 'For' (see 18A), 30 ELP, 32 Fabian, 34 'Girls, (see 18A & 35A), 36 Cream, 38 SLF, 40 XTC, 41 Ska, 42 'SOS'.

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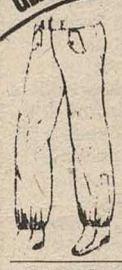

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ABSOLUTE BEGINNERS . . .

"Of every hundred English kids, 98 are professionally youthful: mini stars, perfect little performers. So wild and pretty and so vacant! . . ."

So says Colin MacInnes on page 64 of *Out Of The Garden* (1974). It would seem that the man's work was of interest to the Pistolian ones.
Johnny Fortune, Falkirk, Scotland.

Not only that, but out of every hundred Gasbaggers, 98 take their holidays during the month of August, leaving us to present a would-be primetime page of bagged gas from such pointless, petty observations as the above. It gets worse . . . — AT

CALIFORNIA GIRLS . . .

What a load of pretentious junk *Top Of The Pops* is. If those anonymous drongoes who rig the charts and radio playlists think that they are doing us a favour by serving up this bunch of barrel scrapings with glossy dancers and soft-focus close-ups then they need their heads examined!

Midge Ure posing as an SS officer! Freddie Mercury looking and sounding like death warmed up! Obligatory short back and sides! Is this some sort of joke? Dollar posing while the session men sweat! Endless parades of suntanned Californian blondes . . . in England?

Some of those sets probably cost more than your average unemployed (that's me!) gets in a whole year. Who's saying let them eat cake now? What's the use? Somewhere there is a bunch of clever bastards laughing all the way to the bank with the money they've made from selling this junk. The level of mucial inventiveness, creativity and musicianship seems to have hit an all-time low. Last week's *TOTP* couldn't sing its way out of a wet paper bag! I've seen and heard kids at high school do a whole lot better than that.

Do a favour for those of us who aren't part of your rip-off pop-biz scene and fuck off out of it. There are a lot of bands with much better material who aren't interested in sinking to the currently acceptable lowest common denominator of mass appeal to some non-existent audience represented by artificially hyped sales returns. Mediocrity may be dead, but something much worse has slithered in to take its place. Ta-ra!
Willy Wonka, The Chocolate Factory.

Yeah! That's more like it! Something manic! Having just watched last week's embarrassingly abysmal *TOTP*, I can concur almost completely with such sentiments, Mr Wonka. The only redeeming performances were those of a sweet and soulful Junior Giscombe and my flavour-of-the-month August. The rest of the 'live' show came over as some unholy cross between a mythical second-rate second-generation 2-Tone revival tour (Bad Manners and the Belle Stars should be shot for those painfully plain cover versions and even the mighty Madness could pull their socks up a little in the single stakes) and a dinosaur's graveyard otherwise known as the American chart. Quite why the BBC, in their withered wisdom, see fit to devote such a large chunk of their major pop programme to the US chart and pathetic prima donnas like The Go-Gos when the UK Top 30 has never been more packed with new British music simply beats me. — AT

MORE PLEASE AND THANKYOU . . .

At the start of his review of the Dexys Midnight Runners record 'Jig-A-Jig', Phil McNeill tells us that *"all Rowland's music is inextricably linked and the new LP takes this to an extreme"*. But later he writes that *"this is no LP. This is an album"*.

Yet in his essay on the sleeve of the 'Show Me' single, the lisping lemon himself tells us that *"Dexys are not a band, we don't play gigs and* we don't make albums." I'm confused.
S Piper, Brampton Park Road, London N22.

So Phil McNeill, how *do* you follow up a Stax soul revival album? Answer: you spend two years listening to Van Morrison records ('Moondance', 'St Dominics Preview' etc) and plagiarise what you hear pretty blatantly for the next album.

Sorry, that's unfair. Kevin Rowland is obviously a creep with an inflated view of his own talents, yet a few of his songs are fine, passionate performances. But can't we keep such 'talent' in perspective?

Me, well I'll stick to 'Best Of Otis Redding' and early '70s Van Morrison thanks.
Brian Savage, Battersea, London SW11.

Phil and Kev are currently alleged to be holidaying happily together off the coast of Chelmsford and were thus unavailable for comment as we went to press, but a straw poll of selected 'dishonest hippies' around the *NME* office seemed to indicate that if the venerable Carlo Rolan is guilty of plagiarising anyone it is the late, great Billy Stewart. Check out Stewart's superb version of 'Summertime' and see if you spot where Kev half-inched his vocal style from. — AT

AND NOW, A TRULY REASONABLE CHAP . . .

About all these attacks on your writers by the readers. Don't they realise that a reviewer's penwork of a gig or film is only his/her view and not to be taken as a direct insult of a person interested in that subject. If they don't like your rag let them buy some inferior one. I can't read any of the others. Like they say, never believe what you read — find out for yourself.

I like *NME*, even if the others don't. I'm not influenced by *NME*'s writing except on the *Gasbag* page. It's got to be the best laugh in print each week. I also don't care what people think of this letter.
Dylan, Ilkley Moor Bah't Hat.

And still only 35p! — AT

Illustration by Steven Appleby

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THAT YOU, SYDNEY? . . .

While I'm wasting a stamp writing to you, can I plug some of the Australian music that you've been ignoring. Why not have a look at bands like Strange Tenants, Hunters And Collectors, The Swingers, etc, etc. They might be Australian but they do not suffer from the dreaded Olivia Newton-John syndrome. It's good music. It just needs a bit of recognition. By the way, I am not Australian, but an alienated English-style person, and I miss my *NME*.
Wendy Timeswright AKA Caroline Stone, Mentone, Victoria, Australia.

Thanks for writing Wend, but I'm afraid the next Oz-rock fad ain't due until the middle of 1983, probably beginning once the Cat Stevens revival and a scheduled Greek-style bazouki-bop craze have burned themselves out next summer. Of course, by then I'll have been into The Swingers for years, man. — AT

LOVE LETTERS IN THE SAND . . .

If Chris Bohn thinks that the Ruhr is dull, try living on the North German Plain where the only prospect of excitment is being run over by a tank.
Porky The Very Wild And Bored Boar, The North German Plain.

Is Anton Corbijn away on holiday? I think we should be told.
The F-Stops Here, London.

Chris Bohn claims that what he actually said all those moons ago was that the Ruhr is dull *"on a rainy day"*. When the sun is shining, the fool actually digs the damn place and all those dodgy Neue Deutsche Wellie-Boot bands that inflict aural torture on all those who dare approach its boundaries. As for Anton Corvision, he's been on holiday continually for the last two years — in England! — AT

NEVER MIND THE PIL-OCKS . . .

Who, apart from Neil Spencer, gives a fuck about John Lydon? All this and 5p extra too. It really pisses me off.
Vic The Moron.

Keith Levene, Jeannette Lee and er . . . well, somebody buys all those PiL albums. — NS

Why on earth does Neil Spencer think he has to come back to England to listen to the World Service on the radio, as he stated in his John Lydon interview. The whole *point* of the World Service is that you don't have to be in this country to hear it. Prat!
Simon Broad, London SW1.

The point being that broadcasting of World Service calibre does not originate in the USA. Prat yourself. — NS

SCRABBLE FOR BEGINNERS . . .

Someone once described Ian Penman's talent as a gift. I say return to sender.
Keith Burkinshaw, White Hart Lane.

Having just read Ian Penman's 'Sheet Music' piece, I might just be convinced that a song's magic is something to do with *"the scission or symphasis of graft and element"* or that Martin Fry and Elvis Costello *"deny or suppress the lyric's radical heterogeneity in 'plausible' parenthesis,"* but as long as I live I shall not be able to accept that anyone in his right mind can offer as an example of *"clandestine brilliance"* the lines: *". . . nocturnal interludes like so many tsetse flies"*.
Fortune, The Royal Tavern, Heckmondwike, Yorks.

Re Penman's linguistic extravaganza 'Sheet Music'. Having waded through the verbal quagmire, Mr Penman came across as an enlightened minority among rock critics. He dared to put forward the theory that ABC are not enough. And just when it seemed that Rickie Lee Jones would sink into cruel obscurity, he did a remarkable resurrection job in his article.

After a shaky first few paragraphs, the critic began to flower, displaying insight and coherence in his appreciation of Ms Jones' art. His parallel with a striptease was most apt; not only can the listener peel layers from the song, but it sometimes seems that it is the singer who is letting us see the different layers at different hearings. This is something that ABC lack; despite the surface perfection, underneath it one can only be disappointed.

And then to top it all, Mr Penman gave a perfect interpretation of Ms Jones best song 'Night Train' — *"an effortless purr of ephemerality"*. Surely not the words of a mere mortal!
A Viac, Hitchin, Herts.

Congratulations to that master of irony Ian Penman. In an article in which he criticises Elvis Costello for a lyrical style obscured by paraphernalia, he manages to write in a style equally as dense as Costello's own. I heartily endorse his wish for *"something more barely decorated,"* and not for the first time. Is it always necessary for him to sink good ideas by the weight of his verbosity?

Also, following the inclusion of the lyrics on Costello's new album, is there any chance of getting the rest? I have fought long and hard to decipher the lyrics on his other albums but without much luck. I would appreciate some assistance. Lack of ambition prevents me from continuing. I enclose an SAE.
Steve Burnett, Sawbridgeworth, Herts.

It has to be reported that Mr Penman looked to be exceedingly 'mortal' on his return from a so-called birthday 'lunch' somewhere around teatime on Friday. As for the Costello lyrics, we handed the task over to Ian and by Monday afternoon he had reached the second verse of 'Less Than Zero' on our El's 'Aim Is True' album. Expect a reply sometime in the New Year. — AT

SHAKEN BUT NOT STIRRED

Your review of Urban Shakedown at The Venue was great reading. Paul Tickell is always interested in what he is writing about and his articles are very fair.

What I cannot understand is how you can print the review not with a photo of Urban Shakedown but one of Saxon placed below the text! Did you think we might not notice the difference? Was it a mistake or a bad *NME* joke? Whatever the reason, your readers are not so flippant. We deserve better than this for our 30p every week.
Sid Sincere, Stockwell.

Yes, well, we'll just forget that last sentence — The cost-conscious ghost of Phil McNeill.

REWIND . . .

I would like to congratulate the *NME* on their 'Jive Wire' cassette. It gave a good selection of contemporary music. It also had the added bonus of being able to induce certain movements . . . slips, jerks, pulls and snaps. But this left me with the problem of extracting a foot of tape from my cassette recorder.
Paul Lynch, Londonderry.

Er, I'll leave this one to you, Roy — AT

GET OUT OF MY FACE

I awoke one fine morning for a cup of tea, a slice of toast and *NME* but it wasn't there. Thursday morning's been cancelled. The next day, I rose for breakfast and a dole cheque ... and ended up with the *NME*. Someone's playing a game with my mind I thought — Amrik Rai's completed a whole feature without any mention of Cabaret Voltaire. Agreed, he was only rambling about Captain Sensible, but that's never stopped him before.

It's now a week later and the *NME's* still a day late but the big news is that Amrik's back on form. What a comeback! A whole week off and then a blistering return to style with a mention for Cabaret Voltaire in both A Certain Ratio and Blancmange pieces. Well done Amrik! I knew you'd return to your senses sooner or later.
Dis Custard, Bradford, Yorkshire.

***NME* policy dictates that Cabaret Voltaire be the cause of at least one writer at any one moment. —AT**

Why do you have to be right every time? Why are all your readers' complaints/ comments treated like refuse? You either put them down with heavy-handed sarcasm or come on with the highly intelligent and articulate person tone of voice — both of which are insulting to the intelligence of your this degree of pretension and sarcasm was good — you make your readers feel a bit superior to non-readers, even if the former have just been custard-pied with an (Ed's comment). Music and musicians are serious subjects, I suppose, but must you treat them in such a turgid way?
Shaun, County Antrim, Ireland

Yes — Heavy-handed, Sarcastic, Highly Intelligent, Articulate and Infallible Gasbag (Ed)

BACK TO THE START . . .

Someone once said that we should all have 15 minutes of fame. Does this mean it is available as a 12" then?
John Connolly, New Barnet.

PS. I don't enjoy writing these letters, but we all have our jobs to do, don't we?

Yeah, and mine's pest control. So piss off! — AT

Send your postcards to GASBAG, NME, 5-7 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PG

TWAS A SLEEPY DAY in Sussex when **Paul** 'Baby Face' **McCartney** (the man with the cherub features and the biggest bank balance in the history of the world) walked into his local barber's salon, plonked himself in the chair and asked for "a short back and sides, guv." Jaws, old copies of *Titbits* and barber **Jack Turner**'s clippers dropped as a hushed silence fell over the little shop. Then, Jack began to protest. "There was no way I was going to give The King of **The Beatles** a short back and sides," he quoth later, and after a short argument 'a trim' was settled on. "A close shave," muttered some as McCartney — who went to the barber's shop as part of his policy of being treated as an ordinary person — paid Jack the very ordinary sum of £2.10 for the service . . .

Following in the footsteps of **The Beat, Mikey Dread** and **Allen Ginsberg** comes **The Reverend Gareth Jones** of Islington, who'll be doing a 20 minute support slot with **The Clash** at their forthcoming Bristol dates. The Rev, or 'Sinister Minister', as he prefers to be called, will include a reggae version of 'Jerusalem' and Psalm number 100 in his set. Let's hear it for **Joe** and the boys, always thinking of something to revolutionise the drab old world of rocking entertainment . . .

Meanwhile, we learn what happened to some of the horsepeople of the punk apocalypse. Former *Sniffin' Glue* editor **Mark Perry** has packed it all in and is now studying to be a nurse; **Gaye Advert** has wiped away the mascara and now works for Animal Liberation and is training to be a market researcher, and **Jimmy Pursey** takes night classes in tree surgery *(You quite sure about the last one? — Ed.)* Over in New York the not at all effeminate **Billy Idol** is still hacking out a living trying to sing, making two appearances in one night when he plays The Ritz and The Peppermint Lounge later this week . . .

Further down the road to total demise — **Blondie**'s new LP 'The Hunter' has taken a nose dive out of the Hot 100 and ticket sales for what now looks like being their farewell tour have been far from encouraging . . .

"The first cassette magazine," *SFX*, edited by former *NME* writer **Max Bell** is a week or two away from the hands of the receiver, although several parties have voiced an interest in purchasing the operation . . . Ne'er mind Maxie, if the job falls thru **Monty Smith** is still offering a suitable position for slender Filipino-type houseboys . . .

Fact currently being touted by Rak Records — **Hot Chocolate** are the only group to have a hit every year throughout the '70s. And **Errol Brown** has written more hits than any other British-born black songwriter . . .

Havoc, queues and fainting fans in Sheffield last week at the opening of the town's first HMV Shop. **Thereza** and **David** of **Dollar** officially opened the shop by cutting a length of video tape, shortly afterwards jumping into the fray to rescue several children fainting in the crush. Extra police reinforcements were called in as the fans mounted awaiting the In-Person appearance of the country's number one group — **Dexys Midnight Runners** . . .

A rose is a rose by any other name it seems, and when Black Uhuru frontsperson Michael Rose meets up with shine eye girl "Rosie" Goldperson recently of the New Music Seminar in New Music York **New Musical Express** *lensperson Joe Stevens is there to picture the guest who's coming to dinner.*

Celtic soul brother **Bono** of Dublin's **U2** is to marry childhood sweetheart **Ali** next month. He'll be able to take the sword from the middle of the bed now . . .

Depeche Mode have signed a two year contract with Platex 'cross your heart' bras while **Dolly Parton** has discarded hers for some candidly topless scenes in her new movie *The Best Little Whorehouse In Texas.* The movie, which also stars **Burt Reynolds,** had the scenes added at the last minute in an attempt to stave off the bad reviews. "I agonised over taking the part," said Dolly, "but the film has such a good moral ending that I decided to do it." Burt Reynolds has also flashed the odd nipple or two to appease feminists everywhere . . .

Ten years after *The Harder They Come,* **Jimmy Cliff** looks likely to play the title role in a forthcoming film on the life of Kenyan revolutionary **Jomo Kenyatta** aka **The Burning Spear.** Well you didn't think **Winston Rodney** thought up that moniker himself did you? . . .

The forthcoming LP from **The Monochrome Set** 'Eligible Bachelors' comes treated in a variety of scratch'n'sniff flavours — wild green apple, apricot brandy and raspberry ripple . . .

A trick of the light? Or did **The Belle Stars** really look like fish out of water on the BBC's *Summertime Special* at the weekend. Not half as embarassed as the hopeless **Haysi Fantayzee** should look after releasing their terrible chart entry 'John Wayne Is Big Leggy'. Truly a record with all the allure of a six week dead haddock . . .

Debuts on Broadway for **Al Green** and **Patti Labelle** this "fall" in a gospel musical called *Your Arms Are Too Short To Box With God.* There's not much more you can say about to that, is there? . . .

You can't keep a canny kilt down: **Jock MacDonald** — well known harpist, manager, golf fanatic, film buff, festival organiser, hospital warden and lover of life in its fullest most glorious manifestations — has officially been recognised as the most outrageous man in the world. It's the first time the award has not gone to **Malcolm McClaren** and by voting him at the top of the chart, readers of French magazine *Actuel* have probably opened the floodgates for an endless stream of useless publicity grabbing escapades by the man . . .

Ancient Irish monument **Van Morrison** has already completed his follow-up to 'Beautiful Vision' and has now returned to America . . .

Dexys Midnight Runners have turned down the chance to headline a concert at Sheffield Polytechnic in aid of the unemployed. Any band wishing to take their place should contact **Debbie Egan** on Sheffield 22991.

In San Antonio, Texas USA the lawyers of a 17 year-old youth are claiming that the music of **Pink Floyd** aggravated his mental instability and contributed to the gruesome stabbing of his aunt. Sounds fair enough grounds for defence to us . . .

While supporting **The Clash** at The Fair Deal in Brixton last week **The Southern Death Cult** had their van broken into and equipment amounting to £1,000 stolen. Those with the necessary information please phone **Sara** on (01) 624 8038. You might get a copy of a Southern Death Cult record for your help, but don't let that put you off . . .

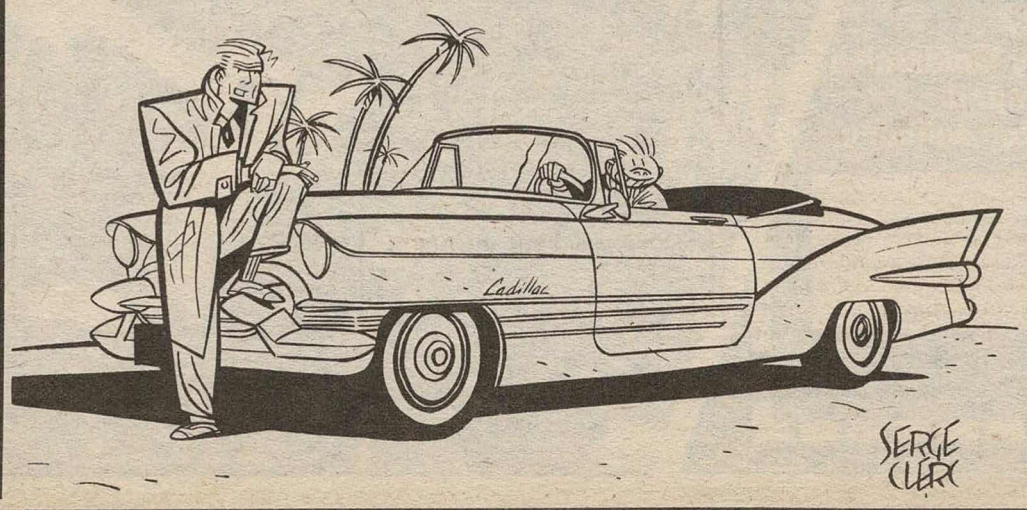
Really good one here from Germany: **DAF**-test (geddit!) song title of the week comes from those old Deutsche bores DAF and is called 'Worship Your Haircuts' . . .

WHICH BRINGS US nicely to the love in the air between **Anita Harris** and **Haircut 100's Nicky Heyward.** The odd couple have been seen out and about in Regent's Park feeding the ducks between, uh, laying down tracks at world famous Abbey Road studios: an extended discomix of the old **Rolf Harris** classic 'Tie Me Kangaroo Down Sport' is being tipped as the first release from the couple . . .

The Firm, currently enjoying chart success with 'Arthur Daley', were actually in jail when they wrote the song. Also behind bars goes the guitarist from **James King and the Lone Wolves,** jailed for six months on assault and robbery charges at Glasgow last week . . .

Not in prison, but not far off is **Coati Mundi** of **The Coconuts** who finds himself holed up in Zurich producing the next LP by **Palais Schaumburg.** Sounds worse than nine to 99 in a San Antonio work farm to us . . .

Backstage party after **Queen**'s recent Madison Square Garden concert serviced by totally delightful men and women dressed in nothing but G strings. Rock and roll, phew, doncha just love it? . . .



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